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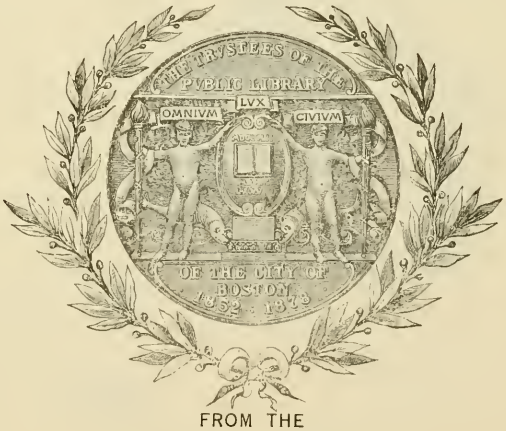

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"Martello Tower" in China and The Pacific

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H.M.S. "TRIBUNE" UNDER EASY SAIL

Frontispiece

"Martello Tower" in China and The Pacific

IN H.M.S. "TRIBUNE"

1856–60

BY

FRANCIS MARTIN NORMAN

COMMANDER, R.N.

AUTHOR OF

"AT SCHOOL AND AT SEA"

PUBLIC LIBRARY

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

CITY OF BOSTON

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Aug. 26, 1904
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Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press

To

THE REVEREND FREDERICK GLANVILL

THIS BOOK

IS

DEDICATED

AS A MARK OF MUCH AFFECTION

AND ESTEEM

PREFACE

ENCOURAGED by the highly favourable reception accorded to his first volume, both by the Press and by his friends, the Author of "At School and at Sea" invites the reader to accompany him in his further experiences in other parts of the world.

This volume is a record, though, of course, only partially so, of the long, interesting, and eventful commission on the China and Pacific Stations, from 1856 to 1860, of H.M.S. *Tribune*, of 31 guns, 1570 tons, and 300 h.-p., a typical wooden screw steam-frigate of the transitional period of our navy, in which both the outgoing reign of sail and the incoming reign of steam were represented. That period, though short, not lasting much longer than ten years, from 1853 or thereabouts, was an important one, as besides constituting an epoch in naval history, it was productive of some of the most beautiful specimens of naval architecture that ever "walked the waters like things of life," from the famous *Agamemnon*, of Sebastopol fame, onwards.

The *Tribune* was fitted out by Captain Harry Edmund Edgell (afterwards Commodore and C.B.) for the Pacific, of which, however, she was not destined to see much, as not long after her arrival, owing to the outbreak of the Chinese war, she was ordered to make the long, and, in those days, rarely

performed voyage from the west coast of South America to China.

The passage through Magellan's Straits; the observations there of the early Chilian settlement; of the Patagonians, Fuegians, and missionary dealings with the latter; of the curious steamer-duck (of which an engraving is given); of revolutionary outbreaks on the Peruvian coast; and, more than all, of experiences at the Chincha Islands, with their now extinct, but then extremely valuable and important guano industry, will, it is hoped, repay perusal.

The chapters on China cover a period of about nineteen months, during the war of 1856–58 (including the occupation of Canton), which immediately resulted from the "Lorcha Arrow Incident," and was finally concluded by the treaty ratified at Pekin in 1860, when a new era in the history of the Celestial Empire was initiated; they are, therefore, comparatively "ancient history," yet may claim attention as dealing with a specially important and critical epoch in Anglo-Chinese relations, and furnishing information and a retrospect, which, as will be seen, are not altogether pleasant reading for British subjects.

Life in the Canton River has so often been described that it may be thought that there is nothing new to be said about it, yet in so original and wonderful a country as China, features of interest are always to be found within the range of an observant eye, especially under the circumstances in which the Author was placed; while as regards more warlike events, he believes that the wound which he received during one of the boat-actions which he describes to be one of the most curious on record.

During the latter half of her commission Captain Geoffrey Phipps Hornby reigned in the *Tribune;* indeed she may almost be said to have "discovered" that celebrated officer, for when he joined he was very young and unknown to fame, never having held independent command before. The Author's early impressions and experiences of the famous Sir Geoffrey, who so quickly and decidedly gave promise of that professional pre-eminence which so distinguished him in later years, cannot fail to interest a large circle of naval readers, as well as many beyond it.

The present volume is of rather different character to that of its predecessor; but it must be remembered that it is the record of a later age, when the midshipman's berth had been left behind, and professional life, with its duties and responsibilities, had assumed a more serious aspect. It differs, at all events, in this respect —that, with scarcely an exception, the *dramatis personæ* appear under their real names.

A visit to Manila and its famous cigar factories, and one to Japan before it was "opened to the public," are described, as well as, during the voyage homeward, a remarkable rescue of the crew of a sinking guano-ship.

The last part of the book consists of a year's reminiscences of Vancouver's Island in 1859–60, during its early history, when its importance, especially as a naval station, was yet in embryo, when Victoria was still called "The Fort," and its American flavour was predominant, when railways were unknown, and when ships' masts, being still of wood, could, if defective, be replaced on the spot, as the *Tribune's* mainmast was.

The joint occupation of the island of San Juan by Great Britain and the United States, in which the

Tribune took a leading part, occurred during the above-named period, when, as the narrative shows, but for a most fortunate and timely occurrence, a rupture with the United States would almost certainly have resulted. These details have not appeared before.

In conclusion, the Author expresses his warmest thanks to Miss Edgell of Chichester, for so kindly allowing him free access to her late talented father's portfolio, the larger number of the illustrations being taken from his original paintings done on the spot. He has also to thank Mr. Goodchild, F.G.S., of the Geological Survey, for an excellent copy of the steamer duck from Oustalet's "Voyage to Cape Horn"; and Dr. W. Bertie Mackay of Berwick-on-Tweed, for kind assistance from his facile pencil.

BERWICK-UPON-TWEED, *April* 1902.

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OFFICERS OF H.M.S. *TRIBUNE*

	1856	1860
Captain . . .	HARRY E. EDGELL	GEOFFREY PHIPPS HORNBY
Lieutenant . .	WM. L. STANIFORTH	DAVID BOYLE
,, . . .	DAVID BOYLE	E. D. PANTER DOWNES
,, . . .	ROBERT J. STOTHERD	FRANCIS M. NORMAN
,, . . .	FRANCIS M. NORMAN	HAMILTON DUNLOP
Master	JOHN H. T. NORRIS	...
First Lieut. Mar.	A. H. OZZARD	F. E. M. ST. JOHN
Chaplain and Naval Instructor	REV. J. J. BALLEINE	...
Surgeon . . .	JAMES HARVEY	GEORGE B. HILL
Paymaster . . .	WILLIAM DEWAR	...
Chief Engineer .	CHARLES KING	ROBERT MOORE
Mate	...	— CHILDERS (act.)
Assist.-Surgeon .	W. R. BENNETT	
Second Master .	— GRAY	?
Assist.-Paymaster	W. N. ROWE	

Midshipmen—BARKER, BYLES, CLANCHY, DAVIES (Master's Asst.), ELWYN, HAWKINS, HUNT, CHARLES COMPTON RISING,[1] PHILLIPS (Master's Asst.), T. VINCENT, WALTER, WILLIAMS (now in Holy Orders).

[1] Cadet, 1856; Lieut., 1863; Com., 1865; Capt., 1875.

This List of Midshipmen, &c., may be incomplete.

PART I

TOWARDS CHINA BY VALPARAISO, PERU, AND THE SANDWICH ISLANDS

CHAPTER I

H.M.S. *TRIBUNE*

THE reader who did me the honour of accompanying me through the first volume of my experiences at school and at sea, will remember how, having successfully overcome all obstacles in the way of examinations which guarded the portals of the coveted distinction, I bid him farewell as a "full-blown" lieutenant of her Majesty's fleet.

Although those examinations compared with the corresponding ones of the present day were ridiculously, almost incredibly, easy, yet even so not absolutely every one succeeded in passing them; but whatever an examination may be, easy or the reverse, the sensation of looking back at instead of forward to it is a really pleasurable one—only to be realised by those who have experienced it.

After a few weeks' enjoyment of shore, which seemed all too short, my occupations and amusements received a sudden, yet I cannot say an unwelcome, check—for I was full of zeal for the noble service with which my life had become interwoven—by the advent of a letter.

It may seem curious that naval men became attached to a life which in those times included so much discomfort, roughing it, and often real hardship; but the explanation is, we were "caught young."

Had it been otherwise: had we been sent to sea at a later age, or first to a training-ship or college, with every device and appliance to make things pleasant and comfortable, we never could have taken to sea-life as it was in the old navy. Among its experiences a boy might grow up, identifying himself with them; but the twig had to be bent in the required direction at a very early stage, or it could rarely have assumed shape.

The letter was as follows:—

"PORTSMOUTH, *3rd June* 1856.

"DEAR TOWER,—I am just about to commission H.M.S. *Tribune* for the Pacific. Will you sail with me? if so, I shall be very glad to get you appointed, but please let me know as soon as possible. The *Tribune* is a screw steam frigate and so like your old *Anemone* that you would scarcely know them apart, so you will feel quite at home if you join.—Yours sincerely,

"HARRY EDGELL."

A fine frigate on a new station!—*of course* I will sail with him, especially as he is an old acquaintance, a good fellow, and a thorough English gentleman of the genuine type.

I could not help being impressed by my good fortune.

I might have been appointed to a Channel-groper, or to a paddler, or to an over-populated liner "in the Straits" as junior lieutenant, where I should have had a small stuffy den in a stuffy cockpit, through the bars of which, while performing my morning toilet in an atmosphere deficient in oxygen, I might watch just outside it several dozens of "young gentlemen" and of

gentlemen not so young, in every stage of *deshabille* struggling through theirs by help of more *badinage* than water. Or I might have been sent in a small brig to the coast, or in a trooper; instead, however, after a "roving commission" in the old *Cuba*, and the never-to-be-forgotten experiences of the Mediterranean, Black Sea, and Crimea, here was I, bound for the Pacific, in a crack frigate—for crack she was then, though her sort had but a short reign. Could I have foreseen at the time that China was to be included, I should have thought myself even more fortunate than I did.

On reaching Portsmouth my first care was to "repair" to the admiral's office for my commission, and then to report myself as "come to join" on board the old *Victorious* hulk, where the *Tribunes* were housed pending the readiness of their own ship. Though now old, battered, yellow, and out of date, the *Victorious* had in her day not only dared the elements but the enemy to strife, and successfully, for in single combat she had captured a French liner.

Portsmouth Harbour was formerly studded with hulks and ships "laid up in ordinary," mastless, dismantled, until another call to plough the main should arouse them from their dignified repose. Yet it always pained me to notice celebrated craft, some of which I had known in their days of power and splendour "walking the waters like a thing of life," and others identified with many a name and event famous in naval annals, lying ingloriously in a sort of asylum aquatic, and, as our old friend Heely the quartermaster used to remark of the Maltese Fencibles, "perfectly harmless."

However, all except a very few have long ago found their way into the shipbreakers' yards, and in a short time scarcely a vessel, except the old *Victory*, will be left to remind us of the historical glories of the British Navy.

Under present custom hulks are no longer necessary, crews being drafted on board ready made; but in former days the formation of a ship's company was a gradual process lasting for weeks, and sometimes even for months if the captain had a very bad name. When in 1848–49 the Admiralty determined to send "Bully Wyvill" as commodore at the Cape in the *Castor*, they had recourse to a stratagem which the reader may characterise as he pleases. Knowing that Wyvill's name would not attract men, but quite the reverse, they appointed a very popular frigate captain, Sir Sabine Pasley, who quickly got together a magnificent ship's company, and then, just before the ship sailed from Plymouth Sound, Pasley was suddenly superseded by Wyvill!

My new captain, however, had no difficulty in getting a crew; in fact so eagerly did the men come forward that several petty officers exchanged their first-class rates for second-class sooner than be left behind.

On Tuesday the 22nd of July 1856 the *Tribune* steamed out to Spithead and "came to" in that historic roadstead inseparable from the annals of the British Navy.

By that date "combination" were rapidly supplanting sailing ships, and to take a ship in or out of Portsmouth (or indeed any) harbour under sail alone was beginning to be considered rather a feat.

The last sailing three-decker which ever left the

shores of Albion was the *Britannia* 120, paid off in 1855; the last sailing two-deckers *Calcutta*, paid off 1859, and *Indus*, 1860; and the last line-of-battle ship that ever sailed out of Portsmouth Harbour was the *Edgar* composite two-decker on March 27, 1865.

Our *Tribune*, a typical transition ship as the engravings show, could be sailer or steamer at will, so perhaps we could have gone out under sail; but we did so by the aid of "the sailor's friend," as Edgell called the propeller. It was inevitable that as ships altered in type, grew larger, more unwieldy, and more dependent on the engineer, captains should more and more succumb to the temptation of relying upon him.

At first there was a faint show of resistance; it was considered rather *infra dig.* to steam if it were possible to sail; economy of coals was insisted upon by the Admiralty, and so forth—all of which, however, lasted but for a short time; and by the sixties, when I was temporarily resident at Funchal, I sorrowfully observed that English ships of war almost invariably got up steam to bring them into, as well as to take them away from, their anchorage, fair wind or foul.

The deteriorating professional effect of relying upon the engineer in all difficulties, or in no real difficulties, was very patent to Sir Geoffrey Hornby, who wrote (1864), "the whole art of sailoring seems to me to be nearly extinct in the British Navy;" and (1865), "a pity it should be so rare a thing to see a ship come into harbour under sail." In fact, this "trusting to the kettle" has a tendency to turn the modern blue-jacket into too much of a machine in which some of the characteristics of the British man-o'-war's man of old have no place—a danger to which

advocates of revival of training squadrons (1900) have not failed to call attention.

At Spithead the commander-in-chief came off to inspect the ship before we went to sea. Now a commander-in-chief is a very great man indeed, at all events afloat, so great indeed that even to this day I almost tremble at the recollection of an adventure which, while still quite a young officer, I had with one, but at the time it made my blood turn cold.

This is the story. Captain Wells of the *Britannia* training-ship at Dartmouth, invited me, then vegetating on half-pay, to spend Sunday on board, just to see how things were worked. "If you come by the morning train," he wrote, "and get out at Britannia station (that was a jetty), you'll find my galley in waiting."

I followed directions, and on alighting observed that I was not to be the only passenger. A quiet, elderly gentleman in dark attire, of clerical appearance, but without the white tie, followed me into the boat, in whose stern-sheets, in the seat of command, I at once took my place, and, grasping the yoke lines, gave the order "shove off." In such a splendid boat, as she swiftly shot through the water in response to the "gig-stroke" of her smart and muscular crew, as she sensitively acknowledged the lightest touch of my hand on the steering-apparatus, I felt proudly at home, and with a somewhat conceited conviction that these people would not be long in finding out that they were under guidance of an expert, with an eye over the sharp stem slightly dipping or rising as the men bent forward or uprighted themselves in unison, I picked out my course.

There is a current, and some huge buoys lie between us and the ship. Up to this time nothing more than a rather distant bow had passed between myself and my companion, whom I supposed to be a country gentleman, perhaps rector in semi-mufti, on his way off to see his son, but as we near the buoys the gentleman becomes restless, glancing uneasily by turns at them, myself, and the ship, remarking, "I think you'd better be careful."

"Oh, we're going all right," I answer, not over pleased with the interference.

Again, "I'm afraid we shall have an accident if you don't keep clear of those buoys."

Nettled at what I consider to be an interference by a "shore-going fellow" who couldn't possibly understand much about the management of a boat, at any rate not half as much as I, I answer somewhat testily, perhaps even a little rudely—

"It's all right, sir. Pray, don't alarm yourself. I know perfectly well what I'm about. I've been accustomed to boat-steering from my boyhood."

The elderly gentleman looks grave, but says no more, and gathering his plaid around him, subsides.

Successfully clearing all obstacles, and without swerving from my original course, we glide up alongside the *Britannia's* accommodation-ladder.

But why all this fuss, this crowd at the entry-port, this commotion, amounting almost I think to an official reception, as the captain comes forward and, saluting the elderly gentleman, leads him away, while no one takes the slightest notice of me? which seems rather odd and slightly annoying, for wasn't the captain's galley sent for me? No, I quickly learn, *it wasn't;* it

was sent for the elderly gentleman, who is no less a personage than the commander-in-chief at Portsmouth! and I, a lieutenant on half-pay, was just allowed a passage off as an after-thought.

Oh, Dick Wells, how cruel of you not to tell me!

Subsequently I was introduced to the great man, who had come *incog.* to see a cadet, *and* the captain, and I made my apologies, which were graciously accepted, and we all had a good laugh.

An analogous case would be if a curate told a stranger, offering advice on ecclesiastical matters, to "shut up," who should turn out to be the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A Royal Send-Off.

When on the afternoon of July 26, 1856, having previously displayed blue-peter and hoisted the foretopsail as premonitory symptoms of departure (hence the expression of paying one's creditors "with the foretopsail sheet," an equivalent to not paying them at all), we weighed and steamed westward towards the Needles, we observed the royal standard flying at the masthead of the *Victoria and Albert* off Osborne, and sure enough there was the Queen on her way on board.

The signal was quickly displayed, "Where are you bound?" to which we answered, "Madeira and Valparaiso."

As the royal yacht steamed out towards us, we manned yards and fired a royal salute, and her Majesty then did us the honour of ranging up close abreast of us on the starboard side, our captain and officers standing bareheaded as she slowly passed ahead. The

Prince Consort took off his white hat in acknowledgment, and we observed some of the royal children, and one of the officers in full dress (as they all were), cocked hat in hand, talking to the Queen, who was dressed in pink. In a short time the yacht altered course for Portsmouth, and we continued our voyage. That is an interesting reminiscence and gratified us much at the time, especially the captain, who liked to imagine that so propitious a send-off was a mark of royal favour specially directed towards himself and his ship, an amiable hallucination which we were not disinclined to encourage.

On reaching Madeira we found cholera raging, and were unable to communicate, so having supplied the British Consul with as many drugs as could be spared, we shaped course for St. Vincent, "taking the trade" in lat. 28° N.

The trade wind zones, concerning which the reader, if inclined, may refer to "At School and At Sea," p. 86, follow the sun, so that when the sun, as in July, has a high north declination, a vessel bound south may expect to take the trades early, and lose them early. The "buffer-state," separating the N.E. from the S.E. trade regions, known as the Doldrums, in July and August are found between 7° and 12° N. lat., and in March and April between 2° N. and 5° S.

We had a Prussian officer on board, with the rank of mate, Baron Victor Von Dobeneck, who was given charge of a watch and invited to mess with the lieutenants. He was a good fellow, and well up to his work.

Although during the whole commission we performed our voyages chiefly under sail, we used steam

occasionally, and that is why we found ourselves at anchor in Porto Grande, St. Vincent, Cape de Verde Islands—to replenish the coal-bunkers.

St. Vincent, I think, might pass for an excellent sample of the moon. Its *raison d'être* are its facilities for a coaling station; otherwise no one would ever call or even live there, for it presents as barren and desolate a scene as can well be imagined. The eye, weary of gazing at bare mountains, wanders in vain for some oasis to relieve the monotony, but finds nothing except a small group of whitewashed houses and a patch or two of scrubby bushes, all the rest being dark-brown rock.

There had been no rain for four years, no supplies were to be had, and the English Consul's name was Miller, and that, apparently, is all that can be said. Not quite. Just as it was formerly believed afloat that if you turned a sailor ashore on a desert island, he'd find a bottle of rum before long, so I have often observed that if you land a naturalist or any person with a taste even for natural history, who enjoys exploring and observing the wonders that have been scattered all over the world with so lavish a hand, he will be sure to find something to occupy and interest him, even under apparently impossible conditions; and ten years later on, Mr. Cunningham, naturalist of H.M.S. *Nassau*, landed at St. Vincent and succeeded in filling his vasculum with botanical specimens, and observing many birds, insects, shells, and other noticeable features on an island, which he was warned presented the appearance of a "gigantic cinder."

Some elementary knowledge of natural history would be of immense service to naval men, and I

always regretted my inability to turn to better account, for want of it, the exceptional opportunities for intelligent observation which I enjoyed during my active career afloat, my regret having been but strengthened since I began subsequently to give my attention to botany, geology, and ornithology. It is true we had the "Admiralty Manual of Scientific Inquiry," but I doubt if I ever saw any one look into it except my first captain, Cardross of the *Cuba*.

During our sojourn a party was sent to haul the seine on little beach near the town, with the result of a few bushels of pilchards (or fish resembling) and one large skipjack which much interested me, as I had never had an opportunity of handling one before, though they, with flying fish, are among the "common objects" of tropical seas.

The common skipjack (*Temnodon Saltator*), a gregarious fish of the horse-mackerel and pilot-fish alliance, principally frequents coasts, but it is met with nearly all over tropical and sub-tropical seas. Its average length is about two and a quarter feet, but sometimes much more, and it is a most rapacious fish, destroying an immense number of other fishes and killing many more than it can devour.

Skipjacks are continually leaping or skipping out of water to the height of eight or ten, and passing over an arch of thirty or forty, feet before they alight, shortly to skip again, which shows tremendous muscular power, as there is no wing with which either to fly or to help sustain them in the air, as in the case of flying-fish, for which they are often mistaken by neophytes.

They have an amusing habit, too, of scuttling along

the surface, tumbling about and interlacing with each other in the most diverting fashion.

We left harbour; the breeze freshened; we took the first reefs in the topsails.

Non-nautical readers may like to know how this time-honoured method of reducing canvas, so indissolubly connected with traditions of sea-life, was accomplished before the reign of the engineer; but I cannot avoid the reflection that the day is fast coming, if it has not already come, when the information may supply a blank in the experience of most naval readers as well.

The evolution itself and the almost incredible celerity with which (in smart ships) it was performed were perpetuated in an old fok'sle ditty:—

> "Trice up and lay out, and take two reefs in one,
> And all in one moment this work must be done."

"Boatswain's mate, hands reef topsails."

Now it must not be supposed that pipes or whistles were used indiscriminately, or without peculiar reference to the nature of the summons. There was a language of pipes, and the nature of the sound by which "all hands" were summoned, would have been ineffective as a signal to call away a boat, belay a rope, pipe a great man up the side, and so on; so our bo'sun's mate, bending his head towards the hatchway, pipe between lips, emits a peculiar premonitory whistle which immediately produces a response of a similar nature from the boatswain and all his other mates, wherever they may be—a sort of conspirator's signal in fact. A more prolonged note follows, with the cry echoed along every deck, "hands reef topsails," upon

which, in an instant, the ship is alive, like ants disturbed in their nests, with swarms of men hurrying to their stations for the well-known and oft-rehearsed manœuvre.

Meantime the officer of the watch, relinquishing charge of the deck, retires to his station for "hands"; the midshipman diving down to the wardroom, throws open the door and sings out "hands reef topsails," on which the lieutenants off duty and the master make a rush for their caps and another for the deck; the sentry throws open the captain's fore-cabin door, and exclaims, "hands reef topsails," upon which the whole of the young gentlemen therein assembled at school, thus suddenly interrupted in their not too-vigorous pursuit of the wily *x*, drop their pens and rush violently away, leaving "the Boa" or naval instructor alone, muttering sadly to himself that progress is impossible as long as such continuous rude invasions upon the hours of study are allowed.

The topmen (kicking off their shoes should it be Sunday), cluster at the feet of the shrouds, and on the Jacob's ladders which lead to them, in eager expectancy for the word which will send them racing aloft; meantime they are being preceded by the captains and midshipmen of tops, who thus get a start before the rush, or they will be overtaken and engulfed.

I once heard a withering rebuke administered by Admiral Deans Dundas to rather a swell and not particularly active midshipman, who was picking his way up the flagship's main rigging in a very leisurely fashion.

The admiral, I must note, had been a martinet, and heard to boast (we were told to our terror) that he had once turned a dozen useless midshipmen out of

the service in one day, sending them ashore in "Old Harvey" (the launch) each sitting on his chest.

"Call that fellow down!" screamed the admiral before the whole ship's company of the *Britannia* 120.

"I tell you what it is, sir," he continued, shaking his fist at the terrified young officer, "you'd better write home to your father and tell him to get you a *commission in the army*, for we shan't make anything of you here."

But now everything is ready, and the evolution in which hundreds of men, ponderous spars, thousands of square yards of canvas, and thousands of yards of ropes are concerned will be expeditiously got through without disorder or confusion, because every one has and knows his station, and because practice makes perfect, although to a landsman the tangle of ropes, swarms of men, and rapidity of movements would appear hopelessly complicated.

Let me here stereotype, ere they pass completely into oblivion, the words of command for reefing topsails:—

Hands reef topsails.
Away aloft.
Weather topsail braces.
Let go the top-bowlines, lee braces, round in.
Topgallant sheets (reminder).

Lower the topsails.
One reef, trice up lay out.
Topsail halliards.
'Tend the braces, hoist the topsails.
Topgallant sheets and halliards.
Haul the bowlines.
Coil down ropes.
Call the watch.

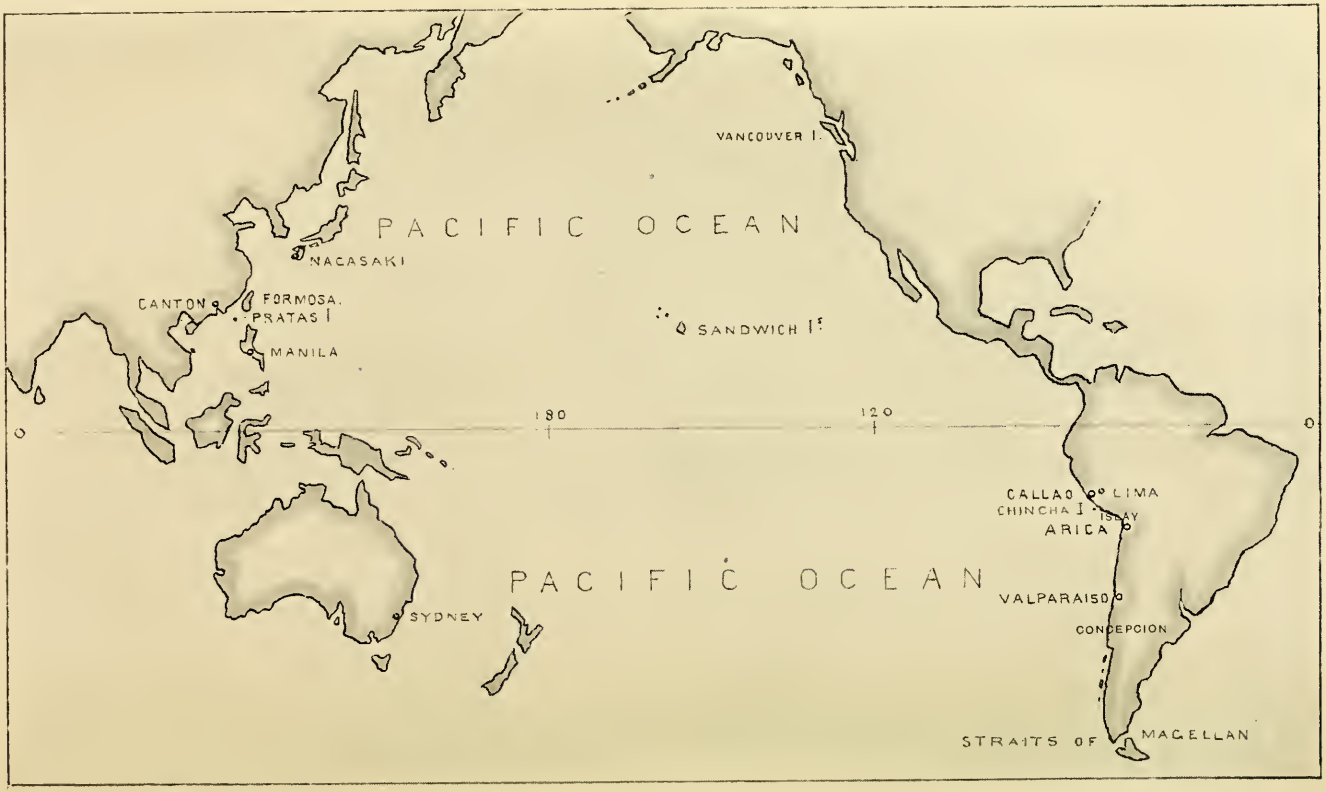
Being becalmed as we approached the Brazilian coast, I was quite excited when the youngster of my watch exclaimed, "There's a big fish close alongside, sir, and I think he's a shark," because I had never forgotten my experiences as related in chapter viii. of my former volume. There, sure enough, was a large shark with several attendant pilots, leisurely swimming about it, and displaying prettily their striped and perch-like sides.

We should like to know more about the life-history and habits of these little *aide-de-camps*. There is good reason to believe that they feed, in part at all events, on the *excreta* of the shark, and that they find a refuge inside his mouth, for a nautical friend on whom I can implicitly rely (though, for that matter, I can of course rely upon *all* nautical friends!) assures me that the vibration of the tail of a captured shark on the deck of his ship shook three pilot fish out of the monster's mouth, which were immediately put into a bucket of water, where they swam about in the liveliest way.

There is an analogous case in *Pluvianus Ægyptius*, or Crocodile Bird, a little bird which lives in amicable partnership with the crocodile—a creature still more merciless and hateful to mankind than the shark—into whose ravenous jaws it enters to feed (A. H. Evans's "Birds," p. 295), and who, according to Herodotus, warns the crocodile by its cry when danger threatens, and picks out from its body small intrusive insects.

Flying-fish and skipjacks as usual abounded, and at convenient times I was never tired of watching their curious and diverting performances, but do not think it necessary to suppose, as writers generally do, that these creatures always spring out of water and fly and

leap simply to escape enemies. They often do so, no doubt, but I am inclined to believe that, as often, their movements are to be attributed to a natural inclination to take exercise and gambol in the exuberance of animal spirits, just as we see kids and lambs skip, horses gallop about a field, or rooks tumble in the air at daily exercise time.



OUTLINE OF "TRIBUNE'S" STATIONS

CHAPTER II

MAGELLAN'S STRAITS, VALPARAISO, AND PERU

AGAIN I was to "double" Cape Horn (from the Dutch "Hoorn," 1616), that renowned tempest-haunted headland discovered by our own Drake (1578), which I never saw and never shall see, our passage through Magellan's (or more correctly Magalhaens') Straits being easily accomplished by means of steam; but readers of my first volume will remember that I had before made the passage from the West in a sailing ship, an experience which few naval men now living can recall. Owing to prevailing westerly winds the passage from the East was very difficult indeed; so much so, that there was a Spanish proverb, "as shut as the Straits of Magellan."

Since leaving Rio we had flown a blue ensign, the colour of the admiral of that station; but on crossing the longitude of Cape Horn, and passing within the limits of the Pacific command, we hoisted the red as an acknowledgment of our new commander-in-chief, though little did any of us suspect how short a time we were destined to remain under his flag.

A good deal might have depended upon the determination of the exact time when we passed the line of demarcation between the stations; for instance, had Captain Edgell fallen overboard and been drowned a minute or so *before* crossing, three death vacancies

would have belonged to the commander-in-chief in the Atlantic, but if after, to the admiral of the Pacific.

Had such an unfortunate event occurred while we were in the act of crossing, it is clear that a very awkward situation would have been created, in face of which the best way might have been for the two admirals to toss up for the patronage.

At Punta Arenas, Sandy Point of our charts, on the Patagonian side of these splendid Straits, we anchored and made friends with the commandant of the small Chilian settlement, consisting then of about sixteen wooden houses and a church, who was an officer of the Chilian navy, the little garrison or colony composed of soldiers and artificers being apparently of no use except as a *pied-à-terre* of his government.

The settlement was rather hard up for provisions and stock of all kinds, spirits selling at five dollars a bottle, the ship from Valparaiso, which supplied it with military rations twice a year, being overdue.

We got some shooting and riding on stout rough nags, the *padre* in a *sombrero* and lion-skin *poncho* volunteering to be our guide, the latter garment being obtained from the Patagonians who came down occasionally to trade, bringing for barter skins of guanacho, lions, wild cats, ostriches, &c., plenty of which were to be had in the village for bottles of rum.

When the Patagonians appeared (the commandant told us) they were generally about 2000 strong, and fortunately had no arms more formidable than bows and arrows or the settlement would have stood but a poor chance. Not long before we arrived a party of them stole the commandant's cows, and emboldened by

their success were proceeding to more extensive depredations when a bag of bullets fired from a 4-pounder killed ten, since which they had not appeared.

They are very tall, six to seven feet, with an "extraordinary muscular development" according to Musters (1871), though "very weak" according to our commandant, who declared that he had tried many experiments but always found them so, at which he wondered, as they subsist to a great degree on animal food and eat a deal of raw flesh.

So did I wonder, but I do so no longer when I remember that the men who do perhaps the hardest work and carry the heaviest burdens in the world are Turkish porters, whom I had seen, and Chinese coolies, whom I was yet to see, all of whom are vegetarians almost entirely. The bulk of Chinese live mainly on rice and bananas with a little fish, and the working Turks, whose great powers of strength and endurance I had often remarked during my Eastern experiences, and whose wonderful vitality in resisting the effects of wounds impressed our Crimean doctors, live on bread, vegetables, and water-melons, with fish sometimes.

It is sad to learn on the authority of Chambers's "Encyclopædia" (1891), that these Patagonians are steadily decreasing through disease and bad liquor supplied by traders, and before long will be entirely extinct.

Sad too, indeed, it is, in voyaging round the world, to observe that the introduction of Christianity among heathen races cannot, apparently, be separated from the introduction of fire-water. If these traders in Magellan's Straits, if white merchants in Africa, Polynesia, and elsewhere were to sell *good* liquor to the natives with whom we are brought into contact, the case even then

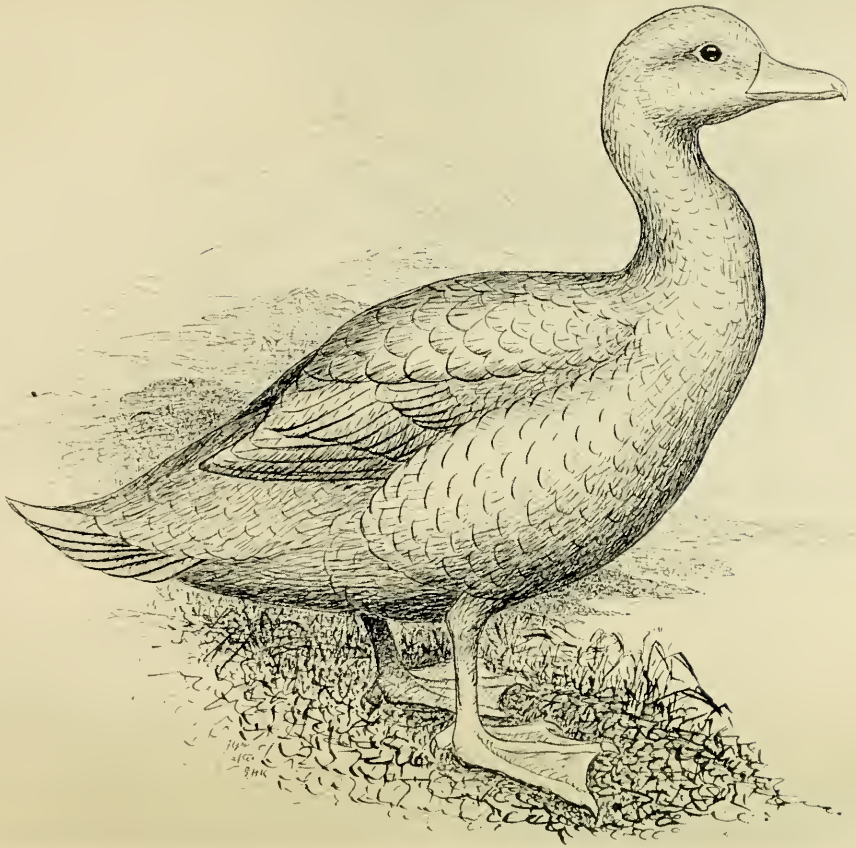
would be evil enough, but what they *do* sell is vile, maddening stuff.

From the view point of our imperial responsibilities before God and man, which deepen year by year as our empire extends, and so our opportunities and facilities for intercourse with the heathen world, it is imperatively necessary that this question of liquor traffic with native races be far more seriously and effectively grappled with than heretofore, though a good deal has been done. If ever a nation was entrusted with a commission from on high, surely ours is at this period of the zenith of her power. "To all mankind let there be light"—to which we have too much tolerated the addition, "and gin." The Bible in the one hand, the gin-bottle in the other, is an inconsistency and a reproach which cries aloud for repudiation, though to deal with it drastically will require the active co-operation of other Christian nations.[1]

Among the birds which we saw, but rarely shot, in the Straits, Steamer ducks (*Anas brachyptera*), also called Loggerheads and Race-horses, were the most remarkable and amusing, and I was never tired of watching their performances.

The chief peculiarity of the Steamer duck, which weighs from ten to fifteen pounds, and is said by Cook sometimes to attain a weight of twenty-nine pounds (though that is probably a mistake), is the small size and weakness of its wings, which not having sufficient

[1] This question is a far too important and extensive one to be treated here *en passant*. I advise any of my readers who may be interested in the subject (and we all are, whether we know it or not) to communicate with the Native Races and the Liquor Traffic United Committee, 139 Palace Chambers, Bridge Street, Westminster, S.W., of which the secretary is the well-known able medical missionary, Dr. C. F. Harford-Battersby, who will furnish information of a striking character.



ANAS BRACHYPTERA—STEAMER DUCK (FROM OUSTALET)

power to raise or support its body in the air, serve only like a steamer's paddles, aided by the powerfully-webbed feet, to propel the bird along the water with astonishing velocity and furious splashing, twelve to fifteen miles an hour according to Cunningham ("Natural History of Magellan's Straits"), who notes that "the motion of the little wings is so excessively rapid that it is difficult to convince oneself that they are not revolving, leaving behind them a long wake of foam like that produced by a miniature steamer, and not ceasing this mode of progression till a safe distance intervenes between them and the object of their dread" —all of which I can confirm. They often assist their escape by diving; and I have no doubt that, like the Dipper of our North British streams, they use their wings for propulsion under water, Mr. Cunningham being of opinion too that the young birds fly in the *air*, but that the power or disposition to do so disappears with age.

On account of their movements and thickness of plumage these birds are very difficult to shoot. Darwin, who observed them at the Falklands, thought that in paddling the wings were moved alternately, and found their heads so thick and strong that he was scarcely able to fracture them with his geological hammer. As regards their edible properties—well, they don't make a bad sea-pie, if you *leave out the duck!*

During our short stay at Port Gallant, which is situated in a narrow part of the central strait, two canoes from the Tierra-del-Fuegian shore, about eight miles opposite, visited us, containing representatives of both sexes, small, miserable, nearly naked beings, almost the lowest, I should think, in the scale of humanity—the women being huddled round fires while the men paddled.

The climate of Tierra-del-Fuego is the most tempestuous in the world, and Fuegians about the most miserable and degraded of all heathen people, so much so that Charles Darwin wrote of them as being in the lowest state of any people in any part of the globe, and considered them incapable of receiving Christianity or civilisation.

Since then, however, the South American Mission got to work—a mission with whose annals the honoured name of the hero Captain Alan Gardiner, R.N., will ever be inseparably united—and with such success that in 1870 Mr. Darwin was able to write: "The success of the Tierra-del-Fuego Mission is most wonderful and charms me, as I always prophesied an utter failure. It is a grand success, and I shall feel proud if your committee think fit to elect me an honorary member of your society."

Again, in 1874: "I am very glad to hear so good an account of the Fuegians—it is wonderful." In 1879: "The progress of the Fuegians is wonderful, and had it not occurred would have been to me quite incredible." In 1880: "I have often said that the progress of Japan was the greatest wonder in the world, but I declare that the progress of the Fuegians is almost equally wonderful. I certainly should have predicted that not all the missionaries in the world could have done what has been done"; and lastly, in 1881, on sending his annual subscription: "The mission seems going on quite wonderfully well." [1]

[1] I learn from the South American Missionary Society, 1 Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, London, Hon. Sec. Captain Poulden, R.N., that few Fuegians are left, they being evidently like the Tasmanians, a people doomed to disappear beneath the rising tide of civilisation. During their brief day of light and peace many were made Christians, and the Society have solemnly determined not to forsake the remnant.

VIEW IN MAGELLAN'S STRAITS

It is alleged that the land of Tierra-del-Fuego is rapidly rising, the coast line having advanced one mile and 1520 yards between 1836 and 1896.

Except in the wider eastern parts which are bordered by undulating grassy plains, the scenery of Magellan's Straits is magnificently striking and deeply impressive; steep snow-capped mountains there are, gorges and glaciers, with much wood and numerous fine harbours.

Passing Cape Pillar under sail and entering the great Pacific, our first experience was the capture of a young albatross which screamed like a lusty child at its novel experiences, so we labelled it and set it free.

Chili—written Chile by its own inhabitants—is a narrow strip about 2500 miles long and from 40 to 200 broad, which lies between the Pacific and the Andes, that magnificent range, which with remarkable uniformity of distance from the sea, and containing some of the highest mountains in the world, runs like two huge ribs along nearly the whole length of Western South America, for 4500 miles in fact. It is a flourishing republic, whose inhabitants are a mixture of Spanish with the aboriginal Araucanian Indians—in the upper classes Spanish blood predominating. The first European to land in Chili was the famous Portuguese discoverer of the Straits, from which we had just come.

Valparaiso—open bay, brown bare hills; but the setting sun lights up with roseate hue a distant peak which is 23,000 feet above us, and on taking a glass to examine what at first seems to be a cloud, the summit of lofty Aconcagua can be distinctly traced.

Once, while sailing along the coast, a clear sight from apex to base of this majestic monarch of the Andes was fortunately obtained by us—an opportunity which is not often vouchsafed to anybody, but we could not all realise the mountain's great altitude from its appearance, distance lending deception to the view, yet the sight was extremely impressive.

. . . . . .

Leaving Valparaiso our destination is Arica, a Peruvian town in lat. 18° S., which in old Spanish days was one of importance.

Land is in sight thirty-five miles away, lying stretched along the horizon in clear but delicate outline, and well defined in its prominent features.

Clouds float here and there and throw their shadows upon the hills, while far away in the background tower in dim and distant grandeur the gigantic peaks of the Andes—some of them 15,000 feet high. As we approach we find, as is often the case, that distance has lent enchantment to the view, for before us, except for a few banana and other trees around the town—before us is the abomination of desolation ; but the scenery is striking, and the fleecy clouds caress the brown hills and soften the barren aspect by their shadows.

Arica Head is a bold bluff on the north side of the town, not far from our anchorage, and off it a low island spotted with strutting forms of sea-birds and dingy white with their droppings arrested our attention, and in particular that of chaplain and naval instructor J. J. Balleine, who, moved with a desire to investigate their identity, got leave to take a boat for the purpose, from which, however, he was nearly

deterred by the sudden appearance of a whale near the ship, blowing like a steam-engine, and displaying its back and tail plentifully encrusted with white barnacles as it moved majestically along.

Near the base of the afore-mentioned bluff was an ancient aboriginal Indian burying-place where (we learned) bodies were frequently exhumed in a mummy-like state of preservation owing to the antiseptic qualities of the dry sandy soil ; for there is no rain on the Peruvian coast.

Similar instances of the preservative action of peat and other soils, as well as of ice, are recorded from Ireland and other parts of the world ; but the most striking are afforded by the carcases of mammoths which from time to time have been found embodied in the frozen soil of Siberia, where, although many thousands of years must have elapsed since they were entombed, the flesh has sometimes been so well preserved that the natives have used it to feed their dogs.

Of course there was a revolution going on—in fact during our short Peruvian experiences we found it difficult to find any place where a revolution was *not* going on, some man being always engaged in plotting to eject the president in favour of himself, Castilla being president *in esse*, Vivanco *in posse*, at the time of our appearance on the scene.

The South (with the exception of Tecna and its seaport Arica) had declared for Vivanco, the North, including Lima the capital, remaining staunch to Castilla, whose steam frigate *Aporimac* had been cleverly seized by the revolutionary party in the following way, which was described to us by Mr. Nugent, British Consul at Arica.

While the Peruvian commodore (Castilla's be it remembered, the man in power) with most of his officers was on shore at Arica at a grand luncheon given in his honour, his broad pendant was observed to descend from the *Aporimac's* masthead, the revolutionary banner streaming out symptomatically in its place under a salute of nineteen guns. Mr. Nugent, suspecting what had taken place, determined to pay an official visit to the frigate to make inquiries, where he was courteously received with "God save the Queen," and the customary salute by a young lieutenant named Montero, who being in league with Vivanco, and after much secret bribery among the crew, had carefully planned the whole entirely unsuspected business, which placed the gallant commodore in an extremely awkward position.

Montero lost no time. Having handed over his late chief's clothes and valuables into the custody of our Consul, he immediately weighed, and easily intercepting the packet outside, took possession of the commodore's despatches, and steamed away to some *rendezvous* where instructions would await him.

We awaited, therefore, the reappearance of the *Aporimac* and future developments with considerable interest.

Under the circumstances, however, our captain, in consultation with Mr. Nugent, decided that we ought to follow the *Aporimac* northwards at once, to Izlay, "to protect British interests," so after a stay of forty-eight hours only we again went to sea.

It was my middle watch that night, and shortly after "relieving the deck," I observed a small steamer passing, which quickly altered course and came close

up to us, mistaking us by moonlight, as we learned, for her consort the *Aporimac*, and little wonder, for curiously enough that frigate much resembled our own *Tribune*, having been built, rigged, and armed in England on the same plan. Having learned from this "rebel steamer" *Loa*, whose captain was considerably astonished when he found that we were *not* his friend, that the latter had yesterday left Izlay to return to Arica, we immediately steamed away back again at full speed, letting go our anchor in Arica Bay at 2·30 p.m. on November 26, 1856, not far from the redoubtable Montero who, sure enough, had reappeared.

Lively doings had already set in, musketry was heard in the direction of the town, the *Aporimac's* boats were close in shore covering troops which had evidently landed and were seen rushing about, while the *Loa*, which had been distanced by ourselves, soon arrived, landed more troops, and opened fire with grape upon the town.

In the midst of all this peppering I was sent on shore in the cutter to try to communicate with our consul and possess myself of "the situation."

Pulling past the main pier near the custom-house where fighting was going on, I landed at a more distant and safer one, for it struck me forcibly that after having escaped unscathed from four months' work in the trenches before Sebastopol it would indeed be an inglorious end to be struck down by a stray bullet in such a petty broil as this! with which we really had nothing to do.

I quickly found Mr. Nugent who communicated a few particulars as to events in our absence.

When the rebel frigate anchored on her return from Izlay, Lieutenant-Commodore Montero (rapid promotion that!) with his pendant ("which really is mine, confound the rascal," as the late commodore feelingly remarked) floating defiantly in the breeze—when, I say, he arrived, he at once sent a summons to the governor to surrender, coupling it with a significant assurance that unless he did he would shoot him when he got hold of him; and on the governor's returning a direct negative, at once got his landing-party to work—their operations being still in progress during my interview with the consul.

By-and-by I saw the said party, a shabby-looking rabble, disappear into one end of the long narrow street of which modern Arica was chiefly composed, heard a deal of popping, and in a short time all the red-breeched regulars who formed the garrison were seen scuttling into the brown desert out of the other end, in most undignified, even ludicrous, fashion, like the bolting of rabbits when a ferret is turned in.

The colonel in command, who was badly wounded, was a brave man, and did his best with his little garrison, but was quite overpowered, the train which had been despatched to Tecna for reinforcements not having returned in time, though they did appear next day, when we watched them marching about near a white house in the arid waste, a long way off, their bayonets glistening in the sun.

Before landing to interview Nugent, Captain Edgell sent me to inform Montero that we were about to communicate with our representative, and to warn him against injuring English or French property. I found him twenty-three or so, tall, thin, sallow, and

dirty-looking, established in his predecessor's cabin, which was dirty too.

The frigate's surgeon, an Englishman, acted as interpreter, my own knowledge of Spanish being *nil*, and the lieutenant-commodore's of English being apparently limited to "How do, sar?"

Finally, this farce on rather a large scale (for so it really appeared) concluded for the day by the receipt by us of a paper from the *Aporimac* with the password for the night, "Montero," and the countersign, "Triumfo con sangre," which caused no little merriment.

The consul's wife and other ladies, who during the firing had been stowed away in a store behind a barricade of bags with the figure of a saint stuck up for protection, were offered and gladly accepted the hospitality of Captain Edgell's cabin.

Next day we expected a resumption of hostilities. Not so, however; for after long conferences between Edgell, Nugent, and Montero, to our surprise those government troops from Tecna, waiting in the wilderness, marched in and took possession of the town without opposition, so that when I again landed I found the revolution at an end, the inhabitants engaged in opening their houses and shops, and appearing to take their revolution very much as a matter of course, as they would have a gale or a thunderstorm, the attacking forces nowhere being visible, and the dread *Aporimac* steaming away out to sea.

What was the meaning of all this? how was such a sudden collapse of yesterday's hero of "Triumfo con sangre" to be accounted for? because so long as he commanded Arica with his frigate's guns he was undoubtedly master of the situation.

The fact was that in spite of all that had happened Arica and Tecna refused to declare for him; so, not believing it good policy to destroy, he was glad to open negotiations, and offered to go away, at all events for the present, provided provisions and coals were supplied to him, which was agreed to, and we saw him no more—till next time! for as a matter of fact we subsequently saw a good deal of him.

A more amusing instance of a "climb-down" I never remember, unless, indeed, many years afterwards, in the case of a Scottish local journal, in whose columns, in place of the accustomed fulmination, this entirely unexpected and peaceful announcement met my amazed eye, "In future we shall confine ourselves to job and general printing."

As Arica to Tecna, that is the seaport, so was Izlay to Arequipa, a much more important city 150 miles nearer the Equator, and on our way northwards we touched at Izlay.

Montero had preceded us, having in the meantime picked up a greater man even than himself, no less a personage, in fact, than Vivanco, for whom both Arequipa and Izlay had "declared."

During our stay we enjoyed an amusing reminder of the important and recognised part played by dollars in revolutionary movements; for when the government packet *Bogota*, sailing under British colours, made her appearance, it was discovered that she had a colonel, two lieutenants, and one hundred soldiers of Castilla's army on board as passengers, on which, in the coolest and most business-like manner, one of the *Aporimac's* officers, with a few bags of dollars, boarded her, bought over the lieutenants and troops on the spot, and filed

them down into the frigate's boats for passage on shore, which really appeared to be a much more sensible and satisfactory sort of *triumfo* than *con sangre*—under the circumstances. The colonel, however, stoutly declining to be bribed, or to be made prisoner, carried off against his will, and imprisoned on the bread of affliction and the water of affliction till he declared for the revolutionists, claimed the protection of the British flag, under which, as I said, he was then sailing, which protection Captain Edgell acceded; so, much to the disappointment of Vivanco, thus baulked of his prey, this staunch adherent was taken on to Arica, there to join the faithful few.

Of course there really was nothing British about the *Bogota* except a Scotch engineer and a few dozens of whisky, but under prevailing conditions her temporary transfer to English ownership, as a precautionary measure, was the safest course to pursue.

Callao.

Lima, latitude 12° S., is the capital of Peru, and Callao, pronounced Callaow, is its seaport seven miles distant. The entrance to the bay is marked by S. Lorenzo, a lofty island, four and a half miles long by one broad, the home of the sea-lion—a huge species of seal—the weird and monotonous roaring of the males being a prevailing feature. It was affecting to learn that "these ponderous creatures frequent particular islets for the purpose of breathing their last, the wounded or aged being helped there by companions."

On that district of Peru, situated between the Andes and the sea, rain is as little known as drought

in Glasgow, but it is represented by dews which are very heavy, and by fogs and mist, which from June to November are almost continuous, the sun being constantly invisible, and the atmosphere thick and heavy. Sick lists swell, walls and surfaces drip, the hand slips in trying to turn clammy door-handles, long-feathered *fungi* of a luxuriant growth sprout in a single night on your boots, and latent rheumatic pains come to life with those who are that way constitutionally inclined. Why is there no rain in the coast region of Peru?—a flat, sandy desert, crossed by the river Rimac and other small rivers, along whose banks are valleys where alone is fertility possible. A glance at the map will supply the explanation, for it will be at once seen that Peru is situated in the region of S.E. trade winds, which, heavily saturated with moisture from the Atlantic, impinge upon the long and lofty chain of the Andes, and are squeezed dry before they can reach the West coast, the water with which they have parted hurrying back to its parent ocean by the countless tributaries of the mighty Amazon.

The absence of rain, however, is partly compensated for by those heavy dews. The fogs are in great measure produced by a cold Antarctic current, formerly known as Humboldt's current, that sweeps up along the coast from Cape Horn to the Equator, considerably modifying the tropical climate, and condensing by night the moisture with which the atmosphere becomes charged by the sun's action during day.

Modern Callao dates only from 1745, when the original town was destroyed by a terrible earthquake and invasion of the sea. It was probably owing to

gaseous exhalations from subterranean disturbances that we found the air often tainted by a noxious, nauseating effluvium like sulphuretted hydrogen, which turned whitewash and white paint perfectly brown, the sea, too, being often much discoloured. We called it "The Painter."

We found a railway to Lima, seven miles (made in 1849), the sole property and monopoly of a Chilian, who derived so paying a revenue from passenger, that he would have nothing to do with goods traffic, the greater part of which, consequently, was still being carried to-and-fro on mule back. Taking seats in a first-class carriage, we amused ourselves, as we moved along the single line of rails, by writing our names on each other's clothes, for the dust of Peru is an impalpable, all-pervading, whitey-brown powder, which coats every surface and half-chokes every aperture.

We were disappointed with the appearance of the city, which is completely encircled by a low brick wall, and which, in spite of noble backing by the Andes, some picturesque and beautiful features, and the noteworthy cathedral, conveyed a general impression of shabbiness and dirt.

Towards the end of the month (January 1857), to the consternation of the inhabitants, our old acquaintance the *Aporimac* suddenly appeared, with Vivanco himself on board, accompanied by another steamer, we at the time being at anchor off S. Lorenzo, where we had gone to exercise firing at a target. The beach there was perforated with the holes of land-crabs, the sand being seen, on a quiet approach, to be quite red with the creatures, and amusing it was to watch them scuttle to their retreats as soon as they

took alarm. We found a pier, a frail structure, which suddenly collapsed while I was standing on it with twenty men, and engulfed us all in the sea, whence we emerged amid "cheers and laughter." Shortly afterwards another queer and amusing incident happened. While the dingy was landing on the surfy beach without proper precaution, the boat turned broadside on and was instantly caught by the surf and capsized, so that when the sea receded she was left high and dry, keel up, with both dingy boys imprisoned underneath. The *Aporimac* engaged the fort at Callao and a frigate of Castilla's. We saw ten men killed by a misdirected charge of canister, they having got up into a merchant brig's rigging to watch "the fun"!

THE CHINCHA ISLANDS—SHOWING THE GUANO DEPOSITS COLOURED

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CHAPTER III

THE CHINCHAS

It is stated that Peru—formerly the country of the aboriginal Incas, and still so to a great extent, as in 1876 they numbered 57 per cent. of the whole population—derives its appellation from Biru, the native name of one of its rivers, and its wealth from various products, animal, vegetable, and mineral, among which, completely eclipsing all others in value and importance as long as it lasted, was guano; so much so that the years 1846–72, during which the main exports of the famous substance lasted, have been termed by Mr. Duffield in his book ("Peru," 1876) its Guano Age.

As iron to Middlesboro, herrings to Great Yarmouth, "tied houses" to the British brewer and distiller, was guano to Peru at the time of H.M.S. *Tribune's* visit; more so, even, as we learn from the said author, that "Guano ceased to be the servant and helper of the native soil; it became the master of the people who occupy it." Also, "Its native name was Huano, signifying *dung*, it being certain that its properties were well understood by the original natives, for under the empire of the Incas it was regarded as an important branch of State economy, being controlled by strict regulations. Extensive tracts of land were exclusively manured with huano, but when the country

fell into the hands of the Spaniards it was neglected and forgotten, and not until the first quarter of the nineteenth century had passed did Peruvians begin to discover the errors of their former masters, and to realise what a gigantic mine of wealth lay at their very door."

Most people, I suppose, know what guano is, but there may be many that do not. Well—its nature does not exactly correspond to the definition given to a correspondent by Mark Twain when he was temporary editor of an agricultural newspaper :—

"The guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June or later than September. Till winter it should be put into a warm place, where it can hatch out its young."

Guano is the dried excrement of droppings of sea birds, more or less altered by age, fermentation and decay, and often mixed with feathers, broken egg-shells, minute fragments of sea-shells, remains of seals, and large solid lumps of a salt (carbonate) of ammonia. It is moderately dry powder of a peculiar fawn colour, and still more peculiar odour, which may be styled pleasant or unpleasant according to taste.

The conditions necessary for the production of guano are : 1. Birds ; 2. Fish for them to feed upon ; 3. Absence of rain to any appreciable extent ; such conditions being represented in the most complete manner on the Peruvian coast, especially at the Chincha Islands.

Guano, it is true, is found in other parts of Peru, and in other parts of the world where conditions are favourable to its production, but nowhere in such

astonishing plenty or of such splendid quality as at the Chinchas.

If there were no rain, we should have guano deposits on the British coasts, for they can at any time be observed in the initial stage, beyond which they cannot advance, in such places as the Bass Rock, the Farne Islands, and Ailsa Craig.

Still, Peru being rainless, Peruvians could not have turned their fabulous stores of manure to account had it not been for irrigation in the vicinity of rivers, for unless dissolved in water it is useless to plants. They use it chiefly for maize crops and for orange trees, to the former it being thus applied: with a hoe a little circular channel or ditch is scooped out round each growing stem, but not too near or the plant would be killed, which is filled with guano covered over with earth, and then the water is laid on all over the plantation till the guano is dissolved. We were shown a row of orange trees, on one side of which only guano had been applied, and the crop of oranges on the guano side was astonishingly larger and finer than the other.

Here let us notice an illustration of the compensations of Nature—the want of rain which renders the great part of Peru so barren has been of the greatest importance in converting sterile, useless islands and rocky places into perfect El Doradoes, by allowing guano to accumulate through countless centuries. It would be out of place here to follow up this invaluable substance into its agricultural uses, further than just to point out that it has been found that about half of the fertilising properties of guano are quickly soluble in water and therefore adapted for the immediate

nourishment of plants, the other half lingering in the soil and gradually yielding its beneficial effects.

In many Roman Catholic countries, as I have observed during my voyages, there exists a very pious excellent custom of asking the Divine blessing upon growing crops in spring, which once existed in our own country; but, as far as I know, the only trace of its observance which still lingers among us, is the three Rogation Days in the May Calendar of the Prayer-Book of the Church of England. The priest of the parish, attended by the farmers and leading members of his church, walked through the fields reciting appropriate prayers and psalms, about which, when I was collecting wild plants in the Island of Madeira, I heard a good story. In a certain parish, during the performance of the ceremony, the procession arrived at a field which belonged to a man who was notorious for stingy farming—a man who got all he possibly could out of the land, but seldom put anything into it, the appearance of the growing crop on this occasion, being meagre in the extreme, and fully bearing out its owner's reputation. "Stop," said the priest, holding up his hand with just a twinkle in his eye, "stop, prayers are no good here, it wants some manure."

I was even more impressed and pleased while at St. Jean de Luz by seeing the parish priest, robed, with his choir and chief people and a procession of fishing-boats, go afloat in the same way to ask a blessing on the produce of the sea.

The value of guano as a fertiliser has been so much appreciated, and the run upon it so tremendous, that the supplies, at all events from Peru, are practically exhausted, so it may be interesting to notice in brief the

circumstances of the first introduction into our own country of a product that played so important a part in agriculture during the last half of the nineteenth century.

Although it is true that as long ago as 1804 Humboldt brought specimens to Europe and submitted them to the leading analytical chemists of the day, nothing more seems to have been heard of the matter till July 23, 1836, when a little brig, the *Hermione* from Peru, arrived at Liverpool, bringing, besides her general cargo, a sample of a reddish-brown powder, smelling curiously, which the sailors called gu-an-ner, and said that it was wonderful stuff to make things grow. The owners of the vessel, Messrs. Myers & Co., gave this stuff away to any farmers or gardeners who liked to have it to make experiments with, and stories soon got abroad about the extraordinary powers of the powder, and there were so many applications for it, that Messrs. Myers thought it might be worth while to send out their brig on purpose for a load, which they did. Its virtues rapidly became known ; a demand sprung up ; regular exportations from Peru began ; in 1840 it came into the market, and in 1866 there were, instead of a single brig load, 352,000 tons of guano exported from Peru, 75,000 tons of which was in British vessels. Previous to 1840, with the exception of local manufacturing refuse, the only special manures of commerce were bones, salt, and gypsum, but the important researches of Liebig and others, who experimented in the little understood field of agricultural chemistry, coupled with the sudden appearance on the scene of Peruvian guano, brought very important differences in the practice of agriculture.

The value of guano from the view point of agricultural chemistry depends upon its richness in nitrogenous

compounds (ammonia salts) and phosphates; and *on this basis* one ton of Chincha guano has been determined to be equal to 33½ tons of farmyard manure. Altogether from first to last until they were "played out" upwards of eight million tons were exported from the Chinchas.

. . . . . .

The Chinchas are a group of islets of granitic formation on the Peruvian coast one hundred miles south of Callao, and three miles west of the little town of Pisco, the largest of which is a little less than a mile in circumference with a height of 113 feet *plus* 90 feet of guano at the highest part, to the immense deposits of which their importance was entirely due.

We had heard so much about the Chinchas, so celebrated were they at that time, and so identified with the current fortunes and history of Peru, that we looked forward to our projected visit to them with no ordinary interest, and I was really quite excited when the captain said to me, "I hope to get away to the islands on the 2nd" (January 1857).

On that day accordingly, leaving H.M.Ships *President* and *Pearl* to watch the vagaries of the hero of Arica, who was still hovering about seeking whom to devour, and receiving from the *President*, being homeward bound (a splendid specimen of a smart British frigate, Captain Charles Frederick, Senior Lieutenant George William Hepburn Morgan) a parting present of a tent, cricket balls, and much theatrical scenery and properties, shortly to become extremely useful, we weighed "under all plain sail" — which means, all sail except studding-sails, and stood to the southward.

Long before we sighted our destination, beating up against the S.E. trade, our rigging—indeed the whole ship—became coated with a film of yellowish, impalpable powder whose origin could not be obscure to us ; and as we neared our anchorage, a maze of masts among the low outline of the islets became apparent, indicating, as we soon found, the presence of a hundred and sixty ships of all sizes and sorts, from the magnificent clipper to humblest brig, all upon guano intent. Only one individual in the *Tribune* had been there before, the first lieutenant, a good fellow on the whole, whom I shall ever remember as having been gifted with a remarkable faculty of making other people believe that it was their duty to do his own ; his ideas, indeed, of performing a first lieutenant's work being in quite antipodean contrast to those of our old friend Hatt of H.M.S. *Cuba*.

The reality, however, of these interesting islands, their aspect, surroundings, and the magnitude of the industry carried out exceeded the expectations that I had formed from description. It was difficult in the first place to realise the fact that that hill, nearly one hundred feet high above its rocky floor, that steep section, those quarries in which swarms of men were working with ceaseless energy, that imposing fleet, daily parting with loaded ships and daily being reinforced by others to be loaded—all meant the dried deposits of sea birds, that and nothing more.

Scarcely had we anchored when two merchant captains came on board to get Balleine, our chaplain, to marry them, and others to lodge complaints, submit disputes, and so forth. In truth, the advent of a post-captain and a chaplain in a British frigate seemed to

be very welcome and their presence very necessary among this large fleet, the majority of which were English and Americans kept here waiting for cargoes for eighty days or more, after which demurrage was allowed. Several couples were "spliced" by the chaplain under licence from Captain Harry Edgell, Royal Navy, and many difficulties adjusted, and mutinous disturbances investigated and dealt with; for where a number of merchant vessels are congregated in a remote port there are always cases requiring more extended powers than those possessed by their own captains; so the arrival on the spot of a court of summary jurisdiction, in the shape of a quarter-deck under the pennant, was gladly taken advantage of — even though (as by our time) its powers had been curtailed, and flogging of merchant seamen by naval captains abolished, the extreme sentence being irons, deprivation of pay, ejection from ship, and a maximum of twelve weeks' imprisonment.

There being no representative of his own nation available, the American minister at Lima had furnished Captain Edgell with plenary powers to deal with American ships as if they were our own, and fortunately so, as it turned out, for we were thus enabled to render substantial services.

The guano, of which about two thousand tons daily were excavated and "shot" into ships, had been farmed by Government to a Peruvian Don who lived on the island and was known as the Governor— the annual revenue produced by the sale amounting, we were informed, to five million dollars yearly. The population of these islands, five thousand while the guano lasted, subsequently about five, consisted of

Peruvians, Peruvian convicts, and Chinese coolies, the latter, who did most of the digging, being in the ascendant, and about whose treatment Mr. Duffield has some very severe strictures.

I landed as soon as possible to make myself acquainted with the operations, impressed with the conviction that to produce such astonishing results, an enormous length of time and countless multitudes of birds must have been necessary.

The fish-eating birds that still haunt the coasts are principally pelicans, gannets, gulls, terns, and a species of booby (*Sula variegata*), known locally as the guano bird, though from the islands themselves and their immediate vicinity the birds were long ago driven away by guano diggers. Here and there, however, along the coast the water seemed covered with pelicans busily engaged in fishing, until disturbed by the passage of a ship or boat, when they rose up in flights that locally darkened the air, and with a noise like the prolonged rumbling of distant thunder. Pelicans dive after their prey with a great clumsy splash, and when they come up again, expel the water from their pouches by pressing them downward against their breasts—the while a pretty, graceful little gull, who hovers about watching his opportunity, pecking at the fish which project from the edges of the bill, to watch which through one's glass is diverting and curious. However surprising such immense deposits of guano seem at first sight, any one who has observed the flight of even a single flock of pelicans (not to mention other birds), is told that one, at the lowest average, deposits two pounds of guano a week, and reflects that the accumulation from many sorts of

birds went on for a thousand years or more, will wonder less.

We found the workmen busily digging away from the hill of solid guano and loading trucks, which travelled on rails to the edge of a low precipice at whose foot was moored the ship to be loaded, or lighters to take it off to other ships, the contents of the trucks being discharged into a broad-mouthed receptacle, terminating in a long canvas shoot leading into the vessel's hold. Five or six men with spades broke the stuff up and shovelled it down into the shoots, for at first it was in large, damp, soft but crumbly lumps, which emitted, when banged about, such a stifling yellow dust that the diggers were obliged to tie handkerchiefs round their mouths to prevent themselves from being choked, breathing, in fact, being altogether distinctly unpleasant, and when I went to call upon the "governor" I wondered how he could exist in such an overpowering and all-pervading atmosphere of guano-dust.

New-comers were especially inconvenienced by it, yet it was by no means unhealthy; on the contrary, it was especially beneficial in some chest affections. I do not, of course, allude to the sort from which a celebrated wit, Colonial Treasurer in one of our West Indian Islands, suffered, when, considerable deficiencies, due to his careless habits, being discovered in the treasury chest, he was superseded. On his return home a lady asked him why he left the West Indies? "Something wrong with my chest, ma'am." No, I mean asthma or bronchitis.

When we cast anchor, the first thing which attracted our attention was a small white tent, of a

LOADING GUANO SHIPS

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different and superior appearance to the others. We found that it belonged to a Mr. Seymour, a rich merchant and shipowner of London, who, having long laboured under a chest complaint of a particularly determined and painful character, and having "suffered many things of many physicians," but with no relief, was advised to inhale the dust of guano. He tried the experiment, at first on a small scale, but with such success that he came out to the Chinchas with his wife, and had been living there among the dust on the bare rock to his immense relief and benefit. A striking proof of the value to health.

Although the ammoniacal exhalations of guano might have been harmless enough in a mitigated form, or even beneficial in certain cases, their concentrated effects upon the men engaged in storing it in ships' holds was anything but pleasant or beneficial, causing bleeding from the nose and ears, so that few could stay below for more than forty-five minutes at a time, Mr. Seymour excepted, who was in the habit of passing three hours daily in a ship's hold during the reception of cargo.

. . . . . .

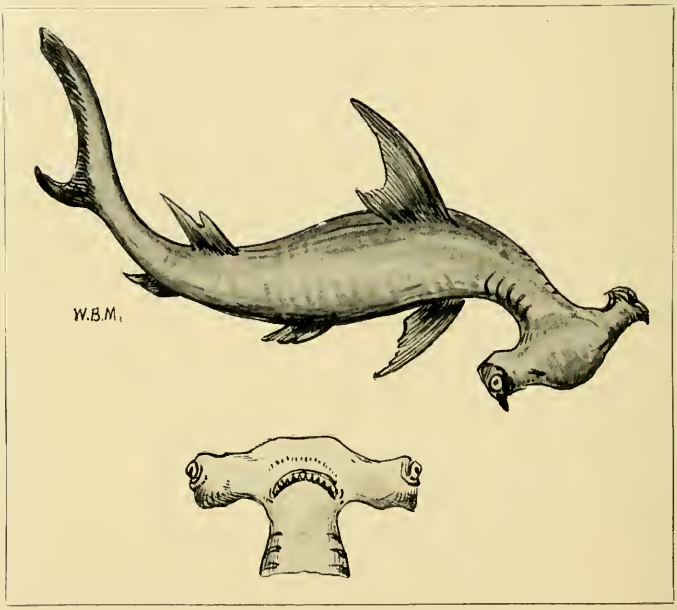
For some days after our arrival Lieutenant Boyle and I were employed in visiting various ships to investigate complaints.

Among those who had early availed themselves of the privilege of being married by British law on British territory, as represented by H.M.S. *Tribune*, was Captain T. of the English barque *Lord S.*, in celebration of which event his crew got so drunk and uproarious, and led by an American-Irishman, were guilty of such riotous and outrageous behaviour and

such disgraceful language to the newly married couple, that signal for help was made, and I was immediately despatched in a cutter with Corporal Nash and four private representatives of that invaluable amphibious corps, aptly bearing for their motto *Per mare, per terrum*, who combine the steadiness, discipline, and reliable qualities of the soldier, with the activity, readiness, and handiness of the sailor. The admirable qualities of our Royal Marines have never been appreciated or, at any rate, acknowledged as they deserve.

On my arrival I found the aforesaid Americo-Hibernian, the leading mutineer, unpleasantly prominent, for he had just tried to stab the mate. Grasping the situation, I ordered half-a-dozen of the cutter's crew to seize him at once and pass him into our boat, which was done with considerable difficulty, and not without an attempt at rescue on the part of the man's shipmates, whom I had to keep at a distance at the point of the bayonet. Having got him into the boat with two others, he was lashed hand and foot, and a gag displayed in readiness to be applied if he opened his mouth any more, for of all the torrents of blasphemy and insult that ever I heard poured out during my somewhat extensive experience, that man's was the most atrocious. "Tremble, you —s, as you did at Sebastopol," is a very mild sample indeed of his utterances while we were securing him, and much we all regretted the repeal of those "good old laws" which would have allowed our captain to give the ruffian the four dozen which he so richly deserved.

On the very next day some of the crew of the *Kertch* (British) having announced their determination to extract their first mate's liver! I was sent to see



HAMMER-HEAD SHARK

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into the matter, which turned out so serious that Captain Edgell thought it necessary himself to hold a court of inquiry on board the vessel.

Our church service on Sundays was always attended by a large contingent from the guano fleet, and on one occasion during the sermon a flying-fish, sixteen inches long, flew into one of their boats alongside and was captured. Shoals of these interesting creatures might be seen on calm days swimming about close to the ship, as well as many Hammerheaded sharks (*Zygona malleus*), in readiness for scraps, the singular form of the head (the eyes being situated at the end of lateral extensions), from which this creature takes its name, at once distinguishing it from all other fishes. Hammerheads date from the Cretaceous Era.

One of the most agreeable features of our sojourn at the Chinchas was the friendly intercourse with Americans. As I have said, we were able to render them many little services, which they acknowledged in suitable ways, such as hoisting the British flag and firing a gun on getting under weigh, and I am confident that we all gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity to cement that good feeling which ought always to exist between the two nations—a good feeling which, as far as their maritime representatives were concerned, always did exist, in my experience at all events.

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To remain idle for so long was very tiresome and monotonous for all the ships, so, as a relief, and to celebrate and accentuate the occasion, we determined, towards the close of our sojourn, to give a grand Theatrical Entertainment.

Preparations were set going without loss of time, and the following was our card of invitation :—

> **Theatre Royal**
>
> H.M.S. "TRIBUNE"
>
> Will open at 6 P.M. on
> Thursday, February 19th, 1857,
> and the
> PERFORMANCE
> will begin at 7 P.M. precisely.
>
> *With the Captain and Officers' compliments.*

I was stage manager, a post in which I had previous experience, and I at once put two suitable pieces in rehearsal, and got all our "properties" into order, augmented as they had fortunately been, it will be remembered, by the kindness of the *Presidents*.

Captain Edgell, a talented painter, prepared the drop-scene, while I went the rounds of the fleet to enlist the sympathy of some of the captains' wives and daughters in the direction of articles of female attire, Mrs. Smith of the *Algeria* (British) and Miss Gilchrist of *Rochemba* (American) being particularly good-natured and useful, especially in the starching department.

On the 20th day we were ready for the always welcome pipe, "Carpenters rig stage." The upper deck was converted into a ball-room and theatre combined, covered in and decorated, tiers of sloping seats were provided for the crew, and rows of level ones for the officers and the one hundred and fifty guests, including twenty-eight ladies, who honoured us with their patronage. All being in readiness, in presence of a "bumper house," and after a stirring overture from

the band, "wind-jammers," as Jack preferred to call them, "Our Reciter," Ryan, appeared before Edgell's pretty drop-scene, and delivered Edgell's Prologue, composed by that officer for the occasion, with a noble disregard of metre, which was received with tremendous applause.

"PROLOGUE

"*Delivered at the Opening of the Theatre Royal H.M.S.* '*Tribune*' *at the Chincha Isles, February* 19*th*, 1857.

"Well, I declare! what a throng.
I'm in a maze—and Ladies too!!
Not fat, fair and forty,
But fair, kind and hearty,
Ready to listen and, we hope, applaud
The sailor's effort of a Play on board.
We'll play, 'tis true, but only to amuse,
Therefore our shortcomings you'll excuse,
Fair critics, Syrens of these lonely Isles,
Where nought around save Woman smiles;
Where wealth abounds, yet dearly bought,
For that great virtue Patience here is taught.
Bear then with us who, fresh from lands afar,
Give you the welcome of the British Tar,
Proud to see our decks so ably manned
With fair and brave from Brothers' Land.
'Unity is Strength,' the proverb says,
May its truth be proved in our days;
For when Stars and Stripes with Union Jack unite,
I guess that few would like to come and fight.
One word more:
Although on Decks where warlike acts are taught,
Where gun and musket, shot and shell—in short,
And dread material for the deadly fight
Are ranged in order round, both left and right.
Excuse my Muse, 'tis difficult to rhyme,
To tell the truth, I've got but little time,
For, after washing decks and squaring yards,
We've morning drills, then gunnery cards,
The 'muzzle right' and 'left,' with 'seven' o'er the head,
The jolly dance, the merry song, and then to bed.
But fancy not that such our feelings harden.
You must excuse me, but, I beg your pardon.

We have one who is ready to unite
Those who in Hymen's bonds will seek delight,
And should you, fair ladies, during *Tribune's* stay
Decide on such a thing—pray don't delay,
For *Tribune's* motto aye is 'Toujours prêt,'
Which in English means 'Always ready.'
I see the *Manager* beckon (*aside*).
'Aye! aye! sir,' (*aloud*).

"*Manager whispers, yet so as to be heard:* 'Tell them to excuse our ladies' dresses; they are rather short—put it into verse.'

"Ha! ha! he means to say
The wardrobe is rather weak,
And though we really blush to seek
A crinoline, or bombazine, or that style of thing,
Still, if Ladies think that they could bring
Some old garments which would deck
Our young maidens' figures or their neck,
We are not proud, and shall always smile
At the Ladies' Gift from Chincha Isle."

Then the curtain drew up for the first piece, a melodrama, which went through without a hitch. Attention, of course, was particularly directed towards the female members of our corps, of whom there were two, Wade, a young clerk, and Elwyn, a young middy, both of whom looked very pretty, were capitally dressed, and sustained their parts quite admirably, so much so that when "Fanny" came out at the conclusion of the piece in his or her female attire and sat among the audience to see the second piece, many who were not in the secret were completely deceived—even ladies—as to Fanny's sex.

Ever-green *Box and Cox* was the after-piece, at the conclusion of which, after hearty rounds of applause, there were refreshments on a liberal scale and dancing.

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The Americans were so much gratified at our little "Jollification" as they called it, and at the spirit which

prompted it, that they invited us to a return banquet on board their (courtesy) Commodore Captain Ponsland's ship the *John E. Thayer*, a magnificent sailing clipper, 230 feet over all, 45 feet beam, which had sailed 16 knots when drawing 24 feet water, and had once made a voyage with 4000 tons cargo.

There were a number of beautifully-fitted first-class clippers at the Chinchas, to turn which into guano ships seemed like a desecration, but at that time it paid to do so. The ship's upper deck was housed in for the occasion, and we sat down, 150 at table, naval and merchant people alternately. Then did I make acquaintance with "soft corn," long familiar to me in the negro melody, "soft corn, hard corn, hey diddle diddle O diddle diddle, soft corn, hard corn, hey diddle diddle O!"; then did respond to the kind invitation "Officer, have some squash?"

There were toasts afterwards, of course (in fact a long toast-list had been previously, and with much consideration sent to us), to one of which I had been "told off" to reply.

Being totally unaccustomed to public speaking, I looked forward with trepidation to the delivery of a short and suitable speech which I had laboriously prepared for the occasion; an occupation, I may say, in which several officers were engaged with the same dread anticipation.

Our relief after dinner, therefore, was as great as our surprise, when the chairman rose and read out the following characteristic toast-list, *without a pause from beginning to end*, to which Captain Edgell replied in happy and comprehensive style, for he was strong on the social and ceremonial side of naval life.

Naval men, as a rule, are not ready speakers, but the shortest reply that I ever heard from the lips of a naval or any other man was very many years after that banquet, at a club dinner, when, on a naval captain's health being proposed as the guest of the evening, his response was: "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you for so kindly drinking my health. *You* are very glad to have me here, and *I* am very glad to be here, so we are *all* very glad, and what more need I say?"

He then sat down smiling, and the company smiled too!—at a speechlet which certainly was undeniably animated by the "soul of wit," though more I fancy at the cool "cheek" of the speaker.

Toast List.

At the American Dinner, given to the Captain and Officers of H.M.S. "Tribune" *at the Chinchas, 22nd February* 1857, *on board the* "John E. Thayer."

(1)

The American Fleet sends greeting to the Commander and Officers of her Britannic Majesty's ship *Tribune*. May the genuine spirit of national cordiality animate the hearts of Englishmen and Americans in every part and in every clime.

(2)

Queen Victoria. May her reign be distinguished by the same unsullied integrity and beneficent policy which has maintained its popularity and preserved the goodwill of her own subjects and the esteem of the American people.

(3)

England and the United States! Bound by ties of consanguinity, fraternal fellowship, and commercial intercourse, may their naval protection extend to each other whenever a common foe invades the just rights of either.

(4)

The *Tribune*. Long may she float, an honour to the British Flag.

(5)

(In silence)

To the memory of the de-parted statesman, Sir Robert Peel, the Po-litical E-conomist and Philosopher of England.

(6)

The Entertainments on board the *Tribune*, Thursday evening. Our gratification that evening is only equalled by seeing you, our guests, this evening, that we may welcome you on board the *John E. Thayer*, and sit with you beneath the flag of American Union.

(7)

The Anglo-Saxon Race. Destined to achieve more for the elevation of mankind and the overthrow of tyranny than any predecessor.

(8)

Thirty-five millions of people welcome the foreigner to their country to participate with them in the bounties of Providence.

(9)

John Bull and Brother Jonathan. A stout, portly old gentleman, fond of beer and bacon, and a raw-boned but athletic young man in striped pantaloons and an enormous shirt collar.

(10)

(In solemn silence)

The im-mortal Shakespeare. England gave him birth, but such a plant is no ex-otic, as Nature planted it, and it is naturalised everywhere.

(11)

Faith, Hope, Charity—these three, the greatest of which is Charity. Let us look charitably on the faults of nations and emulate their virtues.

(12)

Our Pilgrim Fathers who came from England in the *Mayflower*. The chariot of Fame freighted with one of the most precious cargoes that England ever sent to our native land.

(13)

A life on the Ocean Wave. God speed the mariner. A quick passage and a safe return.

. . . . . .

Our visit to the headquarters of the guano industry came to a close, for which we were sorry, for on the whole it was a pleasant one fraught with several notable and enjoyable experiences. On 23rd February 1857, after having fired a salute of thirteen guns in honour

of George Washington's birthday, while the ship was "dressed" so as to make ourselves agreeable as possible all round, with American ensign at main, French, Chilian, and Peruvian in prominent positions, &c., we weighed under sail, and ran leisurely down through the merchant fleet.

Probably few men-of-war ever departed with such an ovation.

The Americans hoisted our flag, while the English and others hoisted signals of *adieux*, dipped colours as we passed, fired salutes of sorts with guns and weapons of sorts, or waved and cheered, but every one did something to join in the send-off.

Meantime we kept the signal "Farewell" flying from the main-royal truck, and band playing; finishing off with a salute of seven guns, after which we "up helm" and bore up for Callao.

The opportunity of exchanging so much good-will with our Transatlantic cousins, and of showing our own merchant friends that men-of-war people were not so proud and "stand-off" as is often supposed, and of making ourselves useful and acceptable in many ways—the opportunity I say, was beneficially utilised to full advantage by us in the interests of our country, and we were fortunate in having a captain who was so gifted with qualities necessary for the occasion as Captain Edgell.

As we again neared S. Lorenzo we were hailed by a brig, the *Guise*, sole remaining representative of Castilla's fleet; and shortly afterwards—the roar of sea-lions falling impressively on the ear through the deepening mist which almost concealed her—we heard a shotted gun not far off, to which we fired a blank

cartridge in reply, suspecting that Montero, the ubiquitous, must be somewhere at hand, and with good reason, for by-and-by, when the fog lifted, we saw that he had snapped the little thing up. It was inconvenient, too, to find out that his troublesome frigate was carrying out so rigorous a blockade that no sea-borne supplies could reach the Callao markets.

Fog prevailed again so densely that we were obliged to anchor off the island, where we remained forty-eight hours, when, hearing a salute of thirteen guns in the direction of Callao, we deduced the fact of our expected new admiral's arrival by the mail; so Boyle, entirely dependent on his compass, was sent away in the fog for letters, and returned with the news that the flag of Rear-Admiral Bruce was flying at the *President's* mizzen, the same being transferred to the *Tribune* when the *President* sailed for home shortly afterwards. We cheered her on her departure, when she manned her rigging from top to bottom with a snow-white cluster and heartily responded.

So far we had made but little acquaintance with our extensive station, and were not destined to make much more, an unexpected and pleasant surprise being close at hand.

Little did I think, when in the usual mist I went to board the next mail on March 10, 1857, what the letter-bag contained that I returned with—nothing less than Admiralty orders for the *Tribune's* immediate departure to reinforce the British fleet in Chinese waters where war had broken out. *Telle est la vie navale.*

The news ran round the ship like wild-fire, and everybody was delighted, for the Chinese station, with

prospects of active service and promotion, was much more attractive than our present one, though to be sure our captain lost his chance of freight—one of the little pickings of the Pacific.

We had previously provisioned, coaled to the merry tune of £5 per ton, and paid up our washing bills at the cheerful figure of ten shillings per dozen, so we were all ready for a move ; and on the very next day after receiving our orders, Admiral Bruce having transferred his flag to the *Naiad* store hulk, we weighed under sail by moonlight, and stood out towards the wide expanse of the Pacific, Peru and its associations fading away into our past.

CHAPTER IV

ACROSS THE PACIFIC WESTWARD

THIS long voyage which we had commenced, ten thousand miles westward across the Pacific, that superb ocean which constitutes one-half of the surface of the globe, the voyage from South America to China, was one which had rarely been performed by any of her Majesty's ships, our projected route being to reach the Equator by means of the S.E. trade, to cross it in 120° W., and then, availing ourselves of the welcome service of the N.E. trade, to reach Halfway House, that is the Sandwich Islands, which, by using steam in the Doldrums, we hoped to do in thirty days, the average passage of a sailing ship being forty-two days.

"The first (European) that ever burst into this silent sea" was Magellan, who, after threading his way through the straits which are called after him, entered it in 1520, and gave it the name by which it has been known ever since, and the first Englishman, our own renowned Sir Francis Drake, that gallant Elizabethan sailor who towers up in boldest relief along the lines of the naval history of Great Britain, who accomplished the voyage from Callao to England westwards, *via* Java and the Cape of Good Hope in 1579, in the little ship *Elizabeth*, of eighty tons, a remarkable exploit, which, considering the sort of ship, and the

circumstances under which it was performed, an unknown ocean, no charts, poor equipment, scurvy, and so forth, must impress with admiration. There were maritime giants in those days. When the *Elizabeth* reached Deptford, the Queen paid her little namesake a visit, and knighted the heroic captain on his own quarter-deck, a thoroughly well-deserved honour, even though knighthoods bore a significance and importance about them in 1581 which they can scarcely be said to possess in the present day.

First lieutenants who want undisturbed opportunities to get their ships into order are not at all averse to a long spell of blue water and fine trade weather, of which full advantage was taken by us in many ways —by officers to spread out their uniforms "on the booms" in the sun to dry; by the ship's company to "air bedding" in the rigging, and so forth; and by the chaplain and our musical lieutenant, Boyle, in the unromantic seclusion of the stoke-hole, to train up the church choir in the way that they should go, but had not yet gone.

So for days we sped on, touching neither tack nor brace, the operations on deck being evidently interesting to four frigate-birds, huge representatives of the cormorant tribe, which floated around the mastheads, displaying their long-pointed, bifurcated tails, and anon, as is their wont, soaring upwards to a great height.[1]

[1] The five large birds which are seen by sailors and often mentioned in "Voyages" are :—

1. The Frigate or Man-o'-war Bird (*Fregata aquila*). Allied to cormorants. Blackish brown with a very long, slender, deeply-forked tail.
2. The Tropic or Boatswain Bird (*Phaëthon aëtherius*). White plumage, with black over eye. Tail long, slender, not forked.
3. The Gannet or Solan Goose (*Sula bassana*). (Britain, &c.)
4. The Booby (*Sula Fusca*), closely allied to (3).
5. The Noddy (*Sterna solida*), allied to Terns.

One valuable commodity, however, had been to such an extent ruined by the phenomenal damp of the Peruvian coast that it was past recovery, viz. 6000 pounds of excellent Chilian ship's biscuit, consequently, to the joy of birds and fishes, it was all condemned by survey and thrown overboard, but, fortunately, we had a reserve supply in disused water-tanks, which was perfectly sound. Very wisely all "bread" in the navy is now stored in metallic receptacles.

At Sydney, in my old *Cuba* days, Brierly, famed among marine painters, painted a huge picture on the wall over a dining-room sideboard of H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* under sail, the sea being so realistically represented that our hostess declared, as the best compliment at her disposal, that she could keep no biscuit, nor any other article of consumption, in that sideboard on account of the extreme damp!

Though the aforesaid ship's biscuit was of the best, and not too white, Messrs. Hooquey & Walker's (of Valparaiso) "officers' biscuit" found no favour with us, as its inviting whiteness, on analysis by the surgeon of H.M.S. *Esk*, was found to be due to a large proportion of bone dust—useful perhaps, as phosphatic food in the case of growing children, but scarcely acceptable to adults.

The biscuit supplied to the Royal Navy is composed of the best "seconds flour," to which is very usefully added a certain proportion of whole meal.

It is needless to add that for obvious reasons in the manufacture of ship's biscuit not a particle of butter or of any other oleaginous material must be used; moreover, to produce ship's biscuit that is not flinty it would seem that manufacture on a large scale is

necessary, for retail bakers apparently are able to avoid flintiness only by the addition of grease, when the article ceases to be true ship's or captain's biscuit.

. . . . . .

During the early part of our voyage we observed that the S.E. trade, which was wafting us so pleasantly over the waters, deep blue by day, gloriously phosphorescent by night, freshened as the moon rose, and fell lighter as it set, in which we traditionally recognised the operation of cause and effect, but the fact, whether or not a mere coincidence, touches the fringe of a wider question, the influence of the moon upon the weather generally, a creed so deeply engraven upon the seafaring mind that to discredit it would have been heresy indeed.

Now, however ungracious the task may be to uproot or even to throw doubt upon deeply-rooted and favourite popular creeds, the truth must be told; and it is that, after many years' patient investigation, the verdict of scientific observers is entirely adverse to the belief that changes of the moon influence weather, so emphatically adverse indeed, that the old and widespread idea is calmly ranked among "popular superstitions" — the only known weather influence being "a slight but appreciable tendency to dispersion of clouds shortly after full moon."[1]

[1] "Careful comparison between the state of the weather and phases of the moon has quite discredited the notion that any connection of the kind really exists."—Sir Robert Ball, "Story of the Heavens."

"The control of the weather by the moon has long been a favourite idea, but it has not been found to bear the test of accurate comparisons of weather and lunar phases except in a very faint and imperfect manner."—Prof. W. Morris Davis, 1895.

"Lunar periods in weather have all failed to get a foothold in scientific respect, but they appear theoretically probable."—Head of the United States Weather Service, 1895.

When Boyle and I one clear evening were watching the "star dogged moon," I asked him whether he was aware that scientific men were throwing cold water on the idea that she had any influence over the weather.

"Well, my dear fellow," he replied, "some favourite belief which we've been brought up on is always being knocked on the head, seems to me, but after Nelson's coat I can stand anything."

"What *do* you mean?"

"Have you seen Nelson's blood on Nelson's coat at Greenwich?"

"Certainly I have."

"Well, it isn't Nelson's blood at all."

"You don't mean that. How do you know?" demanded I, astonished.

"Listen. On the very day after I went the rounds at Greenwich, I met old Admiral Westphal, who was well known to my family, and told him what I had seen. He immediately said, 'It isn't Nelson's blood on that coat; it's my blood.'

"'How's that, Admiral?'

"'Well (he explained), I was a midshipman on board the *Victory* at Trafalgar, and while on the poop was wounded on the head by a splinter. I was taken to the cockpit, laid on the deck, and something was put under my head which happened to be Nelson's coat, which had been taken off him when he was carried below a short while before I was wounded. I bled profusely, and it was *my* blood which stained the coat in the manner that you saw.'"

Soon after passing out of the influences of Humboldt's current we had begun to benefit by those of the great Equatorial westerly current, generally to

the extent of twenty or twenty-five miles a day, but it is recorded that between the Society and Sandwich Islands a set of even ninety-six miles in twenty-four hours has been experienced. A westerly wind means, I may observe for landsmen, one that blows *from*, but a westerly current one that sets *towards*, the west.

As of air, so there is a constant circulation of water all over the world. Just as we find land and sea breezes, trades and monsoons, straight-line and revolving gales, so there are analogous, never-ceasing movements of the ocean in the shape of tides—local, temporary, surface and under currents, or mighty permanent currents as the Gulf Stream, or the Equatorial current of the Pacific ; but all winds and currents arise from precisely the same cause, namely, an alteration in the density of volumes of air or water, as the effect of which those volumes *alter their position* by upward, downward, or lateral movement, the fluid that flows to take up their place being called wind or current.

This alteration in density or specific gravity, which is productive of such grand, important, and far-reaching results, is effected in great measure by the sun's heat, but by other agencies as well, especially in the ocean, such as abstraction from or addition to the solid matter held in solution by its water.

To consider the matter in one particular only : a bucketful of water which is dashed over the deck during that matutinal process so dear to the heart of first lieutenants, is to the eye simply a few gallons of transparent brine ; but, as in the case of the young man who could not see Elisha's celestial companions

till his eyes were opened (2 Kings vi.), so if our eyes are opened, not by any miraculous interposition but simply by the aid of a good microscope, we find every drop to be peopled with wonderful forms of organic life, to say nothing about the salts that chemistry proves it to have in solution.

Now all these microscopic inhabitants, together with those which are non-microscopic, "abstract (says Maury in his "Physical Geography of the Sea") enough solid matter from the sea to build continents," so that thereby alterations in the density of the ocean, with corresponding derangements of equilibrium, enough independently of other agencies to account in great degree for oceanic currents, are continually going on.

To illustrate and emphasize the theory of oceanic circulation, Maury, the pioneer of a charming route on which he was the first to embark with a fascination all his own, points out that supposing the waters of the great deep to be in a state of perfect equilibrium, the abstraction by a single mollusc or coral insect of enough solid matter from a volume of sea water to build its cell will destroy the equilibrium of the whole ocean, and produce a current—a deduction which, however logically true, is one which appertains to the domain of poetical rather than practical hydrostatics. That "there is more in everything than meets the eye" may be an aphorism, but one applicable to every object in this wonderful world, particularly to the ocean, of which it may be asserted with literal truth that the changes going on in it are so continuous that the surface "which meets the eye" is never the same for five consecutive minutes.

Maury's book ought to be in the hands of every

officer of the naval as well as of the merchant service, for, as an American captain, writing from Callao points out, "not only does it specify the most speedy routes for ships to follow, but teaches sailors to look about them and see by what wonderful manifestations of Divine wisdom and goodness we are surrounded . . . now I feel that until I took up your work I had been traversing the ocean blindfolded . . . you have taught me to look above, around, and beneath, and to recognise God's hand in every element." That was in 1855. Now in 1901, under the reign of Evolution, it seems to be quite old-fashioned to recognise God's hand in anything—quite "out of form" in fact.

. . . . . .

Long voyages are tiring and monotonous affairs for those who have nothing particular to do, or who have no particular tastes or internal resources.

In the *Tribune* we executive officers had continuous employment, but some of the others wearied. Our young marine, however, devised an occupation which he pursued with credit to himself and benefit to others —that of *blanchisseur*. He took in and "got up" collars, and there was no lack of custom, for paper collars had not yet been invented, and the Peruvian tariff had been almost prohibitive, ten shillings in fact per "mixed dozen"; so when the enterprising Ozzard, who, cunning fellow, must have secretly provided himself with a large store of starch, displayed over his cabin door the announcement, "Collars got up at moderate rates," we welcomed it and showered those articles of apparel in upon him.

If our chaplain had been otherwise constituted, he,

too, might have had to struggle with the *ennui*, but, as it was, he had abundant and absorbing occupation, though not exactly in pastoral duties. No, the instruction of the midshipmen and cadets coming to an end at noon, the reverend gentleman was free for the rest of the day to follow his favourite *rôle* of joiner (in another sense: not matrimonial) and cabinetmaker, at which he was highly skilled, his little cabin, $6\frac{1}{2}$ by $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet, being almost entirely filled up, to the exclusion of nearly everything else, by a carpenter's bench, which served as a couch by night. In that little den were produced many curious and elaborate specimens of the cabinetmaker's art, large and small, cleverly inlaid with designs in ornamental woods and red sealing-wax! one of which I have now before me as a link to those old times in the shape of a small chess-board showing a problem in five moves, which I have never solved.

Some of us were keen on chess, and the figure of the Rev. J. J. B. is still vividly before me, as he sat opposite me with his long beard slowly propelling the pieces to their squares with his filbert-shaped, Nebuchadnezzar-like nails, an inch and a half long, for this curious character never cut his nails.

"Service dinners" went on with regularity. At 2.30 twice a week the captain entertained five guests, and on Sundays he dined with the officers, who asked a couple from the Berth to meet him—*de rigueur* costume mercifully giving way to white jackets.

Bottles of beer and wine were beautifully cooled by being enclosed in woollen socks, under the mouth of a windsail, but such is the cooling power of evaporation that nearly the same effect was produced, even in

calms, by hanging a bottle in a damp covering close to an open scuttle or small port-hole. A real boon it was after a long forenoon watch in the tropics, with plenty of work, to find a bottle of cool Bass awaiting you on your being relieved, refrigerators and ice-machines not having been invented, at least not having come into use, for as long ago as 1818 Napoleon possessed an ice-making machine at St. Helena.

Our gunroom mess was managed by a "caterer," one of ourselves, a most unthankful office, so that no wonder it was difficult to get any one to undertake it. Complaints were numerous.

"The jellies are too 'slim' are they? Very well, we'll try and stiffen 'em a bit for you."

So next time Jones ordered a liberal supply of *glue* to be put into the jellies, converting them into literal stick-jaw.

Among the things about ships which I have found people "surprised to hear" is the prevalence of dust on oceanic highways. In steamers that is easily accounted for, but sailing-navy people will remember that however carefully the decks of their ships might have been washed in the morning, a great amount of dust accumulated during the day, necessitating at regular fixed intervals, as a matter of routine, the call for "sweepers."

No doubt the continuous movements of so large a number of men and amount of material were chiefly sufficient to produce that, but the action of the sails as dust collectors from the atmosphere must also be taken into account, for the atmosphere, in addition to the ordinary dust of wear and tear, local combustion, fine sand, and so forth, is pronounced by investigators to

be more or less charged with cosmic dust, viz. that proceeding from volcanoes and meteors.[1]

It is a curious and remarkable fact that all over the surface of the globe an invisible shower of the impalpable dust of dissipated meteorites is continuously in progress ; also that fine dust particles are essential as *nuclei* for the formation of fog and cloud, and even probably for that of the blue of the sky.

. . . . . .

A delightful fine weather passage this, and during the early part of First Watches (8 P.M.–12), when the white towers of canvas under my charge confided themselves contentedly to the loving caresses of the steady trade wind ; when planets illuminated the dark surface of the mighty mysterious ocean with broad bright tracks ; when a glance over the gangway, past which seething lines of phosphorescent foam were merrily speeding, revealed the star-spangled track of the merry innocent porpoise as he ranged up alongside to inspect the glistening copper, wondering what it could be ; when no rope had to be touched during all the hours—then was the time to listen to sea songs from the forecastle, the most characteristic and favourite of which were known as "forebitters," because the singers and their audience generally clustered round the Fore Bitts, viz. cleats where the ropes appertaining to the foremast were belayed.

In taking a retrospect of British naval history one

[1] Sir E. Ball, lecturing in 1900, said : "Between Sumatra and Java lies a little volcanic island called Krakatoa, which, on August 23, 1883, was the scene of the most stupendous explosion ever known. A large part of it was literally blown away, 35,000 people were killed, volcanic dust traversed the atmosphere over the greater part of the globe, great sea waves travelled 5000 miles, the sound was heard in Australia, 4000 miles away, and air waves went round the world seven times before they ceased to affect barometers."

MIDSHIPMAN'S PATCH

Only survival of Britain's old Navy

P 71

cannot help remarking how its brave and loyal spirit was in no small degree kept alive and stimulated by a series of sea songs and airs wonderfully adapted to the modes of thought, habits, customs, and peculiarities of sea life and character.

Most of these songs have died out, but there are some that will never die out. Dibdin, born in 1745, whom Neptune inspired, was eminently successful in getting at Jack's heart through his songs, especially through two or three which have become stereotyped wherever the English language is spoken, and it is acknowledged that he rendered great services in attracting men to the navy during highly critical periods of her history. Among more recent composers the name of Henry Russell stands pre-eminent with his "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," &c.

All these songs that survive are indisputably "survivals of the fittest." They are connecting links to the old glorious historic navy. An age of steam, machinery, and mastless, funnelled, iron-clad monsters could not have given them birth any more than it could have produced or inspired a Marryat. Were some naval Rip Van Winkle to make his appearance on board one of our twentieth-century ships of war, he would see nothing, absolutely nothing, except midshipmen's "patches," to remind him of the service of his day, and would hear little but the National Anthem, Rule Britannia, and a few old forebitters.

On the thirteenth day of our voyage, a distant snow-capped ridge among the clouds on the port beam was descried, and soon Cook's Island, Owhyhee (correctly Hawaii), with its two majestic volcanoes nearly 14,000 feet high, and 70 miles distant, was revealed, presenting

as we neared them, an imposing appearance as they stood up lofty and clear above the heavy masses of cumuli that hung about the horizon.

From our position we could not sight Karakakooa Bay, the site of the great navigator's death in 1779, who named the whole group the Sandwich Islands (in honour of the Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty), their inhabitants, who are akin to the New Zealand Maories in race and language, presenting many interesting features, especially in their modern history and developments ; but they and their islands have been so well and so often described that I will not attempt any further account.

Honolulu, the modern capital, situated on the southern coast of the small but central island Oahu, owes its importance to the fact that its harbour is the only really well-protected port in the Archipelago. It is, however, a very small one, and being the head-quarters of the South Pacific Whaling Fleet, had at times as many as 300 vessels inside it at one time, moored and lashed head and stern like herrings in a barrel, for there was no room to swing.

There was an outer anchorage, but of course we wanted to go inside, so we availed ourselves of the services of Captain Luce, harbour master or pilot, who took us safely over the bar twenty to twenty-three feet, through the narrow opening in the coral-reef to our berth about a cable's length from shore, where we dropped two anchors and secured two hawsers to a neighbouring ship to prevent swinging—in fact, there was no room to do so.

Had I not been so abundantly forestalled by abler pens I would attempt to describe what I saw in

beautiful Honolulu, but it must suffice to note that among my pleasantest recollections is that of natural baths formed up the valley by a rocky basin of the mountain stream, which pours in at one end and out at the other in a never-failing crystal cascade. An enterprising individual had constructed steps and dressing-rooms and supplied towels. At one end the hollow was seven feet deep ; at the other shallow enough to stand under the cascade.

The pleasure of our short stay of three days was marred by an unpleasant incident, three men of a working party, employed by us on board a provision hulk, having got hold of and broken open two cases of champagne, whose contents, to the extent of thirteen bottles, they imbibed, probably with the assistance from some of their comrades. Being sent to see into the matter, I found the trio so hopelessly drunk that I had to have them lowered over the side like logs, so, on getting away clear of harbour where it was always impolitic to allow the pipe "Hands to punishment" to be heard, about the first business was to visit J. B. (A.B.), T. M. N. (Stoker), and L. L. (O.S.) with retribution for their little jollification in the shape of 48, 36, and 24 lashes respectively.

On such unpleasant occasions the defaulter was "spread-eagled" to a grating fixed in an upright position close abaft the starboard gangway (hence the expression of punishment at, bring you to, the gangway) barebacked, his neck being protected by a canvas collar. Grouped around on the quarter-deck were the whole of the officers, the ship's company further forward, the surgeon close to the grating.

Everything being in readiness, up came the captain,

warrant in hand, which he read, and then gave the fell command "Boatswain's mate," on which that functionary, drawing a cat-of-nine tails out of a little red or green baize bag in which it had hitherto reposed, administered the first swinging dozen, then on a second order, "Another boatswain's mate," another functionary with another cat, and so on. In many ships the custom was for the boatswain to inflict the first dozen, when the captain would simply say "Mr. Brown," as a signal to begin. After four dozen lashes a man's back looked very like a raw steak with little drops of blood oozing out all over—so what must it have looked like after four hundred? (See "At School and At Sea," chap. xxvi.)

Newly-rated boatswain's mates were required to "get their hand in" by practising on a canvas representation of the size of a man's back put up in the boatswain's store-room.

I think it quite probable that the popular phrase about "letting the cat out of the bag" may thus have had a naval origin, though I am aware that it is generally supposed to date from a variety of sport (!) in Shakesperian times, when a cat was tied up in a soot-bag hung on a line, the players having to beat out the bottom of the bag, he who first succeeded in liberating the wretched, maimed, soot-blinded animal claiming the privilege (!) of hunting it afterwards. It occurs forcibly that Byron must have been a witness to some sport (!) of the sort when he wrote, "All save the spirit of man is Divine."

Anyhow, whichever of the twain be the origin of the "saw," the leading idea is the same—that of a discloser of hidden or secret things.

. . . . . .

For three long weeks we had been sailing over the blue water on this second half of our voyage without seeing either land or ship, when little Johnny Norris, our excellent master, announced that we should sight land that evening about five o'clock, and sure enough at 4.30 the island of Pagou, and shortly afterwards of Grigon, two of the Ladrones between which we passed, became visible. I was greatly impressed with the beauty and accuracy of the science of navigation which enabled our navigator, by help of his trusty sextant and faithful chronometer, to make so accurate a forecast.

Chronometers are used by mariners to show at any part of the globe where they may happen to be what the Greenwich mean time is, which by comparison with the ship's mean time at the same instant, deduced from an observation of the sun's altitude, shows the longitude in time, and thus the longitude ; and the importance of accurate chronometers may be inferred from the fact that in 1764 a reward of £20,000 was paid by the British Government to Harrison "for the best time-keeper for ascertaining the longitude at sea."

In the *Tribune's* day one chronometer only was supplied by the Admiralty to each ship, but as greater accuracy can be expected from the mean of three time-pieces than from one alone, the Admiralty undertook to supply a third conditionally on the captain's providing the second out of his own pocket, which was nearly always done.

Of course the utmost care of these instruments was taken, and a strict rule, to ensure regularity in winding them up, was commonly adopted throughout the service, the sentry at the cabin door not being allowed to be relieved unless he could report "the chronometers

are wound up," a fact which he learned from the master or one of his staff.

The excellence of chronometers depends in great degree upon that of their compensation balances, and before sending them afloat a thorough testing between extremes of temperature is carried out at Greenwich Observatory.

Our long voyage was drawing to an end, and as we approached the Asiatic continent we all looked forward with great interest, even excitement, to our introduction to that mysteriously ancient and interesting portion of it for which we were specially directing the good ship's head, for none of us, I think, except Captain Edgell, who took part in the operations of 1841, had visited China before, and we anxiously speculated on the developments which might await us there. Should we find fighting in progress, in which we should take part, or operations for which we might be too late, and if the former, would any of us be killed or wounded, or manage to knock our promotions out of the affair? Little did I think as I discussed probabilities with Barker, the much valued midshipman of my watch, to whom I was much attached, that within a few days after our arrival I should be *hors de combat*, with a bullet hole in my throat, and he, poor young fellow, lying dead, with a grape shot through his lungs; but I will not forestall.

We prepared for eventualities by special preparation of boats, their crews and guns, and landing parties and their outfit, expecting, not without reason, a demand in those directions.

During one morning watch, when a hundred miles S.S.W. of Formosa, a splendid island half as large as

Ireland, situated near the coast of China, a solitary woodcock flew close past my head as I stood on the bridge by the mizzen-mast, his long bill and beautiful plumage being quite distinct. Having circled in a puzzled way round and round the ship for twenty minutes he decided that he had made a mistake in his reckoning, and disappeared in the direction of Luzon of the Philippines.

A couple of days afterwards premonitory symptoms in the shape of several Chinese junks were seen, curious old world craft, with huge red eyes painted on their lofty square bows. These eyes are very ancient institutions, carrying us back at least to St. Paul's time, whose ship no doubt had them, the correct rendering in Acts xxvii. 15 being, "could not look at the wind." Hence, too, our own nautical mode of mentioning the extreme forepart of a ship's deck as "the eyes of her."

At last, on the sixtieth day of a prosperous voyage, performed almost exclusively under sail, the high granite ridges of Hong Kong greeted the longing eye, and the wind failed, so, with the conviction that steam was not such a bad sort of thing after all, except for the nuisance of coaling, we got it up, and lowered the propeller from its station of elevated repose, by whose assistance the welcome sight of tall masts quickly appeared, on one of which, the *Calcutta's*, we expected to see the Commander-in-Chief Admiral Sir Michael Seymour's flag flying, but he was up the river. After being so long solitary, the busy harbour of beautiful Hong Kong, with its mixed surroundings of East and West, and intercourse with people of our own cloth, from whom we soon learned all the

news, was most welcome, and the flagship's master came on board and piloted us to our anchorage.

Captain Edgell behaved nobly, for had he slowed the engines only just a little during the last mile or two, as he might easily have done, he would have been the winner of our valuable anchor sweepstakes, which, as it turned out, fell to a less popular recipient by just ten minutes.

PART II

CHINA

H.M.S. "TRIBUNE" UNDER STEAM

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CHAPTER I

HONG KONG

I EXPERIENCED sensations of deep interest and expectancy on descrying the coast of China, that extraordinary empire which is supposed now (1901) to have a population of more than four hundred millions, an empire whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, and whose national characteristics may be succinctly described in one word—stereotyped. It has existed for at least four thousand years, and its laws, manners and customs, language, mode and fashion of its dress, go on century after century without undergoing any material alteration. A description therefore of what I saw in China forty years ago would answer fairly well for what might have been seen four hundred, or what might be seen now; yet this is no longer so true, as there are signs that recent stirring events and increasing intercourse with civilised nations are at last penetrating the crust of exclusiveness which has so long enveloped the Celestial Empire.

Although there can be little doubt that the Chinese were a nation fully as far back as 2000 B.C., yet their authentic history scarcely begins before the time of Confucius, the great sage and reformer, who flourished five centuries B.C., and not till about 250 B.C. does that history become at all developed. Twenty-two dynasties are enumerated, and it is a curious though well-known

fact that the present rulers are not Chinese at all, but Tartars from Manchuria.

In 1643 the Chinese, being hardly pressed by a rebellion, invited the assistance of the Manchoos, who responded with alacrity to a call so much to their taste, both present and prospective; for when, after a successful issue of their undertaking, it was hinted that the time had come to retire into their own country, they declined, and instead seized the throne of Pekin, which they have held ever since under the title of the Ts'ing, or Pure Dynasty—the pigtail, soon to become to ourselves so familiar a sight, having been imposed at the same time, and remaining as a badge of conquest.

So in China we find two distinct strata of people—the Manchoo, imperial or governing, and the Chinese, native or governed race, although there is some interlocking, a proportion of the mandarins and officials being Chinese, but the Imperial government is entirely Manchoo.

Yet the Chinese have become so accustomed to the yoke of the usurper that on the whole they accept the situation as a matter of course—with occasional spasmodic efforts to shake it off, on the part, not of the nation at large, who trouble themselves very little and know very little about the matter, but of political agitators.

In our own country, except in its briefer duration, we had an exact parallel in the Norman conquest.

Existing troubles which led to the *Tribune* having changed her station so suddenly and unexpectedly had arisen from an unredressed outrage at Canton in 1856 on the British flag, under which a lorcha called the *Arrow* sailed. The flag was hauled down and twelve

of the crew seized—perhaps with the contention that the vessel was virtually a pirate. Lorchas are curiously composite three-masted craft, which originated among the Portuguese of Macao, of European build, but very much of Chinese rig.

What soon became widely known as the "Lorcha Arrow Incident" was, however, but the culminating event of a series of troubles and disturbances at Canton which had prevailed during the previous fifteen years, not altogether creditable to Great Britain, though latterly in a measure due to the obstinacy of the Viceroy, Yeh Mingchin, popularly known as Yeh, in persistently refusing to meet Sir John Bowring, Governor of Hong Kong, and formerly Superintendent of Trade at Canton. Sir John, consequently, on his own responsibility, ordered that city to be bombarded—"a proceeding which excited grave displeasure at home and nearly upset the Palmerston Ministry."[1] That bombardment took place

[1] Even at this distance of time, and although the incident has been eclipsed by subsequent events, it will be interesting to historical students of Anglo-Chinese relations to read the following opinions of some of the leading lawyers and statesmen on this affair, which I extracted from the newspapers of the day :—

"In a time of profound peace, *without a declaration of war*, we have captured the forts and destroyed the residences—we have bombarded and shelled an unoffending and commercial city."—*Lord Derby.*

"Our late proceedings in China were in no way to be justified by the law of nations."—*Lord Lyndhurst.*

"A war of injustice, not founded on right, a war prosecuted by a Government with one pretext on their lips and another in their hearts."—*Lord Carnarvon.*

"A war which is folly and crime."—*Lord Ellenborough.*

"I feel shame for my country."—*Lord Malmesbury.*

"Unable to find any justification for what we had recently done in China. Sorrow, shame, and indignation at the bad faith and cruelty of Great Britain."—*Sir F. Thesiger.*

"The proceedings of our representatives in China—atrocious and unjustifiable—of course the Government will immediately repudiate the acts of their officials and recall the persons who had brought this disgrace on England—the

on October 27 and 28, 1856, and again for several days in November, but the city was evacuated by the British in January 1857, there being not sufficient force to maintain it, though it was reoccupied in January, 1858, by the allies, as will be noticed in a later chapter.

Be all that as it might, we understood very little and troubled ourselves less about the political causes of the war which we found in progress, being eager only to take any part in it that might be assigned to us, for which, as will be seen, we had not long to wait.

Meantime let us take a look at Hong Kong. I frankly confess that often as I had heard of Hong Kong, my notions as to exactly what, where, and why it existed were of the vaguest description.

It is a granite island, eleven miles long, from two to five wide, situated off the *embouchure* of the great Canton river, and ninety miles S. by E. from that famous city, was ceded to Britain in 1842 as part of an indemnity, and is of the utmost importance to her national interests in those parts as a *pied-à-terre*, as a naval station, and as a great commercial *entrepôt*.

It is a Crown colony, with a governor, has a spacious and splendid harbour, and a population mainly composed of Chinese. Behind the city, Victoria, in noble proximity, Victoria Peak, 1800 feet high, towers.

With so large a Chinese population attracted by the commercial and other advantages offered by British

name and character of England have been tarnished and impaired."—*Sir J. Pakington.*

(So far from the persons being recalled, their policy was adopted by Lord Palmerston's Government, and their hands strengthened for future operations on the same lines.)

"The affair in China was unjustifiable from beginning to end."—*Mr. Whiteside.*

rule, it may readily be supposed that native life, features, and habits, at all events among the working classes, are represented almost as strongly as they are on the mainland—among which the first to force itself into notice was the floating population.

As soon as the anchor was dropped the ship was surrounded by a surging, clamorous crowd of sampans, as the small "shore-boats" of China are called.

An immense number of people in all Chinese waters, but especially at Canton, live entirely in junks and sampans, even in very small ones; as in a space which would appear impracticable to ourselves, whole families of three generations sometimes, even mothers-in-law, finding sufficient accommodation for every purpose in life. They are born, marry, and die afloat. Their boats are propelled by a long oar (or two in very large boats), called by sailors a "scull," which is worked over the stern. It is not so easy to scull a little boat of any sort at first, until one learns how to make the blade "bite." It must be understood that "to scull" on salt water has not the same meaning as "to scull" on fresh.

On hiring a sampan to go ashore I found the scull being worked by the mother, helped by a big boy, the father's post being to see to the business of shoving off, &c., and to pull a very short oar in the bow, a couple of merry youngsters besides, and the baby, hung in a bag on the mother's back, completing the party. These children learn to swim, help at an oar, and so on, almost as soon as they can walk, and it was amusing to find the smaller ones "buoyed," by being attached to a wooden block by a few fathoms of line, so that if they fell overboard they might be readily rescued.

They all seemed healthy, happy, and contented, though extremely poor; industrious they must have been to earn even enough to buy the coarse grass cloth or cheap Manchester cotton which covered them (or didn't much), or the rice, tea, bananas, with occasionally a little fish or pork, on which they subsisted.

The steady motion of the long scull as it is skilfully worked across the stern from side to side, producing propulsion on the same principle exactly as a ship's screw propeller, communicates an undulating or wriggling appearance to the arched tilt mat-roof which covers the centre of the boat, and has a most singular effect when viewed collectively, that is when you look down from the deck of a ship upon hundreds of such roofs in a compact mass vibrating at the same time.

In most seaports in all parts of the world the first thing that a sailor looks or used to look for were "bum-boats," though really to appreciate their contents one must have made a long sea voyage in the old times; but whether I may add "the good old times" is another matter, because I find that when one comes to analyse that phrase it has a habit of receding *ignis-fatuus*-like into the distance. It seems to me at all events that salt-pork and salt-beef, and hard-tack and milkless tea and coffee are now such rarities as almost to have become prized and popular, for one of the chief "perils of the sea" at present is the hygienic one, especially in an ocean liner, of too luxurious a table.

Now at Hong Kong we found particularly good bum-boats and numerous, from the large well-appointed decked junk, with efficient staff and kitchen prolific in ready-made curries and piles of snowy rice, and other

attractions, to the tiniest sampan holding one man and a bunch of bananas.

At the stroke of the dinner hour, noon, they were allowed alongside, stringent precautions against illicit traffic in liquor being observed. I am happy to be under an impression that our men-of-war's-men, have greatly changed with the times, and while substantially retaining the good and noble qualities which distinguished Jack Tar of old, are no longer identified in the public mind as inseparable with outbreaks of drunkenness and debauchery whenever there is an opportunity. But in the days that I am describing many were the artifices resorted to in the way of smuggling liquor on board ; and at Hong Kong it was notorious that, in spite of vigilance, *all* the eggs that came on board didn't contain yolks, and that some, at least, of the chickens and ducks were ready stuffed, but not with solid stuffing. In the culinary department of these boats everything was cheap and good. Omelettes were always being fried—eggs in any form being in great demand, so much so, in fact, that one of our marines ate twenty hard-boiled eggs as a dessert *after* his own regulation dinner on board, and was said to be all the better for it !

. . . . . .

On landing to make my first acquaintance with the Chinaman at home (for so he might almost be considered at Hong Kong), I was at once impressed by the all-pervading activity which prevailed, for the Chinese are an extremely busy, active, hard-working, intelligent people, and in many ways was brought home to me how, in a country of that sort where the population is so dense, and the working classes so

hard working, it would be ruinous to supersede by steam or machinery or even horses the manual labour of the inhabitants. They are also declared to be "a sober, quiet, industrious, persistent, ingenious, and pre-eminently frugal people, who can live and save while others would starve" (Morris's "Winter in North China").

I may add by way of contrast that they are cruel, mendacious, deceitful, and treacherous.

Scarcely any vehicles or beasts of burden were in evidence, sedans taking their place, and innumerable porters nearly naked, with huge straw hats serving at once for awning and umbrella, were at hand to carry your lightest parcel, or were seen staggering along under the heaviest burdens slung to bamboo poles.

The streets presented a busy picture of life, and noisy or obstructive knots of the aforesaid porters were summarily dispersed by the application of a cane or whip by the police, who were at that time unrevolted Sepoys from India.

I could not understand how those Sepoys could escape sunstroke when they actually seemed to court it by their low, jet-black uniform hats worn under so tremendous a sun ; but later on in life, when I watched the noble British pot-hat unflinchingly endured by thousands through long flaming July days on Lord's cricket ground, I dismissed the Hong Kong policeman from the area of criticism.

If, in these days of sources of universal information, of cheap encyclopædias, free libraries, and *Tit-Bits*, there exist such a phenomenon as an uninformed reader, he may ask the simple question : How do

Europeans and Chinese communicate with each other ; do they learn our language, or do we theirs ?

Neither the one nor the other. Chinese is the most difficult, complicated, laborious, and, to a foreigner, utterly inexplicable and incomprehensible language in the world—more so, even, than Russian. Some idea of its difficulty may be conjectured by the fact (according to Professor Douglas) that there are 50,000 characters ; that though a number of objects and ideas are expressed by the same sound, they are each, when written, expressed by a distinct and appropriate character ; that the same word is often capable of being a noun, adjective, verb, or adverb ; that there is nothing to mark the grammatical identity of a word except its position in the sentence ; and most confusing of all, most hopeless for the average European to attempt to acquire, the transition from one part of speech to another is constantly marked only by a change of *tone* in pronunciation, the meaning of monosyllables varying according to the tone in which they are uttered.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that with the exception of professional interpreters, missionaries, and some officials, scarcely any Englishman ever attempts to learn Chinese, while of real English, Chinese are about as ignorant ; but the number of proficients on both sides has of late years doubtless increased. Under such circumstances a medium of intercourse became distinctly necessary, one, in fact, having long ago come into existence under the title "Pidgin English"—a strange jargon, evidently an evolutionary product of the necessities of the case ; but to discover its origin, or the principles or particulars of its

structure, would be impossible. The word "pidgin," it must be pointed out, has nothing to do with a bird, but is a Chinese corruption of our word *business;* and before proceeding to produce some examples of its nature, I will mention a curious fact.

In China the dialects are numerous. The Mandarin dialect (the word, from *mandar*, to command, has a Portuguese origin) is the court and official one throughout the empire, but those of the provinces differ so greatly from each other (albeit the written language is everywhere the same) that an interpreter attached to the British Embassy told me that he had often heard two Chinamen from different parts conversing with each other in Pidgin English. Douglas declares, too, that a Cantonese is nearly as unintelligible to a fellow-countryman from Shanghai or Ningpo as a foreigner would be, and quotes the example of two Chinese nurses meeting on the sands at Eastbourne who were unable to talk to each other except by the aforesaid mongrel means of communication.

To a Chinaman the pronunciation of *r* is about as impossible as that of an *h* to a Cockney (in its right place), becoming with him *l*, besides which he converts *e* terminations into *ee* or *y*, and *ve* into *b*, *rice* being *licee; walk*, *walkee; yes*, *yesy; have*, *hab.* The personal pronoun *I* is always *my*, and the mysterious adjunct *piecy* is found necessary to complete expression in the case of adjectives of number, *two men* becoming *two piecy men. Number one* is an adjective of quality in continual requisition, having substantially the same signification as it has with us, but much more frequently and comprehensively applied.

Bearing all this in mind, and with a glance or two at the following specimens, we shall be in a condition to venture upon a little conversation.

Specimens of Pidgin English.

Pidgin	Any sort of business; an affair, occupation.
Farmer pidgin	Agriculture.
Chin-chin	How-do-you-do? Good-day.
One piecy man	A man.
Joss	Idol.
Joss man	Priest, clergyman.
3 piecy jossman	Three ditto.
Maskee	That's enough; that will do.
Cumshaw	Present, fee, tip.
So fashion	Like that.
Bobbery	Tumult, disturbance.
Number-one bobbery	An extensive ditto.
Whilo, or Makee whilo	Go away.
Ally ploper	Correctly, properly, just as you desire.
Can do?	Can you perform this?
Can secure?	An emphatic "can do?"
Chop	A hulk, barge, or house-boat.
Chop-chop	Quickly; as quick as you can.
Chop	Used when a surface is pitted.
Pilong	Pirate.
How muchee plicee can catchee one all same same?	What price should I have to pay for one like that?
No topside pidgin	No religion, or very little.

Ahoy is a grinning, good-natured tailor fellow, with a pigtail (formerly an adornment of the British tar) reaching nearly to his ankles. Being in want of two pairs of good new white trousers, I enter his shop, bearing parcel containing pattern pair.

I. "I wanchee two piecy number one teelowsy—can do?

A. (rapidly, glibly, smilingly) "Yesy, yesy, can do can do; my son maky ally ploper."

I. "Can do number one?" (That is, can I rely upon the best material.)

A. "Can do—can do ally ploper."

I. "Number one can secure?" (Meaning—May I rely upon your supplying everything of the best.)

A. "Can secure, can secure."

I. (to make assurance doubly sure) "Can secure all same thisy?" tapping pattern.

A. "Can secure, can secure."

The latter inquiry, however, was rather superfluous, as Chinese are noted for the (sometimes embarrassing) fidelity and exactness with which they reproduce patterns, it being well known that an officer at Hong Kong, having incautiously sent as a pattern a pair of inexpressibles which had been patched, found to his consternation that patches had been correspondingly inserted in the new pair. This faculty of being exact—too exact—copyists was not confined to tailors, however.

A naval surgeon wishing to send an oil-painting, enlarged from a photograph, of himself to his wife, photography being then in its infancy, applied to Pun-lun, one of the numerous tribe of portrait-painters which flourished at Hong Kong, rude, hard, uncomprising fidelity being the noticeable characteristic of their productions. When the portrait was finished the good doctor went to inspect, but being anything but satisfied with the result, exclaimed indignantly, "Thisy no number one, thisy no handsome facey," to which old

Pun-lun—dignified and in huge round spectacles—quietly retorted—

"Sposy hansum facey no hab got, hansum facey how can do?"

Your artless heathen Chinee is not only a good close imitator but a clever deceiver, as the following story—formerly well known to naval people—shows.

Sir Thomas Cochrane, Commander-in-Chief in China, a "strict service man" sought, irrespective of climate, to regulate the attire of his officers strictly according to the Queen's regulations and Admiralty instructions, specially as regards that formerly indispensable, but now happily obsolete detail of attire, Wellington boots, which may have been tolerable in some latitudes, but in the tropics simply cruelty; indeed, I have a vivid recollection when dressing for "divisions" of the agonies of perspiring efforts to draw on a pair of tight Wellingtons, every tug producing an irritating outbreak of prickly heat all over the body.

So, for the relief of naval officers, the invention of a comfortable, cool, low shoe which to all appearance should be a regulation boot was the important problem of the hour, solved eventually by Wha-Chong, wily shoemaker of Hong Kong, whose productions, entirely satisfying requirements, were universally adopted, being known as "Chitty-Kochs" *i.e.* Cheat-Cochranes; and the fun was that the great Sir Thomas himself, entering a shoemaker's to buy a pair of boots, was asked if he wanted Chitty-Kochs!

When conversing with Chinese, Polynesians, and other ancient or semi-civilised people, I have observed an idiom or peculiarity of language, which I do not remember ever having seen noticed by any author, that

is the affirmation of the negative. For instance, wanting to buy a carved ivory glove-box (a speciality for presents) I enter Wha-Chong's shop.

I. "Wanchee number one ively geelub bok—have got?"

W. "No hab got."

I. (interrogatively, wishing to make sure) "No have got?"

W. "Yessy," meaning "no," which a European of course would have said.

This curious word *pidgin*, from which Canton-English takes its title, is used in many generic ways. For example, pirates infested, as they still infest, Chinese waters, and any expedition which we organised against them was a "pilong pidgin"; a theatrical performance, a "sing-song pidgin"; a lecture, speech, or sermon, a "talkee talkee pidgin"; a church service, a "joss pidgin"; agriculture, "farmer pidgin"; a naval or military operation on a large scale as "number one makee fighty pidgin."

. . . . . .

In 1857 the Chinese population of Hong Kong was only 60,000 compared with the 235,000 of the present day, yet, as I have said, with such a preponderance of the native element a fair representative insight into the character, habits, and customs of the Chinese mercantile and working classes was to be obtained by an observer in his peregrinations.

Porters perspiring under heavy loads on long bamboos are everywhere in evidence, but leisurely avocations are well represented. Here and there, sitting at little tables under trees, are roadside scribes, or professional letter-writers, to one of whom a woman is

dictating, while one of her boys points in the direction of Canton and observes for my enlightenment, "Bang-bang"—the letter being for the husband or son, probably a military-train coolie with our forces there.

Here is a sedate looking old gentleman sitting at a street corner beside cages containing little birds of the finch tribe—Java sparrows in fact. They are the famed Chinese conjuring birds.

(I must now parenthetically express my obligation to the gentleman who invented the Historical Present, as in pages of the present nature it is occasionally so convenient.)

As soon as I come up to him, I receive a grin of welcome from their grave but expectant owner, whose huge circular spectacles, like the compass and other indispensables, were probably in use among his nation centuries before their adoption by Western civilisation. Now your Chinaman has no false delicacy, but a keen practical eye to business ; so, touching one of the cages in which is a little sliding door, and just outside of which rests a pack of little card-cases each containing a picture, and a small pot holding a few dozen grains of rice, he at once introduces the subject by remarking—

"Cumshaw can do, no cumshaw no can do," at the same time shuffling the cards and pointing to the inmate of the cage, who knowingly eyes these proceedings, which are sufficiently explicit, but produce no immediate response from me.

The old gentleman is calm and dignified, and in no sort of hurry, awaiting the next move, which is clearly mine ; meantime the *oi polloi*, scenting a prospect of amusement at my expense, gather round.

English currency prevailed in Hong Kong, as well

as Chinese,[1] so I tentatively produce a halfpenny, which he eyes askance, quietly observing, "No can do. One piecy penny good pidgin."

I hand over the necessary coin, which he receives without emotion, and places, as well as the aforesaid little pack of cards, close beside the cage door, whose fastening at the same time he withdraws.

The little bird, eyeing the penny, then the cards, then the penny again, as if he thought that his performances were valued at too cheap a rate, descends from his perch, opens the door with his beak, hops outside, draws out a card from the pack, hands it (rather beaks it) to his master, and hops back again to his perch in the most business-like way imaginable, receiving for his reward at this stage *one* grain of rice.

[1] The Chinese coin of the present day is well known as *cash;* small stamped pieces of metal (copper and zinc) with a hole in the centre of each, by means of which, as the value of a single cash is so small as to be scarcely appreciable, a number are strung together, by fifties, hundreds, or more, one thousand cash being about the equivalent of a dollar. Strings of cash are called mace. Besides cash we found Mexican dollars everywhere current, though that might only have been the case in and around the Treaty Ports. These dollars, after being some time in circulation, presented a ridiculous appearance from continued "sweating," in the shape of clippings taken off the rim, or by being pecked or minutely chopped on the surface. Thus a man pitted with the smallpox was said to have a "chop-dollar face." The clippings, no doubt, as well as other foreign silver coins taken by weight, were used to make solid sycee silver, which was sold and exchanged by weight. During a certain boat expedition, some of my men, to their intense mortification afterwards, threw overboard two or three large boxes of sycee silver, under the impression that it was shavings of lead for making bullets. It is alleged that the present cash currency of Western China possesses the remarkable feature of its being worth as metal double its standard value as money. It is alleged, too, that the first known coin is a Chinese copper one, still in existence, and dating back to 2000 years B.C. The *tael* is not a coin at all, but the standard of value throughout the empire. It is a Chinese ounce of sycee or solid silver. Sycee and cash are the only currency of the interior, and a friend of mine saw a donkey laden with cash going to market, probably the price of a buffalo. British dollars, first coined in 1895, are current in Hong Kong and Singapore.

Next, the man takes the little picture out of the case which he had received from the bird, and hands it to me to inspect, which I carefully do. He then returns it to its case, accompanied by the tiniest flat slip of bamboo marked with six dots, and shuffles the case up with the rest of the pack, which he deposits in its former position, when the bird again descends, and without the slightest hesitation selects a case, which, being opened by me, proves to contain the identical picture that I had just before inspected.

"But how," the sceptic may inquire, "do you know that all the pictures were not the same?"

Because, on a subsequent occasion, I satisfied myself that they were all different, and that mine did not protrude. No, I think the secret evidently lies in the slip of bamboo, which must be scented in some way.

Anyhow the performance is a very interesting one, and I was amused to observe that the bird would take no notice of the cards or of anything else until a penny was deposited within sight. Knowing birds those—probably the unconscious originators of the penny-in-the-slot machines.

There are numbers of blind about, who hold a little circular piece of copper, which they strike with a hammer as they walk along.

There are quack doctors who sit behind tables, on which are displayed with disgusting prominence, in gaudy colours, representations of skin and various other too common diseases, and medicines to cure them are there too; but one need not go to China to find quacks.

Professional mendicants who display their sores and

deformities are certainly not absent from the scene, as well as itinerant vendors, and so on.

But who are these Englishmen in black coats and white hats? They are missionaries, connected with some British Society, and they are going from shop to shop, with the probable object of distributing tracts or versions of a gospel. Being anxious to find out what the people thought of it, I follow into two or three shops, in the first of which I find "the man behind the counter" turning over the leaves of a yellow pamphlet in his own language, which I point to, venturing the interrogatory "Thisy, what?"

"Ah! very good ledy (read) thisy," he grinningly responds; "number one pidgin thisy."

Not being able to get anything more out of this individual, I try next door, where I find the occupant similarly engaged.

"Hullo," I say, "chin-chin, Englishman givee book?"

"Oh ah! Jossman pidgin you savy."

"Yesy, I savy—you maky ledy."

"Oh, I no sar-vy—no can talkee In-glees."

"Maky ledy, maky ledy."

Slowly and with much hesitation—"E-A-SU."

OUTLINE OF CANTON AND DELTA

CHAPTER II

THREE BOAT ACTIONS

1.—Escape Creek

It will be remembered that the first bombardment of Canton by Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, directly resulting from the *Arrow* incident, took place in October and November, 1856, after which, for want of troops to occupy and retain the city, we retired, pending the arrival of reinforcements and the result of diplomatic negotiations which were carried on for several months with the ultimate result of a second bombardment, and the capture and occupation by the British and French in December 1857, and January 1858.

Meantime operations of a somewhat desultory character, as opportunity offered, were carried on by us against the mandarin forces in and around the extensive area of the Canton River, though, as a rule, except they here or there aided or abetted the enemy, the native country population were not interfered with; the fact being, indeed, that, unwelcome as the presence of foreigners might have been to the latter, that of mandarin people was much more so, their presence being too intimately connected with "squeezing" and oppression.

The *Tribune's* sojourn at Hong Kong on this first occasion was a very short one, nevertheless, into so new a world had it introduced me, and so much that was

interesting had it given me an opportunity of observing, that at the end of ten days, when we proceeded up river to place ourselves under Commodore Elliot, it seemed to me as if I were separated from our former life by as many weeks.

On the third day after our arrival, the temperature on deck under the awning being 92°, and that of my little cabin 84°, twenty-two men went on the sick list from the combined effects of sun and surfeiting; so perhaps it was as well to withdraw for a time out of the reach of such seductive attractions as bumboats, where Jack could get his fill for 2d. and a feast for 3d., especially as our services were speedily required in the direction of Canton, where numbers of ships, steamers, and gunboats had preceded us—in the language of our Chinese *comprador*, "plenty sippy maky walky."

At its entrance the Canton River is broad, and for a considerable distance is simply an arm of the sea with invisible or scarcely visible sides; but after thirty miles it narrows rapidly to places where it is only a mile in breadth and sometimes much less. On its north or left side, ninety miles to the north-west of Hong Kong, is situated Kwan-tung, the capital of the province from which the city takes its name, of which Canton is merely an English corruption. The waters of this river are never clear, being charged with rich yellow alluvial soil in fine suspension, like the Nile.

Having shipped a native pilot we steamed up to a station well known as the Second Bar, where we found H.M.S. *Sybille* and other ships and gunboats, a general signal being soon made for "a midshipman," which meant that from every ship an officer of that rank, or from small vessels, which did not "rate" midshipmen,

some one corresponding, was immediately to "repair" to the *Sybille*, at whose masthead the blue broad swallow-tailed pendant of a commodore-of-the-second-class was flying.

Commodores-of-the-first-class, who flew red pendants, were much more important functionaries, being little less than local rear-admirals ; but it was a curious fact, though probably a necessary precaution to prevent misunderstandings, that no commodore of any sort was allowed to fly his broad pendant in presence of a senior captain. Did such an unwelcome intruder come within the horizon, down, ignominiously down, must come the swallow-tail.

Of course, commodores with permanent appointment to a station were senior to all other captains upon it, yet now and then, in making a voyage, or by fresh arrivals, the lines of some senior man were crossed.

On the return of our midshipman we learned that a little expedition was to be made next day against a squadron of about forty war-junks that were known to be at anchor in a creek subsequently known as Escape Creek. All was instantly bustle in the way of preparation.

Accordingly, at 3 A.M. on the 25th May, the boats of the squadron, "manned and armed," were taken in tow by a couple of gunboats and the hired armed paddler *Hong Kong*, I being in command of our pinnace with Barker my midshipman. To me the situation was extremely interesting, not only because of its novelty in a country and under conditions so new to me, but because re-entry into active armed service seemed to connect me with my recent Crimean campaign, from which, I could not help being sensible, I had brought

with me valuable experience which would stand me in good stead in this new sphere.

As we advanced up the narrowing creek, whose low sides were clothed with "paddy" or rice, a well and closely cultivated country, prettily diversified with wood and picturesque dwellings, opened out, till by-and-by we caught sight of the numerous masts of war-junks, and soon their hulls became visible, anchored in line across the river, and presenting a formidable appearance.

They opened a very noisy and, except for the *Hong Kong*, which was "hulled" five times, harmless fire upon us at very long range, which we returned, as we approached, with shot and rockets, their shot, meantime, whistling over our heads in long *ricochets*, but doing no damage.

Before we could get to anything like close quarters the whole fleet *whiloed* as fast as they could, and very singular they appeared as they receded with their great sterns and the splash raised by the hurried *chop chop* of their long oars looming large in the distance.

As we gained upon them many were run ashore, and their crews were seen scampering up the low hills; but others, profiting by intimate topographical knowledge, got away up the numerous channels where the gunboats could not follow, and among which the row-boats chased them for hours unavailingly.

The river was so full of creeks, bends, and tortuous intricacies that it was hard indeed to find or keep a course, and often we saw a junk lower her sail and then her mast, slip mysteriously away inland among the rice growth, and disappear; or sometimes the tall brown sail of one would appear separated from us

only by a few mud flats, and apparently, like a train on zig-zag railway, passing us in the opposite direction. Still on we pulled, past continuous rice fields, where fresh green growth was laved by the cool water of the tide, and where nearly nude undisturbed Chinamen were hoeing, hoeing, hoeing with the heavy rice hoe ; past banana plantations, past many a little waterside village, where numerous inhabitants crowded out in wonder to watch us, but not in alarm ; but still the heavy, odd-shaped, dark mat sails of the junks were gliding along over the lowland and between clumps of trees, and we could not get sight of their hulls ; and when at last a breeze favouring them, they became invisible, we thankfully gave up the laborious chase under a fearful sun, in blue caps and without awnings. Thus did the inlet come to be known as Escape Creek.

On the return voyage we stopped to dine and to burn a lorcha, the village people looking on with the greatest indifference, not even taking the trouble to stop a "sing-song pidgin" that was going on. Meantime heavy jets of smoke in the distance evidenced to us that the gunboats were blowing up the twenty-seven junks which had run ashore at the outset.

With a strong ebb in our favour we reached our own gunboats and stretched ourselves out on the thwarts till daylight ("plank-beds," in fact), when we were again taken in tow and regained our ship, which, during our absence, had shifted her anchorage to the entrance of Sawshi Creek, one which, as the following pages will show, I was destined to remember.

The total casualties of this expedition were but small—three men injured by a round shot in the *Hong Kong*, and three while blowing up a junk ; but

unhappily a carpenter, while sitting on the gunwale of one of our cutters, lost his balance, fell backwards into the yellow tide, and was never more seen.

As soon as we got back on board I breakfasted and went to bed, and probably to sleep; because, like Napoleon, who could command it at any time, and like miners whose mode of life necessitates continual inversion of normal habits, sailors are always ready for a "caulk" at the shortest notice.

2. Sawshi Creek.

Daylight on May 27th revealed the boats as before in tow of the *Starling* gunboat (Lieut. Wildman) and the useful *Hong Kong*, in two columns, the port column consisting of three *Tribunes*, two *Raleighs*, one *Fury*; the starboard of three *Sybilles*, one *Fury*, one *Inflexible*. We took each others' painters or tow-ropes, and as soon as the water became too shallow for the steamers, we pulled in the same order, led by the commodore and Captain Edgell in their galleys.

Profiting by my continual experience of boat-work in midshipman's days, I felt quite in my element during such expeditions—not quite the case with all the others—and on the present occasion commanded our pinnace, second boat of port column, with seventeen men under their midshipman Barker, Lieut. Ozzard, R.M.L.I., six marines, and a twelve-pound brass howitzer in the bow. Mindful of my own touchiness in similar situations, I was careful to respect the personality of the officer of the boat and not "carry on" as if I were unaware of the presence of such an official, as I had seen some lieutenants do. Barker, whom I have

already mentioned as midshipman of my watch, was an able, trusted, and capital fellow with whom I always "pulled well," as we understood each other.

Barker possessed studs, which I particularly admired; I, a gold chain, which he particularly admired. Discussing possible eventualities during one of those night-watch chats which we often enjoyed during our late long fine-weather voyage, we had agreed to leave those articles of jewellery to each other, in the case of "anything happening" to either, by means of a memo. to be deposited in our respective rosewood desks of the period.

Much beloved Barker, "brightest and best of the sons of the berth,"—my chain, as I write, the identical one, sorrowfully reminds me, after forty-five years, of your frank, intelligent young face and your cheery companionship, for to my intensest sorrow, I soon became owner of those studs.

Following our leaders away we pull along our creek through the same sort of country as before, flat, with a few low hills in the background, past many a little village neatly built of red, black, and blue bricks where many of the houses bear inscriptions in large black characters on red paper, where villagers are sitting outside drinking tea and shovelling heaps of rice into their mouths with the universal indispensable chop-sticks.

Past little groups of farmer-pidgin men pumping up or lifting water from the river, for irrigation, by means of the ancient, primitive, yet effective, machine of an "endless chain" of scoops working in a long trough fixed upon a sloping bank, its lower end being in the river, its upper over a receptacle, or head of a main

irrigating channel. Three or four men stand on the bank and work the machine on the treadmill principle, holding on to a high bamboo cross-piece, and ludicrous it seems to see little knots of these irrigators with their naked backs and broad hats treading vigorously away.

Past, too, water buffaloes ploughing, and labourers transplanting young rice plants, for unlike other grain crops, rice is sprouted *en masse* in a corner and transplanted by hand to the spot where it is to grow.

Past trading and fishing junks and sampans which we do not molest, except in the case of one suspicious-looking vessel, on whose deck, concealed by mats, lies a gun, which we take the liberty of throwing overboard, but still no sight of our quest. By-and-by the Rev. S. Beal, chaplain of the *Sybille*, who is with the commodore in his galley, and possesses the very rare accomplishment of a little real Chinese, lands to try and pick up information about the enemy's location, which is gladly given, as all these peaceful, hard-working villagers hate the mandarin connection, their appearance being too closely connected with the "maky squeezy" business, and are by no means adverse to opportunities of reprisal.

Mr. Beal finds out that an important mandarin station exists near a high nine-storied pagoda which we see towering about three miles ahead of us, and there we may expect to find a fleet of war-junks.

After such definite information we "give way," and as we near the pagoda, which is eighteen miles from the entrance to this creek, form line abreast as well as the narrow channel will permit, and on a bend suddenly disclosing a large number of vessels ahead at anchor in line in a narrow "dub" or channel along whose sides

are buildings, we make a dash with cheers, our foremost boats opening fire with their bow guns.

It having been previously arranged that each boat was to select her junk, board, loot, and blow her up, I directed Barker the Bold to lay ours alongside a long, wicked-looking decked junk, from which (as indeed from all others) as soon as we neared the crew dashed overboard and swam for shore, and they hadn't far to swim.

Having previously, in anticipation of such a contingency, given the strictest injunctions that the stroke and the bowman on the side next the vessel were on no account whatever to quit their posts, I gave the order "Board" as soon as we were in position, on which, cutlasses in hand, up all rushed, the men tremendously excited at the prospect of loot, no doubt; and before I was aware of what was happening, some had darted below, captured a shivering Chinaman who had been left on board to fire the magazine, and pitched him overboard.

As soon as I had taken hasty stock of what was going on, I cast an anxious glance over the side to make sure that the boatkeepers were in their places, and great was my consternation at finding no bowman, but I encountered the figure of that functionary leaping over the junk's gunwale with flashing eyes and excited countenance, evidently determined, in spite of the orders that he had received, not to be baulked of his share in the looting operations.

Not a moment was to be lost, for I was too well aware that if our heavy boat swung off to the rapid current she would get beyond control of the man in the stern, and probably drift away out of reach in a

minute, as, most culpably, in the excitement, no bow rope had been made fast.

"Down to your boat instantly," I shouted.

The man, an able but lawless sort of character, whose training had been in the merchant service, hesitated and glared defiance at me; on which, presenting the muzzle of my Colt (the identical one which I had at Sebastopol) close to his forehead, I cried, "Down, or I fire," when to my intensest relief, he dropped down into his boat, and seizing his boat-hook held on till I could send assistance, so we were saved from catastrophe, and I from disgrace.

Since that eventful moment it is inevitable that I should often have asked myself whether, in the event of the man's refusal to obey, I really should have pulled that trigger, but have always been glad to find refuge in the old proverb, "All's well that ends well"; though had I shot him, even if acquitted by court-martial for what might have been adjudged a justifiable act under the circumstances, I must assuredly have carried a load upon my mind to my dying day, and I never recall that incident of my professional career without a feeling of profound thankfulness at the ultimate course of events.

Meantime, during which the foregoing little episode had passed unnoticed, my crew had penetrated every hole and corner, ripping up and breaking open with a dexterity and avidity perfectly Zouavian, but with scarcely any result; so ordering "all off," we set fire to her, laid a five-minutes-fuse into that magazine which was to have annihilated us all, but fortunately didn't, and lay upon our oars at a respectable distance till she blew up.

In this, as in most junks that I boarded at different times, I noticed numerous images of cocks, of which I could not at the time understand the significance. They are in some way a sacred bird with Chinese, probably being considered to have an influence over departed spirits.

Archdeacon Moule notes that he has seen live white cocks in cages, or their imitations in white paper on the lids of coffins, on the deck of a steamer containing the bodies of Chinese who were being conveyed for burial in their ancestral tombs.

I next turned my attention to a deserted junk which was moored alongside the bank, out of which I got a 35 cwt. brass gun, a large number of bags of copper coin, and a number of boxes of tea, the effect of which was to depress the load line of our boat to an extent that would sorely have distressed the late excellent Mr. Plimsoll. To transport the gun we had a difficult job, but by means of handspikes, ropes, and a purchase extemporised on the mast by our boat's gear we managed.

All this time, indeed from the minute that we boarded our first junk, the Chinese crews, who had sought cover among the houses and barracks which lined both sides of the river, were peppering away at us with their matchlocks, our marines replying as well as they could; but although bullets were continually whizzing amongst us, we had surprisingly few casualties, at this stage at any rate, though there can be no doubt that had we had Boers instead of Chinese to deal with, we should all have been potted.

In an hour or so the destruction of the flotilla was complete, though we had been anxious to save and

carry off the Canton admiral's junk, a particularly fine one of her sort, but were frustrated in our attempts by a succession of fired sampans which the Chinese sent down with the stream, causing her to take fire and blow up magnificently, during which doings the *Sybille's* barge was nearly lost, but was saved by the gallantry of Mr. T. K. Hudson, mate (retired captain, 1873). A red-hot bolt grazed Captain Edgell's neck and fell at his feet.

Our object having been successfully accomplished, the signal to retire was made from the commodore's boat, and in no particular order we all made for the entrance to the canal, well marked by the tall pagoda.

Now, however, an unwelcome surprise awaited us, for we found that narrow entrance commanded by a small masked battery hitherto overlooked, but now, together with matchlock-men on both sides, from houses and even from the pagoda itself, unpleasantly active in disputing the passage of our boats, which were thus thrown into confusion and temporarily ceased to advance.

Decisive action was evidently necessary, but no one for the minute seemed to know what to do, when Barker observed to me, half jocularly, "I believe you're the only Crimean hero present, sir, and something will be expected of you."

"Of course," replied I, with gratified vanity, "you're quite right, *rem acu tetigisti;* now look here, I'll go for'ard and lay the gun myself for that embrasure, and you keep the oars going till I hold up my hand. Leave the rest to me."

"All right, sir."

So forward over the thwarts I ran, ordered the

gun to be double shotted with grape and canister, put my eye along the sight, and regardless of the irritating *ping* of little bullets, and of a flash and the rush of a round shot that flew over our heads, waited till we were about twenty yards from the battery, when I held out my hand, and with a clear good aim right into the centre of an embrasure was just about to pull the trigger line when I became aware of a sound as of a flight of small birds passing close, and almost at the same instant I felt a sharp stab in my right cheek as if the point of a lancet had been rammed into it, and a shock as if my teeth had been knocked down my throat, while a spout of blood gushed out of my mouth spattering my own as well as the white trousers of those near me.

Dropping the trigger line, and leaving in temporary repose the dose which was to have paralyzed the battery, I clapped my hand to my mouth, and found my way aft again in a state of considerable alarm, because from the loss of blood I fancied that I must be badly hit, and momentarily expected to lose my senses.

Bob Bennett, our excitable young Irish assistant-surgeon, hopping over from the barge, was quickly examining my wound, an operation conducted under considerable and even ludicrous difficulties, for no sooner had Bob got my mouth open, and his vision and eke his finger inside it, when *ping!* a bullet would whiz past in close proximity to Bob's head, rudely disturbing the process and Bob's equanimity, who could do nothing more till he had turned round and cursed the Chinese with all the volubility of an Irish vocabulary. However, at last he was able to say,

"There's a hole in the top of your throat, and I don't think it's serious ; but keep quiet and don't speak."

It is a matter of notoriety that even in the most dangerous situations the mind is often occupied with some laughable or trivial topics, and so it was with me ; for as I reclined, under the impression that my cheek must have a hole through it, as there had I felt the stab, my thoughts dwelt more upon Midshipman Easy's famous triangular duel than anything else, and the wounded boatswain's fears lest when ordered to pipe the dinner "all the wind would 'scape thro' his cheeks," and I experienced similar misgivings in the event of my attempting to give an order.

Meantime the boats were moved to the shore, the marines jumped out, quickly took this troublesome little fort in rear, drove out the garrison, and spiked the guns, but not without a few wounds and escapes, as they were fired upon from above while running through the street, my lieutenant, Ozzard, showing two holes in the crown of his hat.

The main obstacle being neutralised we all got away, but we had a large number of casualties, one in ten of the whole force being hit, though, owing to the small size of the bullets, few severe, and no fatal ones.

Leaving the pagoda astern, and decorated with flags and streamers from the junks which we had captured, a picturesque and by no means unwelcome spectacle to the villagers on the river banks as we passed down, we picked up our gunboats which had followed up with the rising tide, as far as soundings permitted, and regained our ships at 2 A.M.

Meantime I had become able to speak a little and learn more in detail about recent events from Barker,

who told me that while I was in the act of pointing the boat's gun a gingal was fired from the outside and end of the battery directly at our boat. A gingal is a clumsy sort of big musket or long iron tube charged with hundreds of very small bullets or slugs, and often, as in the present case, mounted on a tripod, which being light and portable is specially adapted for quick movements.

It was the flight of those bullets, simulating that of birds, of which I had been cognisant, and they must have passed over and amidst us as thick as hail, for besides myself two of the men were wounded, one severely, several through the clothes only, the ensign was holed, and the oars and boat itself were freely scored.

A careful examination of my wound by the medical men revealed a very curious story. A bullet had struck the right corner of my mouth between the edges of the lips, had traversed the right cheek, making a tunnel an inch and a half long in its course through the flesh, had then entered the mouth striking a lower back tooth, whence it penetrated the back of the throat above the uvula, forming the hole into which Bob Bennett had inserted his finger at the time without feeling anything. The bullet was not discovered at any time, because, no doubt, being a small one, and entering with low velocity, it did not penetrate far, and must have been instantaneously ejected by muscular contraction in that gush of blood which so alarmed us all; but that there had been a bullet was clearly proved by the discovery of a minute curly shaving of lead which the doctor extracted with his tweezers from the recesses of the tooth, and held up to the light for inspection. I

took possession of the relic, which, to keep as a souvenir of so narrow an escape, I hid away in a curious little box with such extreme care that I have never been able to lay hands on it from that day to this!

A reminiscence belonged to that box, which I must notice episodically. When at Hobartown, Tasmania, in H.M.S. *Cuba* in 1849, my duties as boat midshipman took me frequently to the dockyard, in which at that time convict labour was utilised, where, notwithstanding strict orders against intercourse, I soon made friends with a gentleman in regulation attire, employed at a carpenter's bench, a man of education apparently, who may probably have been expiating the offence of an unauthorised use of somebody's name. At all events he soon contrived to make me understand that if I could manage to appease the painful cravings of his daily life with a little sugar and tobacco he would be deeply grateful, and I did manage on several convenient occasions. On my informing him one day that my ship was about to sail, and that I should see him no more, he observed that the only way in which he could express his thankfulness was to beg my acceptance of a pretty little box which he had made for me out of a large knot of a Norfolk pine, and I prized his gift, and kept it in my desk, but what became of it and its interesting contents I have no idea at all.

Up to the third day after being wounded I suffered scarcely any pain or inconvenience, but then inflammation and sloughing set in, and my jaws stiffened, so that I could not open my mouth, but was fed with strong soup through a hole fortunately left by an extracted tooth. Gradually the pain subsided, my mouth resumed its functions, and after three weeks I was discharged

FATSHAN

1. HYACINTH ISLAND
2. FORT SEYMOUR
3. FIRST LINE OF JUNKS
4. SECOND LINE OF JUNKS
5. FATSHAN
E. ELLIOT'S DIVISION
K. KEPPEL'S DIVISION

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from the sick list as "fit for duty"—*what* duty will presently appear; meantime important events took place in which I could have no part, however much I might fume and fret at being obliged to lie inactive while "Number one maky fighty Pidgin" was in progress.

It only remains to explain that the *Tribune's* boats "lumped" all their loot, the tea to be "consumed on the premises," the metal to be realised at Hong Kong, my contribution to the pool being a 35 cwt. brass gun, twenty-one sacks of mace (that is, strings of cash), and six chests of tea. The gun, no doubt, was one of a large number in ordinary circulation; that is, it had been sold by English merchants at Hong Kong, or Portuguese at Macao to Chinese mandarin agents; when, after doing duty for a time on junk or snake-boat, it was captured by the English, to be sold again at Hong Kong, recaptured and resold as before, perhaps through several cycles.

3. Fatshan.

Boyle's Narrative.

The boat action of Fatshan on June 1, 1857, was a very brilliant and important one, but as I was laid up in Captain Edgell's fore cabin at the time, I was dependent upon my valued friend and messmate Lieutenant David Boyle (now the Earl of Glasgow) for an account of the expedition which was directed against a fort and a large fleet of war-junks in Fatshan Creek—"one hundred heavily armed junks, the pride of the imperial navy," according to Sir William Kennedy.

The city of Fatshan lies about seven miles westward of Canton, on a long narrow branch of its river, called Fatshan Creek, whose entrance is near Barrier Island, situated on that river about the same distance south of the great city.

At Barrier Island, by May 31st, a concentration of steam gunboats and "manned and armed" row-boats had been effected.

The gunboats were: *Bustard* (Collinson), *Coromandel* (Dent), *Hong Kong* (Goodenough), *Haughty* (Hamilton), *Plover* (Keith Stewart), *Sir Charles Forbes* (Lord Gilford), *Staunch* (Wildman), *Starling* (Villiers), and all the available boats of the squadron, the *Tribune's* (four) under her own captain, among the number.

Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, who had planned and ordered the operations, commanded in person in the *Coromandel*, Commodore the Hon. H. Keppel the First Division, Commodore the Hon. Charles Gilbert John Brydone Elliot the Second Division. I have been particular in designating the latter officer by his names at length, because they had latterly been a good deal before the public. Whether he deserved the severe criticism that had been passed upon him, especially by his own profession, for what he did, or rather for what he didn't do, at the outbreak of the Russian War in 1854, I cannot say, but he was certainly not deficient in personal bravery, as the leading part that he took at Fatshan showed. My chief concern, however, at present, is to make sure that I spell his name properly, for, as a reference to the Navy List shows, there are four different ways, the owner of each being equally particular and sensitive, so that it is really important to be careful that neither more

nor fewer than the right number of l's and t's are employed.

"Well, Tower, my boy," said Boyle, sitting by my cot, a day or two after his return with a whole skin, "since you insist upon knowing all about the Fatshan Pidgin, I will begin at the beginning.

"All the ships lying in the river sent their available boats manned and armed, and all their marines, besides rocket and scaling-ladder parties, and one spare gun's crew on board each gunboat, to attack the fleet of junks which were known to be lying up Fatshan Creek."

"Whatever did you want with scaling-ladders?" I asked, thinking of the Redan.

"My dear fellow, please don't interrupt; you'll hear all about it in time."

"I beg pardon, sir; pro—ceed."

"We left this ship about 9 A.M. on May 31st, and with other ships' boats were towed up the river till 5 P.M., when we joined the *Cruiser*, *Acorn*, and *Hornet*, at anchor by Barrier Island, off the entrance to Fatshan Creek, by which time we could plainly see junks in great force beyond a small rounded isolated hill about 150 feet high on the right bank of the creek, that is, on our port hand as we looked up."

"Of course I understand *that*. When we talk of the right bank of a river we mean that on our right hand as we move down stream towards its mouth."

"Of course, but you needn't air your knowledge in this pedantic way."

"Well, on the top of the hill was a fort, and rather an imposing one too, for it seemed to command the

creek, and we quickly took in the fact that we had our morrow's work cut out for us."

"Ah," interrupted I, "now I see what your sca——"

"Silence, please, Lieutenant Tower, or you'll damage that wound in your mouth."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"At four o'clock next morning," continued my narrator, "the Admiral proceeded up creek in the *Coromandel*, towing the *Sybille's* boats with a storming party, immediately followed by the *Haughty*, with Commodore Elliot and the *Tribune's* four boats under Edgell. Their course was on the left of Hyacinth Island. Keppel, with his Division, who kept on the other side of Hyacinth Island, wasn't long after him. Keppel's senior to Elliot, as you're aware, which seems strange, for, as we know, all Greys and Elliots are promoted so fast that my only wonder is how they can ever be junior to anybody! I'll follow the fortunes of Elliot's Division first, as I was in it, and it got first into action, though I am bound to say that Keppel came in for the hottest share."[1]

"Before I go on, however," Boyle remarked, with somewhat of a grave countenance, "I must interpolate an occurrence which greatly upset me, nearly led to most disastrous consequences, and about which, experienced as you are in boat affairs, I am sure that you will be nearly as much shocked as I was."

"Dear me," said I, anxiously raising myself up, "whatever can——?"

[1] In Sir Wm. Kennedy's spirited account of Fatshan, Elliot's Division seems to be ignored, in the text as well as the plan. The *Coromandel* is mentioned, but no boats. Keppel's Division certainly didn't do *all* the work.

"Well, it was this. On the previous night we in the pinnace were made fast under the stern of the *Haughty* gunboat, commanded, as you know, by Lieut. Hamilton (now, 1901, Admiral Sir Richard Vesey Hamilton, K.C.B.), and after a smoke and a yarn with him I returned to sleep in my own boat. When we were roused up at three next morning, during the activity of preparation, Ryan, gunner's mate, captain of our bow gun, sung out, 'Shall I let off a tube, sir, to make sure the vent is clear?' 'Yes, do so,' I answered, and he inserted a tube and was on the point of firing it, the muzzle of the gun being close under the *Haughty's* quarter, and laid so as to rake her, when, seized with a sudden and fortunate inspiration, I cried, 'Hold on, wait, shove her bow clear of the gunboat before you fire that tube.'

"The bowman at once did so, and Ryan jerked the trigger line, when, to my own and everybody's astonishment and consternation, flash! bang! and away through the darkness and silent night rushed a 12-lb. shot plunging into the river bank, the first shot of the day, no doubt, but slightly premature, and I tremble to think what might have happened to the gunboat, and what certainly would have, if I had not been providentially inspired to give that order when I did."

"My goodness, Boyle, what an eyelifter; you *do* astonish me; but however do you account for your gun being loaded?"

"Well, my good fellow, I must tell you the truth—the boat was *yours* and the gun was *yours* at the Sawshi Creek Pidgin, but by some astonishing, unaccountable neglect the charge had never been drawn after that was ovér."

"Well," I explained, thoroughly concerned at being supposed to be implicated, even remotely, with such a serious omission of duty, "*I* didn't return in the pinnace that day, or it wouldn't have happened. I was transferred to the *Starling* as soon as we got to her. Besides, the boats were cleared as soon as they got back to the ship, and their guns hoisted inboard."

"Yes," continued Boyle, "I know, but that makes it still worse to think about, for your gun must have been for more than three days loaded on board the ship, without any one being aware of the fact!"

My narrator continued: "Just after we started, grey dawn stole over the scene. The shot from the fort soon began to fall thick and fast around us, but so far with no damage, as the guns being situated on the top of a hill 150 feet high, the shots rather plumped and ricochetted away at a high angle, so that there was not so much danger as from more horizontal firing.

"The Admiral led in the *Coromandel* which soon ran aground, and when we got within five or six hundred yards from the fort we of the row-boats all cast off, gave a cheer, and gave way with all our might to land our marines and small-arm men under it at a place where its guns could not be depressed sufficiently to do any injury. In a very short time the fort was in our hands, Commodore Elliot leading, while the garrison were plunging down cold shot, and anything else they could lay hands on. The capture was a pretty sight. It was a stiffish pull to the top, but the Admiral himself was well up to the front, and witnessed the subsequent operations. The first to enter were Elliot, a midshipman, and nine or ten

blue-jackets, and as soon as they scaled the parapet a mandarin made a dig at the midshipman with a spear, but the commodore shot him with his revolver.

"The necessity and importance of this capture became quickly apparent, not only from the fort's commanding position, but by the nature of its armament, consisting of enormous stores of powder and twenty-seven guns, two or three of which our people brought to play upon the junks higher up, but without success.

"The fort being thus rendered harmless, we lost no time in hastening up by the port-hand passage to assist Keppel's division, which had passed Hyacinth Island by the starboard, in his attack on the formidable array of war-junks, which, as I have explained, were moored across the river at the head of that island. In so narrow a channel our boats were perforce a good deal crowded, immediately astern of me being our first cutter with her rocket tube in charge of Verey, the gunner—you know what a nervous and excitable man he is?"

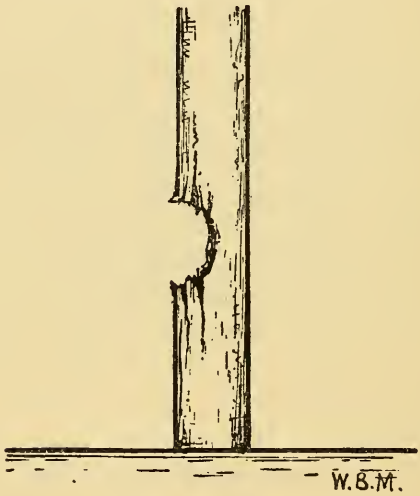
"Rather!"

"Well, he would insist upon firing rockets in that position, and several passed so close over my head that I declare that I could almost have touched them."

"Just like Verey."

"On we dashed, firing as we could; but I was sensible of little except the indistinct barrier of junks ahead of us, half concealed by smoke, and illuminated by the flashing of guns, and could hear nothing except banging and continuous screaming of shot as they rushed through the air, but none touched my boat till we got within a hundred yards of the enemy, when a shower of grape

tore in among us, mortally wounding poor Barker and two men, severely a fourth, and slightly a fifth, besides cutting the boat's bow about, piercing and tearing the clothes and accoutrements of several of the crew, and leaving the ensign staff in this condition, the shot that struck it evidently having passed between the coxswain and myself, not a foot from either of us.



"Just after this, Verey, thoroughly in his element, and now abreast of me, fired one of his favourite rockets with such precision that it blew up the largest junk, and when we got within fifty yards or so the Chinamen suddenly ceased firing and jumped overboard, although we could not see them for the smoke.

"Their fire up to that moment had been tremendous, the water being ploughed up by and the air rent with the storm of missiles of various sorts, through which both of our Divisions dashed on to the capture.

We found the junks not much injured but entirely deserted, except a man and a boy chained to a gun in one, and a woman and a child in another. Smoke was still issuing from the vents and muzzles of the guns, flags and streamers flying, and so forth.

"As soon as possible I transferred all my wounded to the *Hong Kong*, and then hastened to obey orders that were passed along to hurry on to the front, from which, especially as I had heard more firing ahead, I concluded that there was more fighting to be done — the fact being that farther onwards a second large flotilla had been discovered near Fatshan city.

"As we advanced the shot came ricochetting down past us uncommonly thick, and by-and-by there was a general rest under cover of the gunboats, for Keppel ahead of us with his boats, when within four hundred yards or so of the junks, grounded, and was exposed to such a concentrated fire[1] that a temporary retreat was ordered till the tide rose. You must understand that the Admiral had specially designed the expedition to come off at low-water spring tides, so that the fire of the junks in the lateral creeks, formidable at other states of tide, could not be directed across the intervening mud-banks and was comparatively harmless. After a time many more boats having arrived, and the water having risen sufficiently for an advance, the gunboats shelled the junks, and Keppel again led and made a rush and captured them, and the day was gained; after which he and others pushed up to the very city itself,

[1] Admiral Kennedy says of this time: "The uproar was awful, and loud above the din could be heard the beating of gongs and the yells of Chinamen." —"Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor."

the Chinese crews having whiloed across the paddy fields.[1]

"I must not forget to tell you what a narrow squeak old Keppel had. As he was leading in his galley a round shot raked her, killed a man, and wounded more, and I believe sank her. Just a moment before he had got up and sat on the backboard with his feet on the stern-sheets, so as to have a clearer view ahead, the shot passing the very spot where his legs would have been had he not moved. Prince Victor was in the boat."

"That *was* a narrow squeak," I put in; "but I had a narrower one myself in the trenches when——"

"Yes, my dear fellow, I know all about that; we've heard it a few times before, I think: now let me get to the end of this long yarn.

"The junks having all been burned and blown up, the boats returned to their respective ships as fast as they could, and here I am you see, though on our downward route we were in considerable danger from the heated guns of burning junks going off right and left as the fire reached them, and from the explosion of the junks themselves. I had seen two splendid brass guns on a smouldering junk and very nearly went to get them, as you did at Sawshi, but fortunately refrained, as she blew up shortly."

"Many thanks, and I heartily congratulate you on being none the worse; but tell me more about your losses and about Barker."

[1] Fatshan is an important and populous city, a huge trading mart of half-a-million people, where the incident of Keppel and his men driving the crews of the war-junks right up into the streets is still remembered with a resentment which alights on the missionary even at the end of the century.—Selby's "Chinamen at Home," 1900.

"Yes; when poor young Barker was hit he was attending to the gun in the bow, while I remained aft to direct the course. He suddenly fell down into the bottom of the boat, but as quickly jumped up again and ran aft, stepping from thwart to thwart, till he got into the stern-sheets, when he fell down again and lay there till we got up to the first lot of junks, when I sheered alongside our barge and found that young Harper, that smart lad, a favourite with everybody as you know, had been killed in her. Bob Bennett attended to Barker, and got him put on board the *Hong Kong* with the other wounded, and after the action was over I went to see him, and found him dozing but quite sensible, and though a grape shot had passed completely through his lungs and out behind he lived for nearly forty-eight hours.

"When the doctor had gently broken to Barker that he had not long to live, he gave me a ring and asked me to keep it and send it to his father. I'm sure you will sympathise with my distress when I tell you that I lost that ring overboard in the excitement and work I had to do; but I've one comfort, as Barker told me that it was the same ring which was on his brother's finger when he was killed at Inkermann, so I hope that ill-omened ring is out of the way of the family, at all events!"

"Indeed, I hope so," said I; "but I shall feel the poor boy's loss severely, and it seems to come very close home to me. Have you anything more to tell?"

"You may like to hear that after leaving Barker, I walked round the decks of the *Hong Kong* to see if there was any one else I knew besides our own

wounded. Among the latter was Morgan, a forecastle-man, whose brains had been exposed by one of that fatal flight of grape. He was cursing and swearing as if he were drunk, and was very riotous and trouble-some, but he didn't live long, poor fellow.

"Then I met one of Keppel's galley's crew whom I knew. 'Hullo,' I said, 'you here; is the com-modore on board?' 'No, sir,' he replied, holding out a stump. Though the man's hand must have been amputated within the last half-hour, yet there he was, walking up and down and smoking his pipe as if nothing particular had happened.

"I believe that the total number of our casualties at Fatshan was eighty-four, among them being Major Kearney, D.A.Q.G., a volunteer, whose head was taken clean off by a round shot."

End of Boyle's Narrative.

Promotions for Fatshan and the preceding affairs, as well as a clasp for the former, were made by the Admiralty on a liberal scale, as follows:—

To be Captains, 4; Commanders, 5; Lieutenants, 4; Master, 1.

SNAKE OR FAST BOAT OF CANTON RIVER

CHAPTER III

FORT CHUENPEE

ACCORDING to prevailing custom, the *Tribune's* Hong Kong Chinese bumboats, or commissariat boats, two or three privileged ones, had accompanied her during her sojourn in the Canton River at this period, and at the well-known *rendezvous*, or station, "Second Bar," they foraged among the villagers in the creeks for our mutual benefit, but they did so at considerable risk, as capture by a mandarin snake-boat meant decapitation, and by pirates or river thieves, denudation.

(The nature of a snake-boat or fast-boat, of which we destroyed several in Sawshi Creek, is explained by the illustration.)

For the latter prevailing pests we were always on the look-out, with glad assistance not only of the country, but even, on occasions, of mandarin people as well, for pirates were and still are considered a common scourge; nevertheless to this day (1901) they flourish exceedingly on Chinese coasts and rivers. There were pirates of every grade, from the commonest river thieves, who glide stealthily about the endless ramifications of the Canton Delta, up to the large well-equipped sea-going junk, with stronghold and secret retreat, such as that described in "Hurrah For the Life of a Sailor," chap. viii.—the orthodox sort of pirate, in fact, such as a boy expects to find in a book of maritime adventure.

Having one day otherwise successfully carried out a "pilong pidgin," our first lieutenant returned on board, leaving a captured junk of some size stuck in the mud at the entrance to Second Bar Creek, one and a half miles from the ship. By-and-by, as the tide rose, several men were observed to make their appearance from their hiding-place among the rice flats, and to begin hurriedly preparing the craft for a start.

Another of our lieutenants was therefore sent away with instructions to re-take her and bring her to the ship, but as he approached he saw some men slip over the junk's side into a sampan, and scull away as hard as they could up a small secondary creek close at hand.

Quoth Lieutenant X.: "We'll chase the crew in the sampan, and pick up the junk on our return;" but it quickly became evident that the despatch of that sampan was merely a *ruse*, for no sooner had our pinnace passed the junk and disappeared up the creeklet, than the rest of the junk's crew, hitherto concealed below, suddenly appeared on her deck, and hoisting her tall mat sail to a favouring breeze, sailed rapidly away up Second Bar Creek.

Presently our own boat re-appeared at the mouth of the little creek, no doubt considerably astonished at the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the prize, so we hoisted her recall, chase being out of the question, as she happened to be without masts at the time. That little manœuvre so cleverly contrived and executed by the wily Chinaman caused considerable amusement, and led to no small amount of chaff and "leg-pulling," the captain having recorded, "I never laughed more heartily."

About sixty miles from Hong Kong the broad estuary of the Canton River suddenly contracts into a narrow pass, less than a mile wide, where are rocky islets, the waters south of them being the "Outer Waters," those to the northward, the Boca Tigre, or Bocca Tigris, "Tiger's Mouth." On these islets are situated the historic Bogue Forts which have been more than once in British hands. Captain Edgell had been a lieutenant in H.M.S. *Imogene* (Captain Price Blackwood), when that frigate and her consort the *Andromache* forced the passage in September 1834.

Southward of the Bogue Forts, that is, between them and Hong Kong, on the east side of the river, was and perhaps still is Chuenpee, a small fort snugly ensconced at the foot of a few low fir-clad hills on the shores of a pretty bay, upon which our captain looked as somewhat of an old friend, as the *Imogene* had exchanged shots with it on the aforesaid occasion.

It being considered advisable to occupy Chuenpee, preparations were made and an adequate force moved accordingly, the Bocca Tigris batteries, as we passed them, being represented by nothing more formidable than a vast number of blocks of granite lying promiscuously about, to which condition they had been reduced in November 1856, when captured by Admiral Sir M. Seymour in the *Calcutta* with five consorts. The Bogue Forts was a comprehensive term, and signified a number of batteries mounting altogether not far short of five hundred guns.

Just at this time one of those painful occurrences happened, which, for a time, cast a deeper gloom over a ship than more serious losses in illness or action. James P., a good, quiet, staid man, and an elderly

one, according to the view point of most of us at the time, missed his footing on the main-yard in broad daylight, and, almost colliding with me, fell upon the deck by my side. If certain scientific gentlemen, who have from time to time devoted themselves to attempts to prove that there is no such thing as matter, could have heard the horrible, sickening *thud* with which that living body came into contact with the deck, within a yard of where I was standing, and was carried off lifeless on the spot, they might be inclined to reconsider their ideas *on the matter*.

Our preparations, however, were found to be needless, as simultaneously with the landing of our storming party, who were to attack from the side and rear, the small garrison of Chuenpee prudently whiloed, without the exchange of a single shot.

We found very few guns mounted, the larger part of the armament having been buried ; in fact, we subsequently disinterred seventeen huge guns of eight to ten inch calibre, besides many small ones.

The process of occupation was quiet and unexciting, but we evidently had not been expected, many personal effects having been left behind in the panic of sudden retreat, caldrons of rice even, for the day's dinner, being found still boiling, which, as well as everything else edible, were at once carefully destroyed for fear of poison, against which the necessity of taking precautions had been vividly impressed upon us by a recent diabolical, though happily self-frustrated attempt, to poison the whole British community at Hong Kong. Just as the novelist sometimes falls into the error of painting his villain too black, so did the "chief baker" in that city, bribed by mandarin agency to put arsenic

in the day's bread, put in too much, with the fortunate result of making everybody sick before the poison could get into circulation, or at least enough of it to produce fatal results. Meantime the baker, having superintended the morning's issue in a confident spirit, prudently withdrew to Portuguese territory at Macao, and was heard of no more.

On the day after our occupation, Captain Edgell having been appointed governor, all other ships left, and we landed a garrison of one hundred seamen and marines, under Lieutenants Boyle and Tower, Lieut. Ozzard, R.M.L.I., Messrs. Childers and Hawkins, midshipmen, Assistant-Surgeon Bennett, and Gunner Verey.

My wound having now completely healed, I entered with zest, as indeed we all did, on this welcome variation from the daily routine of ship life, and we lost no time in clearing out, cleaning and whitewashing throughout, and adapting the barracks for occupation.

We explored our new domain, got things into working order, planted sentries at outlying points, established passwords and countersigns, and got some fine fun out of it all, especially as for the first few nights there were occasional poppings at the outposts, the sentries seeing, or fancying that they saw, forms of a lurking enemy.

Our fort consisted of a few partly cultivated acres, among which rose the afore-mentioned wooded hills, the whole being completely surrounded by a loop-holed wall, four feet thick and seven high. On the river-side were the battery, and the mandarin's, now our officers' quarters, of blue brick paved with red tiles, consisting of a central mess-room, opening, without doors, on to a verandah, which was gratefully shaded by two large

umbrageous sycamore figs (*Ficus sycomorus*), and farther in rear, on one of the hillsides, were the barracks for the men, who all messed together in a fine open airy place. On either side of the officers' mess place were bedrooms and offices, and between the verandah and the battery a very convenient open space or parade.

The battery itself was very substantially built of granite, and I at once noticed that its embrasures were splayed inwards, not, as with Europeans, outwards.

Shortly after we settled down, Fat-shai, a headman, who spoke pidgin English, came in from the outlying district with a *cumshaw* of fowls, mangoes, tea, and sugar-candy to make his peace, and express a hope that the surrounding villagers would be allowed to pursue their avocations unmolested, on which point we set him at ease, though afterwards, as will be seen, our calculations in this respect were once tragically disturbed. I added that we might pay him a visit, if his people would receive us well, to which he answered—

"No fear, no fear, can secure no fear."

In our officers' location closer opportunities were afforded for the study of some phases of natural history than we had hitherto enjoyed. First, we inherited from our predecessors a fine lot of fowls, left behind in the scurry, no doubt. Our commandant's bed, until bedsteads could be extemporised, was spread upon a mat laid out on the brick floor, and on the first morning his peaceful slumbers were disturbed by a fine matronly hen, who boldly entered and began pecking at the bedclothes, and eke so smartly at what they concealed, that the future Earl of Glasgow, deciding to exercise the better part of valour, got up and went out to have a matutinal bath in the adjacent stream. On his return,

to his surprise he found a new-laid egg in the very centre of his bed, and the hen in the act of proclaiming the achievement to the neighbourhood by a vigorous cackling, which was being loudly responded to by the lord of the harem. She repeated her visit every morning for a long time with the same result, and showed no disposition to divide her favours.

Then in an inside corner of our mess place was a swallow's nest with young, the old birds not appearing in the least disconcerted at the change of ownership, but darting to and fro as usual from dawn till dusk with food for their brood, sometimes even grazing my cheek with the tip of their wings as I sat at breakfast. Meantime four little heads with cavernous jaws were continually being poked up in readiness for the fly, or, as we fervently hoped, mosquito.

There was, too, a pronounced odour of musk in our rooms which puzzled us at first, till we found it to proceed from musk rats, pretty little fellows with long sharp noses. There were, also, huge spiders, with enormous egg-bags attached to their extremities by glutinous moisture, which we used to amuse ourselves by forcibly detaching, when the insects, converted into ridiculously dwindled looking objects, would scurry away into concealment, stealing out again as soon as the coast seemed clear to secure their treasure, and hurry off with it in their jaws. We called these comical creatures "cheese-plates" because of the enormous aspect of the cocoon carried about by the female with the exhibition of much maternal solicitude. The eggs were hatched inside the cocoon, as on opening a very ripe-looking one for curiosity, at least a thousand active young spiders were liberated.

We had a variety of visitors: some not very welcome ones. Glancing under the table one morning just as we were sitting down to breakfast, I was horrified at noticing a large snake coiled up upon the very spot which my feet were to occupy. We rushed for sticks, and despatched the unwelcome intruder, who was five feet four inches in length, white bellied, black headed, and fangless.

There were climbing frogs, beautiful little creatures, armed with long suckers at the extremities of their toes, who would make their appearance on the table during dinner, and fearlessly walk up the sides of the bottles and glasses.

The Praying Mantis (*Mantis religiosa*), so called from its habit when stationary of holding up its two long forelegs slightly bent in an apparently suppliant attitude, is a slender, long-legged insect of the locust alliance, nearly three inches long, of a beautiful green colour, which often made its appearance in our quarters. It impressed me as an insect ungainly in appearance yet graceful in movement, and displaying an intelligent cunning in all that it did. After exhibiting a wonderful degree of patience in remaining motionless, it would steal almost imperceptibly in the direction of its prey, and when sufficiently near, one of the long forelegs, hitherto hypocritically posed in an attitude of prayer, would be suddenly extended and the capture effected.

In the evening large and curious beetles flew about, and fire-flies gemming the dark foliage of our trees, and, on board the frigate at anchor in the bay, sparkling in the rigging and among the folds of the sails and awnings.

About the nature of our other domestic insect

companions it is unnecessary to enlarge. There were cockroaches and *Pulex irritans*, whose presence, little heeded by our predecessors, was dispensed with by the aid of detergent processes.

The marine-officer, gunner, and myself took turns in passing the night as officer of the guard in the guard-house on Right Hill, setting out at 8 P.M. with police-lantern, revolver, rug, and biscuits and flask to go the rounds of the whole *enceinte* from time to time, being challenged by sentries, giving the countersign "Keppel," "Fatshan," &c., and endeavouring to snatch a little sleep at intervals on a trestle in the guard-room, which mosquitoes made seldom possible.

Having no mosquito curtains, at least up there, I used to lie battling with those sleep-destroying merciless pests until exhausted, when I would pile a huge loose heap of leafy branches over my head, and fondly believing that I had eluded the enemy, allow the symptoms of Nature's sorely needed sweet restorer to creep over me. Just, however, as I am on the brink of happy oblivion, a fell hum strikes my ear, the insatiable insects have found out a way to their victim, the hum grows louder as they thread their way remorselessly through the mazes of my unavailing screen, and in another minute I feel the too well-known irritating prick.

The futility of endeavouring to procure release by slaying the victim with a sudden and sharp stroke of the palm is by this time but too sadly well known to me, the result generally being an undignified and painful smart on my own cheek, unaccompanied by any injury whatever to the fell destroyer of rest, who simply retires, and bides his time for another onslaught.

We had, of course, gauze curtains on board and at the fort; without them sleep would have been impossible, at all events for myself, and I can only suppose that blue-jackets and marines slept because they were more pachydermatous; yet ulcerated mosquito bites were fearfully common, my journal at one time on board higher up the river recording seventy-five men on the sick list with them.

Fatshai, before mentioned, who for the time was sole representative of the Chinese world, acted as *comprador*, supplying us with beef and vegetables, soles at eightpence a pair, bananas at four a penny, pine-apples threepence each, eggs sixpence a dozen, fowls, &c., and enjoyed our complete confidence; no doubt, too, our occupation of Fort Chuenpee was far more pleasant and profitable to him than that of the mandarins had been.

Jealousy, however, must have stirred up a rival from a neighbouring village to make his appearance in our hall of audience—that is our mess place—where, having propitiated the divinity, in the shape of Boyle, by a small cumshaw of fruit, he proceeded to denounce our old friend as a scoundrel in league with the mandarins, but as he concluded with a request for a "piecey salt beefy" for himself, we decided that the information was entirely unreliable, and only coined for selfish purposes, and continued to repose confidence in Fatshai.

. . . . . .

Our daily life in the fort was pleasantly diversified by the occasional appearance of visitors from our own and passing ships and gunboats, whom we did our best to entertain, but as we were obliged to content

A SURPRISE VISIT

P. 137

ourselves with a scratch cook, Ozzard and I determined to practise the culinary art, and, to judge from the verdict of our guests and the quantity that they ate, with conspicuous success.

I particularly prided myself on the excellence of my stews, but could never understand why Ozzard's were always pronounced better, till at last I discovered that the mean man had brought a bottle of Worcester sauce from the ship, a little of which he used furtively to stir into his otherwise inferior compound!

Ducks were roasted or rather baked in an earthen jar by suspending them to a toggle or iron bolt placed transversely across its mouth, and piling up red-hot embers all around.

On a certain memorable Sunday Captain Edgell arrived, bringing with him Captain Hamilton of the *Esk* and our chaplain, and the bell, or rather the gong, was tolled for church.

Meantime we had prepared a feast, the *pièce de résistance* of which was to be a small pig baked in our invaluable jar, but the location of the latter was incautiously fixed too near to the reverend gentleman. He may have noticed the jar but could scarcely have suspected the nature of its contents, till, just after the text had been given out, a loud crack was heard, the faithless receptacle split from top to bottom, and to every one's amazement out of the rent peeped our half-roasted pig in a highly ludicrous *pose!*

We had pies almost daily, and should any teacher of cookery in a County Council class mislay her rolling-pin I am able to inform her (if she does me the honour of reading these lines), what probably she is unaware of, that a common wine bottle filled with water makes the

best possible substitute. For my pie-crust I expected praise and got it too; though once by a *lapsus linguæ* raised a shout of good-natured laughter against myself: "You think you can cook, do you?" remarked a sceptical visitor, "well, tell us what you can make?"

"Beef tart!" I answered hastily. My "tart" crust was made of flour, a little ship's salt-suet, eggs, and Bass's ale.

We had no difficulty in selling most of the smaller guns to customers introduced by our extra-mural factotum, and as to the larger ones, we remounted many of them and fired a royal salute on Coronation Day, the only occasion, in all probability, that Chinese cannon had contributed towards the honour of that anniversary.

Two untoward occurrences disturbed the regular and peaceful routine of garrison life, one being as follows:—

A couple of Chinamen were seen tracking their little junk laden with pottery along the shores of Right Hill Bay, contrary to regulations, and were unfortunately, and I think prematurely, fired upon by one of our sentries, severing the tow-line, so that she drifted out towards the wide river with two children in her, who rent the air with their cries, the men being left on the beach. A cutter was immediately sent from the *Tribune* to rescue the junk, the children, as our boat approached, being evidently in the greatest terror, the larger one jumping overboard and diving, while one of the cutter's crew jumped in after him.

When the boy rose to the surface, finding our man close to him, he clasped his hands above his head, went down, and was never seen again.

By-and-by, when the father and grandfather were

brought off (for such were the two), they showed the most frantic grief, the former clapping his hands, shrieking, tearing his hair, beating his breast, and trying to leap into the river.

This is the other story.

As weeks went on, finding that so large a garrison was unnecessary, Boyle, with most of the blue-jackets, was ordered back to the ship, leaving me with three officers and sixty-five men, my assumption of command being signalised by an unpleasant event, which much disturbed us, and interfered for a time with our friendly relations with the country people.

One morning Fatshai arrived, agitated and breathless, with the intelligence that some of our men had committed robbery and murder: "Three piecey sojerman," he explained, "one piecey man makee shooty."

I immediately visited all the guards at their various posts, and had them drawn up in line for Fatshai's inspection, from one of which he identified a red marine,[1] Sherwood, as he who "makee shooty." On giving the order, "examine arms," the only ramrod which left a black mark on my finger was Sherwood's, whom I at once ordered to close arrest, till I could communicate with the captain, who lost no time in

[1] "Red Marine." The expression probably requires explanation for the non-naval reader. The Royal Marine forces, first raised in 1664, are composed of two branches, the Royal Marine Artillery and the Royal Marine Light Infantry, respectively, though not officially styled, with reference to the colour of their uniforms, "Blue Marines" and "Red Marines."

For physique, soldierly training, efficiency, and handiness no regiment excels, or even approaches, the Marine Corps, the Marine Artillery being even a more picked corps than their brothers, a *creme de la creme*, in fact, the superiority being fully recognised afloat, of which fact I was once amusingly reminded by a domestic brawl in the domicile of a marine pensioner, of which I was an accidental auditor.

"And who are *you*, I should like to know?" loudly demanded the "better half." "You're just a *Red Marine!* that's all *you* are"; but I am

coming on shore, and accompanied by myself, the doctor, and a guard, in proceeding to the scene of the alleged outrage, where we were taken to a mean house, on the floor of which, surrounded by a wailing throng, lay a dead man.

An examination revealed a frightful wound, from which were extracted three pieces of lead, evidently parts of a Minie bullet.

Next day the process of identification being carefully carried out, and our man's guilt being fully established, the head people of the village and the victim's relations were taken to the *Tribune* to see Sherwood receive forty-eight lashes, a slight punishment for such an offence it seems to me now.

Shortly afterwards the mother and sister of the murdered man came in to ask for help to help "makee good funeral pidgin!" so we subscribed twenty-eight dollars; and a few days afterwards walked out to pay them a visit, but found that the relations had ceased to inhabit the house, because they explained "devil lived there," but we entered and found the room neatly arranged, and on a stick stuck on a table was deceased's name surrounded by samshoo (rice spirit), cups, and other ornaments.

unable to convey an adequate idea of the scornful, withering tones in which the irate lady *mouthed* out her denunciations. In that little household, as might be expected, where the motto of the master (?) was *Per mare, per terram*, a becoming amphibious flavour prevailed, which was pleasantly illustrated by the mistress's reply to my inquiry, when I called another day, as to the cause of her lameness—

"I ran *stem on* to the kitchen table, sir," she explained.

With the characteristic handiness of his corps, this invaluable marine was an excellent waiter, and sometimes I availed myself of his services at my table on shore. Much amusement was caused to my guests when once, to assist me in my fumbling attempts to get at the stuffing through the *side* of a roast bird, he reminded me in an audible, and I confess embarrassing, whisper, "FURTHER AFT, SIR!"

During our occupation the thermometer in our open mess room stood with almost unfailing regularity at 84° F. at 2 P.M., and the health of the men was good until towards the close.

Shortly after I became commandant I began to experience somewhat of a farmer's cares, for I became conscious of the existence of plantations of golden rice, the cereal property of our predecessors, waving in the breeze, glistening in the sunshine, and clamouring to be reaped.

Agricultural implements we had not, but the "handy man" is seldom at a loss, and is never without his knife attached to a white knife-lanyard round the neck. (For an instance of saving life by this, see "At School and at Sea," p. 227.)

So one morning at 4.30 A.M. I piped "reapers to muster," and off we sallied in the cool fresh air to work away with a will till the sun's strength made it prudent to retire, in lively humour with the first instalment of our unaccustomed harvest, which we spread out to dry, and so on every morning till "all was safely gathered in," when the propriety of an immediate Kirn was suggested by a patriotic Scotsman, but his suggestion was not entertained.

The next step was thrashing, and I suppose scarcely a greater contrast could exist than that between the steam machine of the present day and the primitive method learnt by us from the Chinese, who must have employed it from remotest times, which we successfully adopted. A stout wooden frame, with bars like a gridiron, having been placed across a wide open tub, was belaboured with bunches of rice-ears, causing the grain to fall down into the tub,

which was surrounded by a screen of matting to prevent waste.

Beyond thrashing we could not advance, as we possessed no mills to hull or husk the rice, so we were obliged to send the whole of it off to the ship to be eaten by poultry.

. . . . . .

During our stay at Chuenpee I undertook an expedition to interview At-chow, headman of a village called Hap-chung-chung, a few miles distant, partly agricultural, partly piscatorial, because I was told that he would be a likely purchaser of some of our smaller captured guns—guns being always in great demand as a defence against pirates.

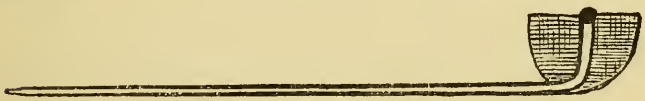
At-chow's house was situated on the bank of one of the innumerable creeks which intersect the rice producing delta of the Canton River; was built on a scaffolding of bamboo on piles on the lake-dwelling principle; and had one of his junks moored at the door. We were well received by the old gentleman, whom we found smoking opium, of which he indulged in forty pipes a day, but then each pipe only contained six or eight whiffs, and I had a good opportunity of observing his *modus operandi*, though that is known well enough, I believe, even in the East End of London.

First of all he took a piece of opium from a little silver box, as Chinese of means constantly carry (such boxes were often to be seen, too, on board our gunboats, though it were better not to inquire too minutely how they, and many other articles, got there). Then he rolled it about with the point of a long needle on the surface of the pipe bowl, occasionally touching it

with flame, till it looked like a large hot pea, after which he thrust it inside the narrow aperture on the top of the bowl, and at once lying down with his head on a pillow applied the pipe to a candle and drew long and deep drawn whiffs, the smoke issuing through the nostrils.

My companions smoked a pipe apiece, but I had not the courage to try.

The sons, A-tak, A-tam, and At-li then proposed a visit to "see licee pidgin," a guard of honour of little boys accompanying, who were as intelligent as they were dirty, eager to explain everything in which we



W.B.M.

seemed to take an interest, often, indeed, anticipating our wants in a few pidgin English words of which they seemed to be very proud.

When we reached the threshing-floor of Araunah, a novel and picturesque sight greeted our eyes. Two long ranks of women, one old the other young, standing opposite each other, were threshing rice with flails, in appearance resembling, but in construction differing from, the European flail of our boyhood before the advent of threshing-machines, inasmuch as the beater, or part which came into contact with the grain, was not attached to the handle by a thong to swing it with, but by a pin on which it rotated. The thrashers having "fallen in" in two lines facing each other, "proved distance" as at cutlass drill, as a precaution against whacking the heads of their opposites, instead

of the rice. Then, "taking time from the right," and holding the flail on the right side of the body, down came all the beaters of one line simultaneously on the grain, and while they were being rotated in preparation for another stroke, down came those of the opposite line, and so on, rank succeeding rank with rapid, heavy, and isochronal whacks, the company gradually edging along the threshing-floor till the end was reached, and back again. To understand the way in which such flails are managed it is necessary to remember that the handle, in the grasp of both hands, is worked by an oscillating movement within the same arc, the rotation and force of the beater being effected by management of the impetus at the right time.

They urged me to try my hand, so taking my place in a rank I produced shouts of laughter from men, women, and children by my awkward attempts, but I improved.

All the agricultural implements which we saw there, everywhere in fact, were of the most elementary description, and almost certainly of exactly the same sort as those used by the people's ancestors two thousand years or more ago. Winnowing was done as in Joseph's day. One primitive mortar for pounding rice particularly attracted my attention—though, of course, they have other methods. It was formed of a hollow block of granite, the pestle being a stone placed in the end of a long wooden lever worked by the feet of two women.

At-chow was a man of substance and entertained us with tea, which is drunk by Chinese at all hours, brewing it in a teapot for three or four minutes before pouring it into the little porcelain cups in which it was

SECTION OF CHINESE RICE-MORTAR OF VERY ANCIENT TYPE

P. 44

served without spoons, milk, or sugar, explaining to me that "Chinaman no likee sugar tea." I was so firmly convinced that he was right, that from that day to this I have never put sugar into my tea, although I admit that it may be useful enough to make bad, coarse tea palatable.

Five minutes is the time allowed for infusion by British professional tea-tasters, after that too much tannin comes out. It is a mistake to suppose that Chinamen always brew in cups, as they constantly use teapots.

Our host presented me with a three-pound tin of choice Pekoe containing the velvety sprigs which are the downy sprouts or leaf-buds of three-year-old plants, Pekoe or Pak-ho signifying white down.

Before our departure, being unwilling to dismiss our juvenile guard of honour, about thirty in all, without some mark of thanks and approval, I bought up the whole stock-in-trade of a little cake and fruit shop for half-a-dollar, which I distributed in an orderly way, amid shouts of merriment, by making each boy file past a table in the open, where he received his gift and was taught to say "Thank you" in English. Then we embarked amid a perfect storm of *chin-chins* from the people, who seemed to be delighted with my plan of treating their children ; and pleasant it was to be able to gratify the little fellows, who would doubtless remember the unique experience for years to come, for long after the *Tribune* had ceased to plough the main.

These pleasant episodes in naval life afloat drew to a close more suddenly than we expected, for on the 3rd of August the end of a flying jib-boom was seen

poking round beyond the adjacent point which cut off our view southwards; bowsprit and hull followed, and in two minutes there was H.M.S. *Sanspareil* 80 (Captain Astley Cooper Key), the identical ship (an old two-decker captured in the Napoleonic wars, with a screw put into her) which had landed me with the naval brigade on Crimean soil in 1854—a very long time ago already, it seemed, so much had been crowded into the interval.

Next day Captain Foote, R.M.L.I., brought his marines on shore to relieve me, and I turned my back on Chuenpee with many regrets and a pleasant retrospect, learning, as soon as I got on board, that Manila was our immediate destination, not at all an unwelcome surprise—new experiences and cheroots, *chez elles!*

. . . . . .

In the Canton River, rice is all-pervading.

Rice is a marsh plant.

There are two crops a year on land which is within reach of a regular and constant supply of water (even a third, of vegetables, sometimes), the second being planted as soon as possible after the first is reaped.

I say "planted" advisedly, because (as I have previously mentioned) unlike other grain, every rice plant is planted by hand. Men walk along the furrows carrying huge bundles under the left arm which have been sprouted in a corner, three or four of which they stick into the soft mud with the right hand at proper intervals, and with remarkable celerity and dexterity.

Under favourable conditions the crop will be ready for reaping in one hundred days. At harvest time the

vast expanse of golden grain which meets the eye from the top of any of those curious low hills on the Canton River delta is very striking and impressive.

It is worth notice that the water supply during the earlier stages must be *continuous:* an intermittent one being hostile to the growth of the grain to such an extent that the first crop of the extensive tracts which exist on the natural flats on each side of the river, and which are therefore, of course, left dry or nearly so twice a day, are not fit for the sickle till the second crop on the enclosed fields under regulated irrigation on the other side of the bank close to them is about three-quarters grown.

Hoeing is carefully attended to, and I often watched the men whose business it was to look after rice flats near the ship, and to hoe them at low water. At high water they anchored their miserable little sampans close to the place where they wished to hoe, which grounded at low, when they got out and worked up to their knees in mud till warned by the rising tide to take to their floating homes again.

The constantly decaying stubble (in conjunction with other vegetable matter) over such a wide area as the Canton delta has been supposed to be the cause of the malarial fevers and agues which are so prevalent there; but recent very careful and interesting experiments in the notoriously infected districts of the Campagna seem to have established the important fact that man may live in a malarial atmosphere unharmed and uninfected provided there are no mosquitoes. The discovery, however, I fear, can have no practical effect on the situation, for how are you going to abolish mosquitoes?

The quality of the Canton River rice is of the finest, and it stands so high in the market—Australian and Californian chiefly—that the Chinese labourer cannot afford to eat much rice of his own production. He eats cheap, commoner, Siamese rice, which is imported by thousands of tons in huge unwieldy junks.

CHAPTER IV

MANILA

MANILA, generally spelt by English with a double l, capital of the Philippines, 650 miles south-east of Hong Kong, had not become so noticeable a place as since the Spanish-American War, but was chiefly identified in the naval mind with cheroots and rope, our visit there being partly to show the flag, partly to give our captain a chance of freight, and partly to afford our sickly crew a little change, as we had sixty on the sick list out of three hundred and twenty, with "shakes," viz. fever and ague, boils, and ulcerated mosquito bites.

We took as passengers Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. St. George Foley, C.B., Military Secretary, two commissariat officers, and some specie. Just before leaving, a man, called Mr. Charles Albers, of whom I had no knowledge beyond a casual good-morning acquaintance, came on board and asked me as a favour whether I would be so kind as to take a small bag of doubloons for delivery to a friend of his at Manila, which I consented to do. I have a reason for mentioning this trivial incident, which will appear in a subsequent page.

The *Northfleet* sailing transport, homeward bound with 350 naval and military invalids, gratefully accepted our proffered good offices to give her a tow seawards through the West Llama Passage, and just before we weighed under steam a letter was sent to acquaint us

that an American ship had been stranded on the Pratas, with one hundred thousand dollars on board—if we would be kind enough to look after her.

Had it not been for such a request we should have given those notorious shoals, which lie 180 miles east-south-east of Hong Kong, a wide berth, for they bore an evil reputation as a veritable death-trap for mariners.

We soon cast off the transport, and next day sighted and approached Pratas Island, a low, wild, horse-shoe shaped flat, a mile and three-quarters by three-quarters of a mile, formed of coral and sand, and almost completely encircled by dangerous reefs and breakers, among whose meshes a ship borne out of her way by currents, or battling with gales, might too easily be entangled, as many a one had been, notably H.M.S. *Reynard* (Commander Peter Cracroft), in 1851. That ill-fated screw sloop, having been despatched to look after a merchant vessel, unfortunately found herself not only powerless to extend, but in urgent need of the succour which she came on purpose to offer.

No lives were lost, but the *Reynard* was, entirely; and curiously enough, some time afterwards, Captain Cracroft, at Hong Kong, was offered books for sale, which turned out to be his own, which had been got hold of by Chinese wreckers.

Cautiously feeling our way with the lead, we anchored in twenty-five fathoms off the west end of the island, reefs protruding for miles on either side, and sent two cutters under the first lieutenant and myself to explore. At that end we found a deep-shaped indentation or lagoon cleaving the island for an eighth of its length, the only landing-place, its

entrance being guarded by a bar, which we crossed with care, and threading our way through coral intricacies, among which I noticed what seemed to be large turbot and other fish moving about in the clear water, landed on a white sandy strand.

Our track to the opposite end, was through low scrub and marine plants, among which huge yellow convolvuli, stretching their freely flowering stems straight away for I hesitate to say how many feet beyond fifty, specially attracted my notice. Doves, plovers, and sanderlings of sorts were abundant; but in some parts the route was seriously obstructed by crowds of gannets and other allied sea-birds, in every stage of growth from egg to old bird, for it happened to be nesting time, though how that could have been in August I do not now understand, unless they were second broods.

The birds were very tame, and showed fight with their long bills when we approached their nests, or rather laying places, as nests proper they had none, and I had to push the sitting bird away with my stick in order to get a glimpse of the egg or young one underneath.

Visitors were evidently rare; but as there was no County Council it is unpleasant (judging from experiences in after life on the Northumbrian coast) to think of what might have been the fate of that large colony of interesting birds, had a steamer or two laden with gunners from some of our great towns found access to the Pratas.

Throughout our walk, disturbed by no sound save the sullen roar of distant breakers and the wild screaming of birds, our objective was a tall erection at the opposite

end of the island, which, on approach, we found to be a square look-out tower, constructed of six foot lengths of stout bamboo, laid horizontally upon each other, tied at the angles, and narrowing towards the summit; a look-out tower, of course, put up in the seafaring interest perhaps long ago, to enable shipwrecked mariners to scan the distant, nearly surf-obscured horizon, for a welcome sail; or perhaps by "professional pirates," for one quite as welcome; or to take a more prosaic view, simply by Chinese fishermen as a watch-tower, though, for the matter of that, those honest folk did not disdain to do a little stroke of work in the amateur pirating and wrecking line, if opportunity offered.

The ascent of the tower, to one accustomed from boyhood to run up rigging, was no formidable task, and having gained the summit of the strange frail structure, I took out my glass and narrowly scanned every part of the surroundings for signs of wreckage or a stranded ship, but without success, for neither upon, inside or outside that formidable environment of ever-rolling breakers, was there the least sign of anything; moreover, there was no approach to the islet except through the shallow narrow opening of which our boats had just availed themselves.

I did not, however, immediately descend. Fascinated by my peculiar position, by the poetic beauty of the scene, and by the strange, weird music of the wind, as, like a gigantic Æolian harp, it rose and fell through the cracks and crevices of the bamboos in wild and wailing cadence, I lingered and lingered, till my brother-officer's patience being exhausted, I was rudely roused from my reverie by his loud but strictly professional

reminder, "Down from aloft!" on which I quickly regained the deck, or rather the ground.

The following beautiful stanzas by J. Russell Lowell always vividly recall the experience :—

REMEMBERED MUSIC

I

Thick rushing, like an ocean vast
Of bisons the far prairie shaking,
The notes crowd heavily and fast
As surfs, one plunging, while the last
Draws seaward from its foamy breaking.

II

Or in low murmurs they began,
Rising and rising momently,
As o'er a harp Æolian
A fitful breeze, until they ran
Up to a sudden ecstasy.

III

And then, like minute drops of rain
Ringing in water silvery,
They lingering dropped and dropped again,
Till it was almost like a pain
To listen when the next should be.

At the foot of the tower were a small shallow well, containing brackish water, a few pieces of old rope, a jar, and some flotsam and jetsam.

The object of our mission having been accomplished, we rejoined our boats and made the best of our way back to the ship, but in the interval the tide had receded and there were scarcely eighteen inches of water in some parts of the lagoon, and even less on the barrier reef. Under such circumstances my experience in

Polynesian waters stood me in good stead, so I set the foresail, ordered all hands to jump over the side, and catch hold of the gunwale, thus enabling us to track her successfully over the reef in less water than she drew, and quickly rejoin the frigate.

We at once weighed, and shaped course under sail, glad enough to liberate sickly stokers from their enervating work in a stoke-hole in which the thermometer stood at 134°.

. . . . . .

Our guests seemed to enjoy the novelty of life on board a man-of-war; we certainly enjoyed their society.

Colonel Foley was a *raconteur*, and told us some amusing after-dinner stories. Here is one.

Two friends of his were staying at a hotel in the south of France, in which, at the same time, happened to be Lord and Lady Canning, the friends having arranged to have coffee at five o'clock on a certain morning and then to go on a shooting excursion.

The hour arrived and the coffee, but only one man, who therefore decided to go and beat up the absentee. Finding his way into what he believed to be his companion's room, and seeing a protuberance on the bed, he inflicted upon it a vigorous slap, lustily exclaiming, "Rouse up, old chap." *Horribile dictu*, the protuberance was Lady Canning!

His lordship, aroused, started up, crying out in very natural alarm, "Who's there, what d'ye want here?" on which the sportsman, not waiting to answer, precipitately retired, took refuge in a neighbouring village, and was seen no more at all at that hotel.

. . . . . .

"The drawbacks to Manila as a residential place," I

read, "are hurricanes, earthquakes, and thunderstorms," which seem a formidable indictment ; yet must be added rain, for it rained almost continually during our week's visit, and we were informed that not long before our arrival it had rained without ceasing for fourteen consecutive days and nights, so that the people had to go about the streets in canoes. Heat under such circumstances is especially trying, except I suppose to the natives ; at all events we found 82° in the shade a little more than we cared for, and yet it was not then the hot season.

We were, of course, all eager to see the famous cigar factory, which, we were informed, covered six acres, and employed ten thousand women daily, and exported upwards of ninety millions of cigars annually ; there being no city in the world, in fact, which gives employment to its female population on the same scale. At that time the tobacco industry was a Government monopoly : hence the term, formerly so well known in tobacconists' shops all over the world, "Government Manilas."

Duly provided with a Government permit and under guidance, I entered the factory premises and became immediately sensible of an all-pervading and continuous hammering, which I fancied must proceed from carpenters' shops, but on going into one of the many long rooms quickly learned the real cause. Along the whole length of the room, with a passage in the middle, were rows of low tables, about six inches high, around each of which, cross-legged on mats on the floor, sat from ten to fifteen women and girls busily engaged in hammering out tobacco leaves.

I watched the process of cheroot manufacture.

In front of each person was a small bowl of grease, a pile of the best leaves of the tobacco plant for outsides cut to the required size, a second heap of coarser leaves and broken pieces, and a smooth stone with a polished face. Our manufacturess, having beaten one of the outside leaves with the stone till it was smooth, flat, and pliable, dipped her finger into the grease, and smeared it along the board to about the length of a cheroot, and then placed the leaf so that the whole of its length and about half-an-inch of its breadth adhered to the grease.

Next she extracted from the second pile enough of its contents to form the inside, which she cleverly adjusted, both as regards shape and quantity, by a few pokes of her nimble little fingers, and finally rolled up the whole with a certainty and perfection, attained only by long practice, throwing the thus almost finished cheroot in among a heap in her lap.

The next process was to cut off the ends to the exact shape and length, which was done by other women with a wooden pattern and a pair of scissors, after which the cheroots (or cigars if with sharp ends) were passed through final stages of being bound into bundles, stacked in huge stacks, and packed by staid and elderly duennas in boxes, which, after being labelled and marked by the Government inspector, were ready for export.

Whether opium is used or not in the manufacture of Manila cheroots is an oft-mooted question, many persons believing that it is; but owing to the high price of that drug, if for no other reason, I should think it highly improbable. The "funny man" of our party availed himself of the opportunity of pointing out to

me, however, that it was much better to smoke opium than tobacco—"because opium, don't you see, only makes a man *ill*, but tobacco makes a man-iller!"

The ends and *debris* were all carried away in bags to the cigarette manufactory, which, oddly enough, was in another part of the town, and children were to be seen puffing cigarettes in all the streets, as, unfortunately, are little boys in England in 1901.

The din of hammering in the manufactories was rendered more euphonious than it would otherwise have been by the custom which prevailed of beating time, not simultaneously, but each hammerer to her own time and tune.

We dined at a *table d'hôte*, and then drove out to see something of the country, but as it rained all the time, saw very little, though we noticed the tropical vegetation to be extremely luxuriant, bananas being enormous, and bamboos as high as poplars.

The ubiquitous Chinaman was much in evidence as shopkeeper, but apparently did not stand high in the estimation of our Manilese guide, who frequently observed, "Chinaman one dam rogue," and helped *con amore*, to beat down prices whenever we essayed purchase.

Having entered to buy a Chinese umbrella—no wonder the umbrella trade flourishes in Manila!—I began as usual—

I. "Wantchee umbelly, how muchee can do?"

Ch. (producing one) "Three da'" (dollar).

M. G. (aside) "He dam thief, you say one dollar."

I. "Three da' no can do—how muchee can do?"

Ch. "Two da' can do."

I. "No can do, one dollar good pidgin."

Ch. "No can do, one da' ha' (1½ dollar) can do."

I. (firmly) "No can do"—and walk to door.

Ch. (waiting till I go outside) "All lightee Johnnie, Maskee, one da'."

I re-enter, pay my dollar, and get my umbrella amid repeated comments from the guide, "He one dam rogue."

That process, more or less, has to be submitted to in all dealings with Chinese, nevertheless I think that my guide's stigmas were a little harsh and undeserved, because, with a Chinaman, a bargain is not only the spice, but the essence of trade, every one being prepared for it as a matter of course; indeed without bargaining he would find shopkeeping a very slow sort of *pidgin* indeed, I suspect.

We went, too, to see the operation of hydraulically compressing the celebrated Manila hemp for exportation, which, after tobacco, is its most important production, and I was surprised to learn, what I did not know before, that it was not real hemp, *Cannabis*, but fibre of the leaf-stalks of *Musa textilis*, a species of plantain or banana—there being no real botanical distinction between plantains and bananas.

The finer qualities of the hemp are worked into delicate fabrics, but the extremely fine and small handkerchiefs which we were offered at our hotel at the modest figure of one hundred dollars a dozen—as if we were millionaires!—were made of *untwisted* fibres (it was specially pointed out) of the pine-apple plant, the "pine-apple cloth" of the Philippines, in fact; our chief engineer, one of the party, at the same time, being offered the above-named sum monthly and a good house if he would remain behind and superintend

some hemp-pressing machinery, but, "in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, he remained an Englishman."

We coaled at the marine port and arsenal of Manila, Cavite—destined to be much heard about in future years—with Cardiff coal at £2 a ton and sailed for Hong Kong, having on board a Spanish passenger with a story, a retired merchant captain, who, ten years before, when mate of his brother's ship, had participated in the discovery of a mysterious hidden treasure of half-a-million dollars on one of the Ladrone Islands, a veritable "Treasure Island," in fact. They transported their find to Hong Kong, and wisely consigned it to the safe keeping of Messrs. Jardine & Co., who advertised it "for a year and a day," after which, no claimant appearing, a division of spoil was effected with clear consciences. Our passenger got £50,000 for his share, on which he had since managed to "rub along," Messrs. Jardine being awarded a large sum for theirs, which they generously put into the discoverers' "pool."

During our brief sojourn at Manila I became the owner of a coveted book under curious circumstances.

Being in the region of typhoons, I was anxious to obtain all the information that I could about revolving storms, a science then in its infancy, but was at a standstill for want of Reid's "Law of Storms," and Piddock's "Sailor's Horn Book," two pioneer works on the subject which so far I had not been able to get hold of, when a disturbance having occurred on board a British merchant ship, I was sent to see into the matter.

After investigation I accompanied the captain to his cabin, where I was glad to notice two barometers.

I. "I'm glad to see those barometers, for we want them in these parts. Have you ever been in a typhoon, and have you studied the subject of revolving storms?"

Cap. "I don't understand anything about revolving storms, but I always keep my weather eye on my barometers. I believe in *them*. If they fall, I say 'it's going to blow,' and I reef according; when they're on the rise, I make sail with a light heart."

He continued—

"I've got a book about these cy-clones, or whatever you call 'em, which you're quite welcome to if you'll accept of it, for it ain't any good to me."

To my surprise and delight this good-natured but not much "up-to-date" skipper then handed me a copy of Colonel Reid's book, the very one which I particularly wanted!—and of which I took possession without scruple, as I observed its leaves to be still uncut.

We duly delivered the freight that we brought at a charge of 1 per cent., of which the captain got a half, the other half being divided between the naval commander-in-chief and Greenwich Hospital.

We returned to Hong Kong, of which we were destined to see a good deal before our turn came for river service. Meantime preparations for further action against Canton were in progress.

The 1st October 1857 was an important date in the history of the little world of our ship, for on that day there was change of first lieutenants; but only those who understand from experience what an important factor in a naval community that official is, and how much depends on him, will be able to appreciate the significance of the occurrence.

Our old First, then, whose name was included in

the recent promotions, put on a second stripe and departed, regretted as a messmate, and as an officer whose dealings were always gentlemanlike and impartial.

To the important vacancy thus created Second Lieutenant David Boyle succeeded, who, although unprecedentedly young for the responsible post of First of a large frigate (two and a half years' seniority only), was active, zealous, and devoted, and had the advantages of varied if not long experience, plenty of hard work, and some previous valuable training under a prime officer—Tarleton. Though Boyle could not be classed among crack Firsts of repute, he was considerably above the average of excellence, and performed his duties to the end of our long commission in a creditable and painstaking manner, albeit during most of the time his position was very difficult and his path strewn with more thorns than he deserved.

Within a few days after his assumption of the reins of office many long-standing nuisances disappeared; and there were evident signs that in future things were to be done in a more "man-of-war fashion" than heretofore.

It is a curious fact that between the senior and junior lieutenants of the *Tribune* at this time there was only nine months' difference in seniority, and that the junior had actually served as a lieutenant longer than any of the others, having been an acting lieutenant during most of his mate's time, but was not "dated back" on gaining substantive rank.

CHAPTER V

HONG KONG

In 1857 two well-known great British mercantile firms had their headquarters at Hong Kong—Jardine, Matheson & Co. and Dent—which were kept up in princely style with guards, sentries in uniform, &c.; but though both bore high reputation for hospitality, we of the *Tribune* experienced little or none of it, owing to a difference of opinion between Captain Edgell and them as to the etiquette of first visits, the merchant-princes expecting, Anglo-Indian fashion, that new-comers would call upon them first; whereas our captain maintained that he was clearly entitled to the compliment of a first call from all English people except officials who ranked above him, as the governor. The consequence was that no interchange of visits took place, which may appear absurd, but in official intercourse etiquette is very necessary: yet it is sometimes in danger of being strangled by red tape, of which I once was witness in an absurd instance between an American officer of rank and the English senior naval officer at Vancouver, the former having come expressly to consult the latter, but departing without any meeting whatever because the etiquette of first call could not be arranged to mutual satisfaction.

Scotsmen are very clannish, and, as is well known, very hospitable, and it was no secret that our patriotic

young First was chafing considerably at the aforesaid little diplomatic difficulty, because it stood in the way of his being invited to his countryman, the merchant-prince's house.

Some of his messmates, therefore, still imbued with their old midshipman's propensity for "chaff," good-naturedly conspired to smooth it over for him, though had he not so recently been one of themselves as a junior, would scarcely have ventured upon the liberty.

An invitation in a feigned hand to Boyle was concocted and sent off from the Hong Kong Club, of which we were all honorary members, purporting to be from Jardine to dine with him at that comfortable resort; which our senior messmate, wondering (as personally he was unacquainted with Jardine), but withal evidently much gratified, felt himself reluctantly constrained to decline lest he should compromise his captain's attitude.

Then he unsuspectingly entrusted his answer for delivery at the club to Ozzard, who spent most of his time there, a commission which that guileless young marine willingly undertook, as he happened to be one of the chief conspirators.

Next day, during luncheon, a sampan came off with another note presenting Mr. Jardine's compliments to Mr. Boyle, and fearing that there must be some mistake, as he had not the honour of his acquaintance.

While the recipient of the note was reading it for the second time, his mouth began to drop, and his cheeks to redden as the unpleasant conviction dawned upon him that he was the victim of a sell!

To an observer of men and things life at Hong Kong presented many attractions, among which I found the proceedings of auction marts both interesting and

amusing. The glib-tongued auctioneer, how insinuatingly he lures on incautious bidders to destruction, and seals their fate by a tap of his inexorable hammer!

Sydney used to be prolific in auctions, and when I was there a young officer, straying in more out of curiosity than from desire of buying, suddenly found himself the owner of twelve dozen bottles of mixed pickles, for which he declared, though confessing to having "caught the auctioneer's eye," he had never bidden at all. He protested. "Too late, sir." So, rising cleverly to the situation, he gave his name as the purchaser, and directed his unwittingly acquired and embarrassing property to be put up in small lots of a dozen each, by which clever device he pocketed considerably.

In the great Paris lottery some years ago, one of the prizes, taken I believe by an Englishman, was twelve dozen false noses!—what did he do with *them?*

Well, at our Hong Kong auction of Chinese and Japanese ware, I notice, much in evidence, the merchant-captain, anxious to take home a few lots on *spec,* who makes his bids by a slight nod, the tacit advance being immediately recognised. These captains who have been here before note in little books the prices at which each lot sells, as a guide.

Then there are funny young men in the background, present more for a lark than serious intent, who ask facetious questions of the auctioneer, start bids in a loud voice at about a tenth of the value, but rarely buy.

There are, too, modest men who bid in a low, undecided tone, and blush at finding the hammer fall in response, just as they are beginning to repent their

rashness in advancing one more "quart," which is the local auctionese for quarter-dollar.

"No advance on three quarts? going at three quarts, go-ing, go-ing, gone!"—rap.

"Name, if you please, sir."

"Knipe."

"Mr. Snipe, Lot 51."

"*Knipe*, I said."

"Oh, I beg pardon, sir. Mr. Wipe, Lot 51, Bill"—to clerk.

Young Mr. Knipe tries to hide his confusion by making notes; and I may add that the above occurrence, including names, took place in my presence.

As for myself, I spent two hours there, and lured on by the excitement of bidding, found myself embarrassed by the possession of about four times more Chinese and Japanese ware than I knew what to do with.

Here I may remark that persons who want really good things to take home with them should be content to wait till they have learned by experience where good things are to be had and how to get them, to the end probably of their stay in the country—not at the beginning.

I was most anxious to take away with me a really first-class specimen of Chinese carving in sandal-wood, and having, after more than a year, found out a shop in Hong Kong where such were kept, I entered on the campaign.

I. "Wantchee number one carv-sandal wood gee-lub bok; hab got?"

CHINAMAN. "Hab got, hab got, you bery good man, hab got" (produces extremely inferior specimen).

I (glancing). "Thisy number *ten*. I wantchee number one. No hab got?"

CH. "Hab got, hab got." Produces a better article.

I. "Thisy number *five*. I wantchee number one. No can do?"

CH. Can do—can do," and so on by gradations till a really splendid glove-box is at last extracted.

Then comes the beating down from fifty dollars asked to the twenty which I pay after long and troublesome bargaining.

. . . . . .

Learning that a "Number one Sing-Song Pidgin" was in progress, I determined to go to it, in other words, to visit the Chinese theatre, which I found to be a huge roofless fabric of bamboo, tied with thongs of split bamboo, apparently a hundred feet high, and open to the street, from which access was gained directly into the pit, the sides being fitted with tiers of seats, representing our boxes and galleries, into one of which I entered on payment of half a dollar, the stage being a raised plank platform.

The peculiar feature was certainly the pit, which was seatless, and filled with a huge crowd of the lowest classes, who were admitted free. The gratuitous admission of the poor to places of public entertainment is a Chinese institution which I admire, as being apparently founded on genuinely philanthropic principles.

From my elevated position I looked down upon a seething mass of bare polls, each with a black spot of hair on the crown (the root of the universal pigtail) and when, during periods of excitement or unrest caused by some one from above throwing down handfuls of small money, the troubled sea of heads surged to and fro,

and rose and fell like billows in shoal water after a storm, the effect was very curious. At such times the noise which I have no doubt prevailed must have been completely masked by the continuous clanging of gongs on the stage—but I cannot say that the disgusting odour of unwashed, perspiring humanity was, in any degree. No function in China appears to be complete without gongs and crackers; and the din at sunset in Hong Kong harbour when hundreds of people got up on the elevated sterns of their junks and mercilessly belaboured gongs and let off crackers for about twenty minutes to drive evil spirits away, was really dreadful.

The performances chiefly consisted of *tableaux*, and masquerading in magnificent dresses to the squeaking of a fife and the ceaseless din of several pairs of huge cymbals; but the evolutions, of which I understood nothing, being almost all in dumb show, must have been very amusing, to judge from the frequent roars of laughter.

Series of *tableaux* of the same sort went on without interval from 10 A.M. till 2 P.M., at the end of each scene a gilt board being displayed to announce what was to come next. As I have said, there was not much dialogue, but from the character of what there was, it was evident that declamation, and that of the most ranting and bombastic sort, is the kind that is acceptable on the Chinese stage.

There was no curtain, only two stage-doors, one for ingress and the other for egress, and no scenery.

I was much impressed at the freedom that was allowed to the people who chose to avail themselves of free admission into the huge pit. They passed in and out at will, without let or hindrance, some remaining

for hours, others, who could not afford the time, but a few minutes.

While I was standing near the pit entrance (door there was none) to observe manners and customs, a coolie of the poorest class reminded me by his action how extremely economical a people the Chinese are; indeed, in such a densely populated country nothing must be wasted, a precaution which is specially noticeable in their arrangements for carrying off by manual labour, even from large cities like Canton, and of utilising for agricultural purposes, every particle of refuse and of sewerage both liquid and solid. Object lessons on "There is nothing of us that doth fade, but doth suffer a sea change into something rich and strange" are impressed upon the observer very vividly in China. The coolie, noticing one of our blue-jackets throw into the street the peel of a mandarin orange which he had been eating (called Tangerine in the Mediterranean) picked it up and pocketed it with a "Heigho" of surprise at such wastefulness, all such peel being kept, dried, and sold to doctors for tonic mixtures, for which it justly ranks high. In the *Tribune's* gunroom a bottle of mess bitters stood on the sideboard, made by steeping that peel in sherry, a fine appetiser when the appetite is jaded by tropical heat or exhaustion—its virtues being extremely well understood by some of the occupants.

. . . . . .

Early in November 1857, Captain Edgell became senior officer at Hong Kong, the admiral and commodores being elsewhere required. On the 12th we were stirred by the news of the fall of Delhi, for the Indian Mutiny was in progress, and kept us in anxious

expectation. Then the splendid United States frigate *Minnesota* arrived, whose armament considerably attracted our attention and excited our interest, her guns being constructed upon the novel but entirely sound principle, originating with J. A. Dahlgren, an officer in the United States Navy, of carefully graduating the thickness of metal with reference to the force of the explosion, the result being what were then known as "soda-water-bottle guns," in which, it will be observed, the metal is accumulated where it is most, and minimised where it is least, necessary.

Dahlgren's principle, together with the application of rifling to cannon, inaugurated a revolution in the science of gunnery which has culminated in our present gigantic monsters, whose capabilities far exceed the wildest and most visionary dreams of even *Punch's* seer of the mid-century.

We were much impressed by the *Minnesota's* battery, her heavy guns appearing like mere boats' guns on her magnificent deck, though their weight was considerably less than five tons each, whereas now we have guns of one hundred tons and upwards.

But if to Dahlgren the American we owe the first advance in the manufacture of guns, it was Armstrong the Englishman who revolutionised the whole science and system of gunnery by his two great inventions, (1) rifling of cannon, and (2) of constructing them by successive coils of wrought iron, by which the weight of a 32-pounder was reduced from 56 to 26 cwt., the range being proportionately increased. Readers of my former volume may remember the following sentence in the Inkerman chapter: "The discomfited Russians were in rapid and disorderly flight, and

tremendously cut up by two 18-pound guns under Colonel Dickson, R.A." It was explained, too, by reports at the time, that the guns were got into position with great difficulty owing to their size and weight, on reading which, the inspiration flashed into Armstrong's brain, that if those guns had been grooved like rifles they could have been much lighter with the same or even longer range—with what result all the world was soon made aware.

We fraternised with the *Minnesotas* and found them good fellows, as all American naval officers are. We dined with each other. After dinner in our gunroom, I asked my neighbour whether he smoked. "Well, sir," he answered, with that slow, deliberate intonation which is a feature, and to me an agreeable one, of the American character, "that depends upon two things. First, do I feel like it, and secondly, can I get good cigars. Now, as I always feel like it, the question resolves itself into—can I get good cigars?"

So we adjourned to the officers' smoking place between two guns on the main deck, for smoking elsewhere had not yet been invented; and scarcely had we lit up when he observed, "You're a very moral people on board here, sir, it seems to me: I didn't hear one solitary damn from soup to nuts!"

To which I laughingly replied, "I'm afraid you don't carry a chaplain."

"No, sir, and we don't want one."

"Don't you have a church service on Sundays?"

"Well, sir, our first lieutenant is a very re-ligious man, and he's quite at liberty to read prayers whenever he wishes."

"You've no flogging in the American Navy?" I asked.

"No, sir."

"What punishment have you instead?"

"Well, sir, we've strait-jackets, and we give 'em hell."

"Indeed, what's that?"

"We tie 'em to the beams by the thumbs, so that only their toes touch the ground."

The use of the cat being repugnant to Republican notions, other punishments had to be invented, some of which were original, and even humorous, except perhaps for the subject. Afterwards, on paying a visit to the captain of an American ship up river, I noticed and was puzzled by the appearance of a large chest with holes in it, as if it were a cage for some animal.

"Guess you're wondering what's inside my box," remarked the captain.

"Well, I am."

"Ah, well now, what'd you think it was."

"I can't form any idea, I'm sure."

"Well, it's a Dutchman."

"A Dutchman!!"

"Yes, that's what it is. It's a Dutchman who think's *he's* captain of this ship, and *I* believe I am. So now we're just *having it out*, you see. He can't move, though he can breathe through those holes, and when he's tired of being in the horizontal po-sition, he taps on the side of his house, and the sentry comes in and upends him."

The discipline on board the *Minnesota* (not "on" her, good reader, if you value my peace of mind), although she was on the whole in good order, was not exactly in accordance with our ideas, seeming curiously free and easy; for instance, when the watch

were hoisting in casks I saw some of the men during intervals coolly sit down on the quarter-deck gun-tackles, pull out newspapers and begin to read, whilst others lounged with folded arms against the paint-work, a proceeding which would have made our good Boyle's hair stand on end!

. . . . . .

On 28th December 1857, our *comprador*, pointing riverwards, announced "Number one bobbery up top-side, too much makee fightee Canton," for the second bombardment of that city, followed by its occupation by the allied forces on 8th January 1858 was in fact going on; the first, it will be remembered, by which no permanent result was secured for want of troops, having taken place in October 1856.

In these latter operations the *Tribune* took no active part, hers being the quieter but necessary duties of forwarding stores, transferring the sick and wounded from the gunboats which brought them to the hospital, furnishing funeral parties, &c. We soon heard that the captain of the *Actæon* and Midshipman Thompson had been killed, and Lord Gifford's arm broken by a bullet, shortly after which an hospital "chop" from Canton arrived with killed and wounded, on board which, the midshipman being my first cousin, I lost no time in going. Following the surgeon as he led the way between rows of beds tenanted by pale unkempt sufferers, we came to a canvas screen which divided the living from the dead, and there, cold, pallid, and silent, lay all that remained of my handsome, promising young relation.

On the same afternoon an imposing full-dress funeral *cortège*, attended by the principal naval and

military officials in the island, in boats, preceded by a band playing the "Dead March," conveyed the remains of Captain Bate, R.N., and my cousin to land, where a procession was formed, headed by a firing party. On our arrival at the cemetery in Happy Valley, the Bishop of Hong Kong and the *Tribune's* chaplain led the way to the chapel, where the first part of the service was celebrated; it being then arranged, as the two graves were at some distance apart, that the bishop with the bulk of the procession and firing party should file off to that prepared for the post-captain, while Balleine, myself as chief mourner, and a few junior officers should follow Thompson's to his resting-place.

For a time all went on well and decorously, but I shall never forget the half-serious and, in spite of the solemnity of the occasion, half-comic situation which was created, when, just after the coffin was slung in the ropes, the drawing away of the Union Jack, which had hitherto concealed it, revealed to our dismayed gaze the inscription in brass nails, "Captain William T. Bate, R.N., H.M.S. *Actæon*, 1857"!

Consternation prevailed at such an unprecedented dilemma. There was an awkward and embarrassing pause, but not of long duration, for the chaplain stooped toward the nearest midshipman and charged him in an audible *sotto voce* to "run off and tell the bishop he's burying the wrong man." Scarcely, however, had the messenger disappeared, when the sound of volleys from the distant grave announced that his errand must be fruitless, for its occupant had been buried, it was certain, whoever he was, and of course could not be *un*buried, so Balleine concluded

the service as if nothing had happened, but with rather a disturbed air, and little wonder.

Under the full impression that my lamented young cousin, the humble middy, had been the unwitting recipient of all the honours intended for the man of rank, whom apparently we had just so quietly and unostentatiously consigned to earth, but quite unable to conjecture how the coffins could have been changed, I dreaded to meet the other party, so was considerably relieved when Mr. Smithers, the sexton, came up to me and explained—

"This coffin, you see, sir, has Captain Bate's name upon it, but the captain's remains isn't in it. The midshipman's in it all right enough. You see, sir, time was short, and in the hurry the inscriptions were put on the wrong coffins, and the mistake wasn't found out till it was too late. You see, sir, the inscriptions they're in brass nails, and it would have took a long time to draw them all out and drive them all in again, you see, sir."

I *did* see, but whether the error was ever rectified I did *not*, nor ever shall know. Little indeed can it matter to any one. "Earth to earth." There we left him. *Requiescat in pace.*

"Tho' Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves
Have tossed him to and fro',
Quiet by order of God's decree
He harbours here below;
Where now he lies at anchor sure
With many of the fleet,
Expecting one day to set sail
His Admiral, Christ, to meet."

[From a headstone in Dunfermline Abbey, and, as I think, a unique specimen.]

It would be absurd to suppose that a misplaced

inscription can by any possibility affect the accomplishment of whatever is implied in or is to follow that last solemn charge of the Church ; unless, indeed, we share in the crude and ludicrous notions of an honest simple gunner R.N., who, hearing that I had superintended the burial of twenty-one soldiers in one long narrow grave on Crimean soil, protested against our having crowded them so closely together because of the difficulty that the spirits of those brave men would find in picking out their own bodies at the resurrection. What a ridiculous idea! you will say; yet to the numerous people (to say nothing of the scientific aspect of the case) who, in spite of St. Paul's express declaration that we shall *not* rise with our present bodies, persist in believing that we *shall*, I cannot really see that it ought to be so very ridiculous.

As versions of the foregoing occurrence, more or less correct, have, from time to time, appeared in print, I am glad of this opportunity of recording my testimony as an eye-witness of what actually took place on the occasion.

On my way out of the cemetery I noticed a new tombstone, and on glancing at it read "Charles Albers, died September 2, 1857," within a month, therefore, of his committal to my care of that bag of doubloons as previously related.

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I was a frequent rambler in Happy Valley, to its cemetery, race-course, and the quiet romantic seclusion of the path among the wild flowers of the gorge at its head, whence a pure crystal stream winds downward.

Varying my walk along shore for a couple of miles, I strayed one day into a huge, gaudily-decorated

and lantern-illuminated Joss House, which was full of idols, of sorts and shapes, though one in particular seemed to hold a central position; in fact, in most temples there are a number of the idols inferior to the chief one.

A mouldy old Jossman in black and white was lazily smoking away near a table on which were hundreds of yellow papers, addresses, prayers, or incantations, I suppose: at all events they were generically and with amusing conciseness explained to be "chin-chin for Joss."

The building was redolent with the incense of burning Joss-sticks, made of sandal-wood dust and gum, for the manufacture of which all over China, as well as for that of carved ware, the Polynesian industry, of which I had formerly seen so much, principally existed. Worshippers entered, prostrating themselves before the central figure, mumbling and performing ceremonies at which the priest looked on in silent approval. To any reflective Christian such scenes must appeal forcibly. The consideration will be pressed home—what *is* Chinese idolatry; is there more in it than meets the eye; is there anything in these apparently ignorant, degrading, and humiliating functions which the Christian missionary can avail himself of to work upon, or are they entirely outside his horizon?

Certainly they are not, if we take them as evidences of the instincts of humanity, however degraded, to worship some Being or beings outside themselves, whom they instinctively recognise as superior to and more powerful than themselves: especially not if we can accept the authority of the author of that interesting little book, "When I was a Boy in China,"

who assures us that idolatry in his country does not consist of the worship of inanimate objects but of great spirits who (are believed to) take up their abode there.

As a matter of fact and practice, however, I fear that the worship is for the most part image worship and nothing beyond, because that author admits, on the other hand, that owing to the entire neglect of the religious training of the young, when they are taken to or told to worship this or that idol they just do so in a spirit of blind obedience, without understanding why, and many of the idols are so hideous and repulsive in appearance that they terrify the children dreadfully, even in dreams.

The hillsides in the neighbourhood of the temple were dotted with horse-shoe shaped ancestral tombs, many of which were enriched with offerings, and I noticed an old man lying dead before one of them, up to which, a last offering in hand, he had had just enough strength left to crawl.

In considering the influence of missionaries, and humanly speaking, the prospects of Christianity in China, this whole subject of ancestral worship is a very crucial and vital one. It appears from Moule's "New China and Old" (Seeley, 1891) that though the mysteries or tenets of Christianity do not offend Chinese thinkers, the whole nation regard as most unreasonable the demand of its professors to abandon their most sacred religious observance; indeed the *Chinese Times* insists that China can never be converted to Christianity as long as violence is done to the best feelings of the nation; and as ancestral worship is a religion which sits deep in their heart of hearts, some means of accommodation will have to be

discovered before Christians can make any impression worth mentioning on these people. On the other hand, Chinese Christians are almost unanimous in their persuasion that ancestral worship is wrong; the question being rendered still more difficult by the opinion of experienced missionaries like Dr. Edkins that there is something noble and beautiful about ancestral worship: filial piety being the essence of it: it not being, therefore, superstition pure and simple. That the Chinese will as a nation accept Christianity on the condition of the abandonment of so universal, cherished, and deep-rooted an institution, I do not for a moment believe; but it seems to me that a compromise should be aimed at and might be effected by endeavouring to eliminate the elements of actual worship, or sacrifice to ancestors with the view of propitiation, while retaining a certain amount of pious reverential observance.

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The following list of naval forces in Chinese waters at the end of 1857 may be of interest: it certainly will be to those who were associated:—

BRITISH SQUADRON IN CHINESE WATERS IN 1857.

SAILING SHIPS.

Acorn	Brig	Hood.
Actæon	Frigate	Bate.
Alligator	Hulk	
Bittern	Brig	Goodenough.
Calcutta	Liner (Flag)	Admiral Seymour, Capt. Hall.
Camilla	Brig	Colville.
Comus	Corvette	Jenkins.
Elk	Brig	Hamilton.
Hercules	Hospital Ship	Burn.
Minden	Hulk	Ellis.
Nankin	Frigate	Stewart.

Pique	Frigate	Nicholson.
Racehorse . . .	Corvette	Wilmshurst.
Sybille	Frigate	Commodore Elliot.

STEAMERS.

Assistance . . .	Transport . . .	Heath.
Cruizer	Corvette	Fellowes.
Esk	Corvette	M'Clure.
Furious	Paddle	Osborne.
Hesper	Transport . . .	Hill.
Highflyer . . .	Corvette	Shadwell.
Hornet	Corvette	Dowell.
Inflexible . . .	Paddle	Brooker.
Niger	Corvette	Cochrane.
Sampson . . .	Paddle	Hand.
Sanspareil . . .	Liner	Key.
Tribune . . .	Frigate	Edgell.

DESPATCH VESSELS AND GUNBOATS.

(Each of the latter having a distinctive number.)

Algerine (85)	Forbes.
Banterer (79)	Pym.
Bustard (92)	Hallowes.
Clown (72)	Lee.
Cormorant (59)	Saumarez.
Coromandel	Douglas.
Dove (96)	Bullock.
Drake (97)	Arthur.
Emperor	Ward.
Firm (84)	Nicholas.
Forester (87)	Innes.
Haughty (89)	Hamilton.
Janus (76)	Jones.
Kestrel (69)	Hanson.
Lee (82)	Graham.
Leven (84)	Hudson.
Nimrod (61)	Dhu.
Opossum (94)	Campbell.
Plover (86)	Wyniatt.
Slaney (83)	Hoskins.
Starling (93)	Villiers.
Staunch (91)	Wildman.
Surprise (62)	Creswell.
Watchful (75)	Whitshed.
Woodcock (73)	Pollard.

In addition to which were three American ships, twelve French, two Portuguese, one Dutch, and one Russian.

It will be observed that we had 23 gunboats. The steam gunboat was then almost a new institution, having first come into notice at the outbreak of the Russian War (1854), when a large number were hastily constructed for the British Navy for the first time, being found in the Crimean almost as indispensable as in these later Chinese operations.

There were three sorts, 80, 60, and 40 horse-power, each carrying one or two long heavy guns, and some quite small ones. The 80's were of a smart, superior type, almost despatch boats; the 60's, the most numerous and most generally useful, being 120 feet long, 22 feet broad over all, 233 tons, and 37 complement, with a draught of 7 feet 6 inches; and the 40's, known as "Puffers," much in request for shallow waters, as they drew only 5 feet 2 inches.

Being independent commands, and always in requisition when active operations were in progress, they were much sought after by lieutenants, as being likely rungs on the ladder of promotion.

They had all been recently sent from England, some together under convoy, others unaccompanied, but how those funny little puffers managed to accomplish the long voyage by themselves was a wonder.

There was one in particular, the *Janus*, commanded by a lieutenant who was generally styled "Gallows Jones," a well-known and eccentric character, full of impudence and self-assurance, who used to entertain us with laughable stories of his adventures during the voyage outwards—he being the only officer on board.

One was of his consternation at finding that he was expected to physic the crew when they fell ill.

"One day," said he, "a man came aft to me and complained, 'I've got very bad pains in my inside, sir, I wish you'd please give me some medicine.'

"'Medicine,' says I, and then it dawned on me for the first time that I was supposed to be doctor as well as captain; so I unlocked the Admiralty medicine-chest and overhauled the contents—observing purges, emetics, quinine, and so on. Suddenly a bright idea struck me. 'Pains in your inside, I think you said; where are they—above your middle or below it?'

"'Oh, below my middle, sir,' and he dolefully rubbed his lower parts.

"'Then here's a dose that'll put you all right,' said I cheerfully, handing him an Admiralty purge. Next day he was well enough. After that I always followed the same rule—pains below the middle, purge; pains above the middle, emetic, and it seemed to give complete satisfaction."

"That was a very easy way of diagnosing," I remarked.

"Di—how much? But what d'ye think? A few days after that the same man came to me again and wanted another dose. 'Get along with you, greedy fellow!' says I, 'you've had your whack, haven't you; don't you want to leave any for other people?'"

"Is that all the doctoring you had to do?" I inquired.

"Not quite, but mulligrubs was the chief. We had a stoker off his chump for a bit, but I put him right with a bottle or two of Jones's mixture."

"Indeed, let's hear about it."

"You see, when a blue-jacket gets physic he expects to have it nasty. If it ain't very nasty he don't believe in it. So I just made up a bottle of right stuff. 'One wine-glassful three times a day, my man,' says I, 'and shake it well before you take it.' He got round all right, at least *I* saw no more of him as a patient."

"Probably not," remarked I.

"Gallows" was full of cool impudence. Up River Captain "Jacko" Hall (not "Hall-of-all," so called because of the number of posts that he held—sailing men will understand) although flag-captain was understood to have become possessor of a valuable bell, *sub rosâ*, looting being strictly forbidden by an order of the commander-in-chief, one, I fear, much more recognised by its breach than its observance, especially in gunboats.

Says Hall to Jones, after an expedition, "Mr. Jones, I regret to hear that your people have been looting, in defiance of the admiral's orders."

"Indeed, sir," retorted "Gallows," "I think you must have been misinformed, for I don't believe they looted anything at all, *not even a bell!*"

The catalogue shows, too, that we had with us four brigs, last representatives of a long-standing and famous class with which had been connected important improvements in shipbuilding. To get command of a crack brig was the aspiration of many a rising young commander.

H.M.S. *Camilla* was one of the most beautiful of her race. Black with red ports, guns polished by hand with *compo* (beeswax and turpentine), whitest of white decks, slightly raking masts, taut ropes, an enormous boom mainsail, and a smart crew of the pick of the

service, she had all the appearance of an armed yacht.

Colville, who had been gunnery lieutenant of the *Rodney* in the trenches at Sebastopol, commanded her, and I went to dine with him and have a "crack" over those old times.

Next day, the admiration of all, she stood out to sea, bound northward, but was never heard of again—not even a stray oar or floating fragment ever having been picked up to lend a clue to her mysterious disappearance—the general impression being that she capsized, or being taken back, went down stern foremost in a squall or typhoon.

CHAPTER VI

CANTON

On January 5, 1858, after several days' bombardment, Canton was captured and occupied by the British and French, and Commissioner Yeh the notorious was taken prisoner by Captain A. C. Key, R.N., with his own hand, was sent to Calcutta, and died soon afterwards to meet the spirits of the 100,000 men and women and children whom it was believed that he had put to death during his term of office.

Many stories were current about this cruel and bloodthirsty tyrant, one of which was, that shortly before the bombardment, in order to counteract any erroneous impression among the populace that he had ceased to exercise authority, and as a slight reminder of his vitality, he opened the jails and cut off four hundred heads, including of course tails, as the Chinaman is the only known being whose head and tail can be cut off by one stroke of the executioner's axe.

To judge from Yeh's physiognomy, which I am able to reproduce from an original sketch from life by Major Hope Crealock, he was capable of any enormity.

The situation at Canton was as follows :—

From January 1858 till October 1861 the city remained in the military occupation of the allies, and was governed by a Chinese governor (Pih Qui at first)

acting under an Anglo-French Commission of two English and one French officer. Sir William Kennedy is mistaken in supposing that our troops remained only till the middle of January 1858 ("Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor," p. 93). Canton, however, is no longer a *mare clausum*, for since the withdrawal of the garrison in 1861 all nations have free access to it, and the English consul occupies the Yamun formerly tenanted by our Commissioners.

The famous extra-mural Hongs or factories (so called on the *lucus a non* principle, because nothing, except bargains, was ever made there), for so long the only recognised European *pied-à-terre* at Canton, had been destroyed by the mob immediately after Admiral Seymour's bombardment of 1856, and were never rebuilt at the same place; but by subsequent treaty much finer ones now exist on the Shamien, or Sandy Flats, an islet in close proximity to the old site.

As regards the navy: it having become unnecessary to retain so large a force at the front, a large reduction took place. Captain Edgell was appointed Naval Commandant and Commissioner in H.M. brig *Bittern* at Canton, the *Tribune* being ordered to lie at Whampoa, twelve miles below—an arrangement destined to continue for nearly a twelvemonth. The Military Commandant was General Van-Straubenzee. The French Naval Capitaine, d'Abouville.

To Whampoa, then, we proceeded on the 6th January 1858. In crossing "First Bar" the ship took the ground rather heavily aft, but the leadsmen in the fore-chains reporting at the same time "Four fathoms" (well above our draught), Captain Edgell, with commendable presence of mind, gave the order to go

ahead full speed and pipe all hands run forward, by which timely device she quickly scraped over it.

We did not forget in passing to look out for our old quarters at Chuenpee. There were the well-remembered hills and trees, but the fort was a tenantless heap of ruins.

The landscape scenery of the Canton delta is like no other that I have seen, the trees appearing too large for the little hills, which are dotted about here and there among the rice flats, as if they were artificial adjuncts supplied to order for the purpose of variety. Geologically, the occurrence of these hillocks in such a position is curious and requires investigation.

Whampoa is a small island twelve miles below Canton, well known as a convenient naval station and as a *rendezvous* for merchant ships whose cargoes were both taken in and discharged there for conveyance from and to Canton. It had a Chinese Town and another hybrid collection of dwellings known as Bamboo Town, but above all for us it was the location of Mr. Cowper and Mr. Cowper's docks.

Dr. Johnson, we are informed, divided Scotchmen into two classes, "Scotchmen, and d—— Scotchmen," wherein as he obviously meant "delightful Scotchmen," what is the object of curtailing the adjective as we always see done? At all events Mr. Cowper was a delightful Scotchman, and so identified had he become with the place that to naval people he and Whampoa were synonymous terms, and the docks, which by his ability and energy he had built and of which he was proprietor, inseparable from either.

Abreast of Cowper's Docks then, in a very narrow, and although eighty miles from sea, tide-traversed

COMMISSIONER YEH

Canton, 1858. *From Life, by Major Hope Crealock*

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reach, we moored with swivel, a device which prevents entanglement or twisting of cables when a ship lies equidistant between two anchors.

Times had lately been troublous for good Mr. Cowper. When, at the outbreak of the war, he was obliged to leave Whampoa, where he had resided for thirteen years, he left a ship of 600 tons in course of construction, but on his return could not find even a trace of her, besides which his house had been pulled down and his docks half demolished.

He told us, too, that sometimes during Yeh's reign, when executions were more than usually numerous at Canton, the number of bodies that floated down the river and lodged upon the banks was so great that he was obliged to send his family away to Macao. Half-a-dollar a head was the customary executioner's fee, but upon the *douceur* being withdrawn, that functionary would not take the trouble to decapitate, but tied the victims together in bundles of half-a-dozen and pitched them into the river. Chinese, however, regard with much comparative equanimity the passage from this life to another, suicide being often performed as a preference, or even as a duty. A writer in the Hong Kong *Daily Press* of January 1861 related: "I met a procession at Fuhchow escorting a young woman in scarlet and gold in a richly decorated chair, the object of which I found out was to invite the public to come and see her hang herself, a step which she had resolved to take because she had been left a childless widow."

One day a boat of ours picked up in the river a Chinaman of the poorest class floating with his hands tied behind his back. After resuscitation we got at

his story, which was that being very poor and having a bodily ailment which prevented him from working, his master, who could not afford to keep him, had thrown him into the river by mutual agreement, and very angry was he with us for having rescued him. There was, too, a certain rock near Whampoa which was the appointed place for the murder of all female infants whose parents could not afford to keep them. Infanticide is to a great extent a recognised institution in China, though by law a crime, Professor Douglas telling us that periodically the mandarins inveigh against the inhumanity of the offence, and appeal to the better instincts of the people to put a stop to it.

Upon the arrival of ships at Chinese—or, indeed, any—ports, among the earliest visitors are washer-women, who, in the Canton River, enjoyed self-bestowed fantastic names, and who came provided with testimonials from former employers, chiefly ship-captains and officers, some of which were genuine enough, but others ludicrously calculated to produce the very opposite effect to that desired by the owners, who did not understand a word of them. I have seen certificates of the following sort smilingly handed in, in entire good faith, for the Chinese are a good-humoured people, not at all inclined to take life sadly:—

(1)

"I hereby certify that the bearer, Mrs. Chunam, washed for me during my stay in Hong Kong in 1857, and *mangled* all my linen.

"WM. STURDY,

Master of the Barque 'Queen.'"

(2)

"Miss Samshu washed my clothes when I was at Whampoa in 1856. I guess she will never have an opportunity of doing so again—if *I* know it.

"EBENEZER E. SLAGG,
Mate, American Ship 'Washington.'"

(3)

"H.M.S. 'GITANA,'
CANTON RIVER.

"When no other was'-gal could possibly be found I have entrusted a few pieces to the care of the giggling bearer, who goes by the name of Ah-Sing. I never heard her do it.

"L. ARKEY,
Midshipman."

On the other hand, many certificates were quite serious and excellent, and I am bound to say that as a rule the work was well done.

Ridiculous testimonials, however, are not peculiar to Chinese waters, for, in 1892, a native called at a store in a British district of South Africa in search of employment, and presented the following written one for himself and two companions, which he thought would pull him through anywhere :—

"The bearers, three Basutos, are in search of work. I can recommend them to any one anxious to acquire the services of three of the laziest devils on earth, but good eaters."

Scarcely had we piped for dinner, after the troublesome operation of mooring ship, when a pretty, rather saucy-looking, quite self-possessed Chinese girl appears in the gunroom (wardroom).

"Welly," ask I, "what you wantchee?"

GIRL. "I was'-gal, sar; how you?"

I. "Quite welly, thank you; how you?"

G. "Fus' rate, tank you—you missa docta?"

I. "I no docta."

G. (flatteringly) "You missa Numba One."

I. "No, I missa Number Four."

G. "Oh! Ah! you missa Numba Four." (Coaxingly, with an arch smile) "Missa Numba Four Kce-lo-sy hab got?"

I. "Have got."

G. "My was'—can do?"

I. "How muchee you chargee?"

G. "Four da' hun'" (four dollars a hundred).

I. "Maskee, sposy you make good pidgin, got starchee, you savy starchee?"

G. (scornfully indignant) "Oh, sar-vee starchee. You tinkee me number one FOOLO!—my was' kilosy plenty maysun sip" (merchant ships).

I. "Maskee—what name you?"

G. "My Missy Teapot, mother my Missesy Coffeepot."

I. (producing bag) "Very well, Miss Teapot, chin-chin."

G. "Chin-chin, sar, you good man, my was' kilosy alla plopa."

Meantime Mrs. Coffeepot was similarly engaged in touting for custom among our messmates, and great was our amusement when, a few days after, these industrious, good-humoured worthies, presenting themselves in the wardroom, proceeded to call out merrily, after their own fashion, the names of the owners of their bundles of clean linen.

Thus to the future Governor of New Zealand, "Missa Number One"; to second lieutenant, "Missa Number Two"; to the marine officer, "Missa Sojerman"; to the surgeon, "Missa Doctor man"; and amid loud laughter, but to the slight discomfiture of the reverend gentleman, "Missa Joss-man"!

Having established ourselves at Whampoa, Captain Edgell left for his quarters on board the *Bittern* at Canton, taking with him Lieut. Hale, Assist.-Surgeon Bennett, Mid. Holbrook, Cadet Aide-de-Camp Elwyn, Clerk Wade, and forty-three of the ship's company.

I availed myself of the earliest opportunity of visiting the ancient city.

The first Englishman, at all events of distinction, who is known to have done so, was Admiral Lord Keppel in 1743; and, again, immediately after its being constituted one of the five treaty ports in 1842, his descendant, now Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, was there.

Our relations with Canton, indeed with China altogether, are intimately connected with the history of the opium trade, which is anything but pleasant reading to a reflective British subject. On our way up there a brief summary may not be out of place. It is a fact that in 1729 an Imperial Decree was issued against opium smoking, and that in 1780 "the importation of opium was forbidden on very severe penalties. The opium on seizure was to be burnt, the vessel carrying it confiscated, and the Chinese salesmen punishable with death" (*Report of English House of Commons*). "In 1781," says Archdeacon Moule in "New China and Old," "the East India Company took the monopoly of opium into their own hands, and determined to make

it pay, and in spite of well-known prohibition, the first venture of the opium smuggling trade, which was destined to expand to such vast and deadly proportions, was made by (British) ships armed to the teeth as if for some warlike or piratical enterprise"; and there is no doubt whatever that the British Government "in the interests of British commerce," in the face of all Imperial Edicts, including an additional one of 1800 expressly forbidding the importation of opium, not only forbore to put a stop to, but virtually connived at the prosecution of the illicit trade, the bulk of Indian opium finding its way into China.

A climax was reached in 1839, when the famous Commissioner Lin, with a desperate effort towards the annihilation of the evil, succeeded in concluding an agreement with Captain Elliot, British superintendent of trade, in virtue of which 20,283 chests of opium, the whole stock in the hands of British merchants at Canton, were handed over to the Chinese authorities and burned. Moreover, Lin exacted a pledge from his countrymen that they would no longer deal in the deleterious drug.

Nevertheless, Lin's procedure, though agreed to by their own official, was considered so high-handed and unreasonable by the English Whig Government of the day, under Lord Melbourne, that reparation was demanded and war ensued, iniquitously in the eyes of a vast section of our countrymen.

At this time Hong Kong came into our hands as part of an indemnity; and the Treaty of Nankin of 1842 followed, with the establishment of five treaty ports—Amoy, Canton, Foochow, Ningpo, Shanghai; but although opium was the real diplomatic *crux*, it

was significant that nothing at all was said in the treaty about it, and the illicit traffic of Indian opium, chiefly in British vessels, went on gaily as before. I well remember the periodical arrival of Jardine's or Dent's opium clippers at Hong Kong—how they used to heave-to at sea off the island till they got private instructions from the owners where to go.

The final and most important treaty was that ratified at Pekin on October 24, 1860, in which opium was entered as a legitimate article of import, that is to say, the opium trade was legalised by China because she could not help herself—virtually at the point of the bayonet!

As regards the "common sense of the opium question," the Report of the Royal Commission of 1894 was supposed to ease the conscience of the British public by demonstrating in the main that all human nature craves for some sort of nerve stimulant or composer, and that the Chinaman's opium whiff was in reality but an equivalent to the Englishman's glass of beer or the Scotchman's of whisky.

In this connection I strongly recommend a perusal of Mr. Selby's able, interesting, and up-to-date book, "Chinamen at Home" (1900), where he makes light of the Report as unsatisfying and inconclusive, and declares that it has not changed the patriotic Chinaman's view, or the unanimous one entertained by missionaries, who, to a greater extent than any others, have an intimate and first-hand acquaintance with Chinese life.

Mr. Selby, himself an active and experienced missionary, urges that no barrier to the spread of Christian ideas is so grave as that raised by the criminal and fatuous policy of the past, for which the best sections of Chinese society dislike us; the patriot

and the moralist rebelling at the results of a traffic forced upon a weaker but unwilling nation by a Christian government for the benefit of its Indian revenue;[1] "and," continues our author with weighty words, "the noxious and discreditable trade is the cloud that never lifts from missionary enterprise in the Far East, or from the fortunes of commerce or diplomacy."

There is something quite pathetic, however impracticable, in Prince Kung's remark to Sir Robert Hart (quoted in *The Fortnightly* of February 1901), which must elicit sympathy: "Take away your missionaries and your opium and you will be welcome."

Nevertheless as a fact it cannot be doubted that opium has come to stay in China, as, in addition to its legalisation as an article of import, China herself has taken to produce it largely, its culture, though still professedly illegal, being free to all throughout the empire; the price of the native in the market, too, being much less than that of the Indian drug. Facts are stubborn things, and to eliminate opium either from the tariff or from the fields of China can no longer be considered to be within the range of practical politics.

But here we are on board the *Plover* gunboat *en route*, a thrice-a-week communication between the captain at Canton and his frigate at Whampoa.

Between banana-fringed paddy or padi flats in continuous succession, past large sunken war and idle tea and salt junks, for the salt trade is a huge one, ramifying by rivers and canals all over the empire, and all tea is

[1] Mr. Donald Matheson, of the Island of Lewis, died in February 1901, aged eighty-two. He was a member of the afore-named celebrated firm, but withdrew from conscientious scruples about the morality of the opium trade.

conveyed to Whampoa for shipment. Traffic, however, is suspended, for the spell of war has paralysed it.

Past the Barrier Forts which the Americans knocked to pieces last year, with "Remember Mullins" displayed upon their flags, that gentleman having been a citizen of the United States whose head was selected to adorn the walls of Canton.

The river is half a mile broad at Dutch Folly, a little island on which our mortar batteries were planted, and mounting a tall look-out, I have an extensive view of the city, now in our possession.

Close to me, almost, is the wall, of great antiquity, six miles in circumference, twenty-five to forty feet high, broad enough for two coaches to drive abreast upon, and completely surrounding the city, which is divided into three parts, viz. the suburbs nearest the river; then the new city (in a comparative sense only), which contains Yeh's Yamun or palace; then, farthest from the river, the old city, which is very much indeed the largest of the three.

In time of peace the traffic and floating population (said to number 200,000) fills up the whole of the adjacent river and its frontage, but now, a few sulky people sculling about in vegetable sampans are their only representatives. The population altogether is said to be a million and a half.

The general appearance of Canton, when deprived of the distance which lends enchantment, is if possible meaner and more squalid even than of Constantinople, the eye wandering over a vast monotonous sea of brown tiles, relieved here and there by tall poles and groups of trees, a few roofs of some pretension marking official residences.

The line of sight, carried straight across, impinged upon Gough's Fort, 4500 yards away, outside the walls altogether, into which thirteen-inch mortar shells had been pitched from where I stood. There were two principal pagodas, the word being a Portuguese corruption of a Persian one signifying idol-temple.

Prominent objects in Chinese scenery, and always connected with Buddhism (one in particular being well known to us as "Second Bar Pagoda" visible for forty or fifty miles), they are from five to nine or more stories high, are generally built on mounds or low hills, are surrounded with trees and shrubs, and surmounted by a tall pole.

By the capture of their walls, which they believed to be impregnable, and occupation of their city, the pride of the Cantonese was completely humbled; consequently their tone had become very different to what it was not long before, when Captain Fellowes, R.N., walking up to the gates was warned off with a "Get along, you English dog": when the English, who had been rigidly confined to the few acres of ground on which the factories stood, were now located in all parts of the old city, which never before had they been allowed to enter.

On the morning of the escalade and capture of the North-east Gate—the key of the position—the braves had concentrated on Gough's Fort, outside the walls (as I have said), under an impression that we should not attempt the walls till we had captured the fort, so that when we got possession of the former, they were shut out, and had to retreat to the ninety-six surrounding villages. It was characteristic of the tenacity with which these braves stuck to ancient methods, that when they subsequently advanced in a night attack with the

CANTON—EIGHT-STORIED PAGODA

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idea of recapturing their walls, they carried lanterns, thus making themselves into living targets.

Matters soon quieted down. The Cantonese being sore troubled at the suspension of traffic, wished to make the best of it, but being forbidden to print anything without permission, quietly chin-chin'd us by pasting up blank sheets of paper outside their houses, a curious, but under the circumstances significant compliment.

The Royal Marine Light Infantry Battalion played a conspicuous part in all the operations, and Ozzard, our own officer, being quartered for months at Five-storied Pagoda, was most hospitable in putting us up on all occasions, during one of which he told us an anecdote highly illustrative of the courage, excellence, and fidelity of the marine-servant *genus*.

Shortly after the occupation, a captain R.M.L.I., being desirous of entertaining some friends in the evening, sent off his servant to look for wood, to whom, on his return, as he was a long time absent, he spoke rather sharply. The man made no reply, but set at once about lighting the fire.

Soon, one of the captain's friends whispered, "I say, what's the matter with your servant ?—he certainly looks very different to what he did when he went out."

His master thought so too, questioned him, and made inquiries, by which it was elicited that this faithful and devoted man, being unable to find fuel near at hand, had strayed into a forbidden part of the city, had been detected thus trespassing by the provost-marshal, had been forthwith seized up, received three dozen lashes on his bare back, and had returned and set about his work without saying a word. No wonder he looked "different" !

Many of the Marine officers engaged Chinese boys to wait upon them, on condition, however, that at the outset drastic detergent measures were to be submitted to—vigorous scrubbing all over with soap and water in fact. I encountered one of these urchins wandering about one day, whom I recognised. "Ah," asked I, "why you no with master ; where master ?"

"Oh, my no likee too muchee washee pidgin."

The view of the surrounding country from the walls was remarkable, if monotonous, consisting of extensive flats watered by canals, which were covered with rice, and a vegetable called *gnaou* much in vogue with Chinese, a species of water-lily, though not one with floating leaves, the fleshy or tuberous rootstock being the edible part.

Two or three, even, of these plants, with their pink flowers and splendid large flat glossy leaves on stems three or four feet high, are very handsome ; but the aspect of hundreds of acres of them waving in the breeze, which, dallying with them, continuously displayed varying shades of colour, was truly noble.

Now, let us descend from these broad lofty walls and take a ramble of observation through the narrow crowded streets. With deep interest do I find myself inside the ancient city, hitherto a *terra incognita*, especially when I consider that owing to the stereotyped character of the nation, the Canton as it appears before me, is virtually the identical Canton as it would have appeared one hundred, five hundred, or even one thousand years before.

First, being anxious to know what a Yamun, or high mandarin official residence, is like, we visit the acting governor's, which we find to consist of a series

of five courts, connected with each other by imposing gateways, leading at the end to halls and apartments surrounded by gardens. There is Pih Qui himself sitting at a table. The windows, we observe, are chiefly glazed with white paper, very little glass being seen.

Our walk now leads us along The Straight Street of Benevolence and Love, the principal street of the city, connecting the East and West gates, which is quite straight, of course narrow, eight or ten feet, paved with stone, darkened by innumerable gilt or gaudily coloured sign-boards, and flanked by low two-storied shops.

There is a dense crowd, but so well do they observe the rule of the road, that were it not for the numerous porters or coolies, we should be little inconvenienced. These men stagger along with a steady perpetual trot, under terrific loads slung at each end of a strong flat bamboo shoulder carrier, shouting and howling in a diabolical fashion, with perspiring faces which often wear an expression of agony painful to behold, exactly like their professional counterparts in the streets of Constantinople. We are closely followed by a crowd of the "great unwashed," who cluster round shop doors when we go in to buy anything, and follow our every motion with eager eyes; for this, be it remembered, is not Hong Kong, and foreign barbarians are a novelty.

Here is a poultry shop, and what are those long-billed birds in cages? We draw near, but hardly can believe our eyes, for they are certainly snipes. We were already aware, having had ocular demonstration of the fact, that Chinese catch snipes in the rice districts by large nets, stretched along between stakes, but we were not prepared to find them alive in cages.

Poor things! they look as disconsolate and as much out of their element as Polar bears in a menagerie. There are also cages full of quails, which is not so extraordinary.

In this hot country people prefer to buy fish alive. Fishing-boats have tanks, and here, in this fishmonger's shop, there is one full of water in which we see fish swimming about.

Look, here is a customer, he peers into the tank, indicates the fish which he fancies, and it is immediately caught for him by means of a little landing net.

But what is that long line of suspicious-looking black things hanging up in that butcher's shop opposite? Let us cross and see. Three steps and over. Rats, black rats, *not* in cages, but fortunately dead and suspended by their tails. Rats, both fresh and dried, have a ready sale, not only as food, but among those who have a tendency to baldness, their flesh having high repute as a hair-restorer. That being so, who knows whether the active principle of our own widely advertised hair-restorers and moustache producers may not owe their efficacy to the active principle of rat!—*rattine*, I suppose, it would be called. Awkward, though, if it were to produce a crop of rats' tails instead of that luxuriant hirsute growth as depicted in familiar illustrations.

Here come men with poles across their shoulders, on which are slung dozens of brown compressed objects—ducks they are, split open lengthways and dried. Ducks and their eggs are consumed to any extent, duckeries and duck-boats being leading features in Canton river life.

Chinese are very economical and allow nothing to be wasted. Here is a cook stall for the sale of huge stacks of cockles, and another for boiled offal and rice, but they do not draw the line at rats, or even offal, but really surpass even Maltese in their avidity to pick up the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table. The "head shoots" of the *Tribune* at Whampoa, down which all refuse was discharged, was daily besieged by a dozen dirty little sampans, each containing a family who greedily clutched with nets at every morsel shot overboard from the men's mess kettles after meals, fragments of biscuits, ducks' heads, and leavings of all sorts being eagerly secured.

The barber, of course, is much in evidence wherever there is a Chinaman, and plies his trade both in shops or in the streets, in the latter case bearing on the ends of a bamboo all the implements of his calling, together with a stool for customers to sit upon during the operation.

The male analogue of women's compressed feet, about which I shall have more to say subsequently, that is the corresponding fashionable absurdity on the part of the male sex, is the pigtail or queue, with this difference, however, that the latter is of universal obligation, whereas none of the feet of the working classes are compressed.

Every Chinaman, of whatever station in life, shaves his head entirely, with the exception of a small tuft on the crown which is allowed to grow as long as possible, and carefully plaited, falls down behind, lengthened artificially where nature may be a little niggardly in the supply of natural growth. Among all classes great value is attached to this pigtail, but it is a badge of

conquest, having been imposed in the seventeenth century by the first emperor of the reigning Tartar dynasty, and it is observable that the adherents of rebellions, such as the great Taiping, allow their hair to grow.

To be tailless is a disgrace to a Chinaman ; and when, during our occupation of the Canton River Districts, we found it necessary to punish offenders severely, we did so by simply cutting off their tails.

Mendicity is a recognised institution in China, and curious accounts are given about the fraternity, who appear to have a complete organisation. Mr. Selby says that a fixed number of beggars are allowed by their headman, or king of beggars, to ply their calling daily in different parts of the city ; so that beggar whom I see patiently tinkling his little gong before a shop-counter, is doubtless member of a guild, and the shopkeeper dare not send him away empty-handed.

Troops of blind, too, leading the blind are a painful sight here in Canton, where extremest destitution in every phase is represented before our eyes.

There is a line of wretched, wizened, wasted, blind old women, each clutching a small bag of rice, of which (and long afterwards) there is a daily gratuitous issue by the Rev. Mr. Huleatt, British army chaplain. Each woman holds on to the skirt of the one in front of her, the leader groping her way by tapping the pavement with a stick.

Besides all the foregoing, there are an immense number of characteristic sights that I have not space to describe ; yet business is comparatively stagnant, and the people wear a sullen, resentful look, which cannot be wondered at under the circumstances.

Pawnshops abound. On our way up the river my attention was often called to certain tall, square two-storied blue brick erections, which next to pagodas and yamuns, are the most prominent objects in towns of any size. They are pawn houses.

There is no drainage system in Canton—in our sense of the term that is—yet they have a very careful and complete method of disposing of the sewerage, by which, with characteristic economy, none of it is wasted. . Throughout the large city a house to house visitation is nightly effected by an army of scavengers —labour being cheap in China—who carry away all refuse in pails to the water side, where it is deposited in barges, and thence down the river to be distributed all over the rice-growing districts, in which tanks for its reception abound.

These barges were but too well-known objects to us at Whampoa. When they flit silently by a ship at night it were better to have your port closed than open, as they display their proximity in a manner which is too forcibly unmistakable to the nasal organs, even during sleep!

In connection with these sewage boats a ludicrous incident occurred at Whampoa. The mandarin people were in the habit of attempting to blow up our ships by sending two fire-barges linked together down with the tide across their bows.

On one of these occasions H.M.S. *Hornet* was thus attacked, and the barges blew up under her bows before she had time to slip and swing clear of them, the contents of the junks, which were in this instance, well, not all *powder!* being scattered all over her in a most unpleasant way.

For months afterwards the unfortunate *Hornets* were driven half-frantic by a tantalising habit that passing boats' crews used to practise of holding their noses and averting their faces with a well-simulated expression of disgust.

CHAPTER VII

WHAMPOA

LIFE at Whampoa was diversified and full of interest for me, as there was much to do, much to observe, and no lack of exciting occurrences.

Bamboo-town, close to Cowper's Docks, was an ephemeral erection, depending upon them and upon merchant shipping for its support.

Old, or Chinese, Whampoa, a mile away, was a small, but clean and well-built town, the residence of many tea and silk merchants, though not of mandarins, who showed themselves only when any "squeezing" was to be done.

In connection with the European trade carried on at Old Whampoa we found large and richly furnished banqueting-halls, called Company Houses, which were only used three or four times a year. We found there, too, Mr. Bird, Vice-Consul, Mr. Winchester, Acting-Consul, and hospitable Cum Qua, who showed us his stores of preserved ginger and cumquats, delicious miniature oranges not much larger than a cherry. By way of compliment he dipped into a huge jar and held up a cumquat streaming with syrup in his fat fingers so close to my mouth that I could not well avoid opening it, when in he popped the tit-bit!

The vice-consul was Scotch. To which of Dr. Johnson's divisions he belonged it is unnecessary to

record, yet if he had any sense of humour it must have been tickled by what he heard at our table on the first occasion of his dining with us.

It might have been undue eagerness to welcome a Scotchman with his native beverage, or—which is more likely—greediness to get hot toddy for himself; but it is a fact that as soon as the cloth was removed, our reverend president in his unseemly haste thus "lumped" grace and instructions to the expectant stewards at his elbow, "For what we have received may the Lord make us truly thankful hot water sugar and spoons" (!)

Toddy bore an anti-malarial repute, else we could hardly have tolerated it in the tropics.

Chinese villages and towns have night-watchmen, who sound the tum-tum, or native gong, every few minutes. The plaintive speech of these rude instruments, breaking the silence of the still moonlit night, is poetical and far from displeasing. On one night, however, their peaceful tinkle was rudely interrupted by musketry, the blaze of fires, and hum of many voices, and other evidences of a "number-one-bobbery" at Old Whampoa, which in fact was being attacked by pirates, but they were beaten off without assistance from us.

Before long the peaceful, well-disposed inhabitants of that town, anxious only for a revival of trade, were seriously perplexed and disconcerted by receiving an order from Wang (the truculent new viceroy appointed by the emperor *vice* Yeh) that they were to discontinue all trade under pain of death and having their town burnt down; the result being a general evacuation, apparently in the direction of Hong Kong, till less troublous times should dawn, but we were put to

considerable inconvenience, as Bamboo-town was almost deserted and its market closed.

I do not suppose that Wang got a footing in Canton, at all events during the allied occupation, but he reigned over the whole of Kwantung, the province of which it was the capital, and he issued a proclamation, in the true style of Chinese bombast, and almost tantamount to a new declaration of war, that he had been ordered to raise Braves, so, if the Barbarians chose to go away, he would pardon; but if not, would exterminate them.

Meantime we governed the Whampoa district ourselves with martial law, that is to say, we summarily punished all thieves and offenders detected about the ship, docks, and neighbourhood. For instance, some disaffected prowlers cut the rigging of the consular flagstaff at the docks, and as the Heads of the surrounding villages failed to produce the culprits, Boyle and I landed with forty men each, collected the Heads, brought them to the staff, and made them kneel down and chin-chin it while our men "presented arms."

In the case of government property of any kind being found in shops, the shopkeepers were at once tied together by their tails (if more than one) and marched straight off to the ship, where, without further trial of any sort, they received two-dozen lashes with hammock-clews, instead of a cat, as a thin covering was allowed on the back.

In February 1858 the *Adventure* troopship arrived with the 70th Bengal Native Infantry, who, we learned, had themselves undergone, and had put others to considerable inconveniences during the voyage. It was all owing to the rigorous exactions of *caste*. First of all, they

insisted on having Hoogly water only, pumped in by themselves through their own hoses into tanks of which they alone possessed the keys.

They subsisted principally on grain, oil, and raw rice, owing, it seemed, to the difficulty of getting the latter boiled without defilement; for so particular were they, that one day at sea an officer of the ship being observed to light his cigar at the fire on which a pot of rice was boiling, the Sepoys, who saw him do it, immediately brought a shovel and threw all the defiled fire overboard.

While visiting the *Adventure*, I was highly amused at overhearing some characteristically sarcastic remarks from the mouth of a boatswain's mate of the old sailing school, evidently much out of his element in a steam-trooper, to some young *Adventurers*.

"Now, then, bo'sun's mate, how are we getting on with the ballast?" asked the busy first lieutenant, poking his head over from the upper deck.

"Pretty well, sir, considerin'," replied the old salt, looking upwards and touching his hat, meaning clearly, to those who had ears to hear, that *much* progress with such material as his working party could not reasonably be expected; "but (aside) they mustn't be 'urried, not by no manner o' means, oh no; and them pigses of ballis is nasty 'eavy things to 'andle, and you'll want to wash your 'ands afore you gets to your noos-paper."

"I say, Jack Pipes, old sonny"—a voice came up from below, coaxingly,—"send us down a few more hands, can't you?"

"I ain't got no more 'ands to send, young sonny," smartly rejoined Mr. Pipes in a decided tone, "you'd

better harsk the chief hen-gi-neer to make you a few; he can do anything, I believe."

There was, too, a ship's corporal evidently addicted to punning, for when the side of a case of canister shot fell out on its being hoisted from below, and the contents all rattled about over the decks, I heard him quietly remark, "A *de*-sided case."

. . . . . .

Piracy in 1858, as now,[1] was a prevalent pest, and a joint Anglo-Chinese anti-piratical expedition having been determined upon, Pih Qui, at the request of the allied commissioners, issued a proclamation in the native language, explaining its object and nature to the inhabitants of the Canton River districts.

At first sight it may seem surprising that we were thus acting in concert with the enemy whose capital we were forcibly occupying; but China is full of anomalies, and nothing need astonish in a country where they dress in white for funerals, launch ships sideways, mount horses from the off-side, begin dinner with dessert, supply girls with smaller and smaller shoes as they grow up, instead of larger, where old men fly kites, south is the chief cardinal point of the compass, ships' names are displayed on the side, &c., &c.

The proclamations were ordered to be posted in the towns and villages on both sides of the river between Canton and Hong Kong, and a bundle was

[1] *Revival of Piracy in Chinese Waters* (1900).—"The Hong Kong and Canton papers report a serious revival of piracy. The pirate chief's retainers are said to number 2000. They have fifteen steam launches and a number of snake-boats. Trading junks, and other small craft paying a monthly 'squeeze' to the pirates are protected. The latter take refuge in creeks, where it is difficult to reach them."

entrusted to myself to dispose of, a commission which entirely suited my taste, though I must confess that —multifarious as are the trades included in the naval profession—I had never been a bill-sticker before!

Leaving the ship early with a dozen armed blue-jackets, the bills, and a large pot of paste, I began my peregrinations, and was well received in the villages, the inhabitants crowding round to read as soon as a poster was put up. In one village we found ponds whose waters were green and filthy, and no wonder, as the public latrines stood over them. Nevertheless these ponds were fish preserves, for an old man was paddling about with a casting net, his punt being of the most elementary design, consisting simply of a small wooden raft, whose floating capacity was increased by the simple but entirely effective device of the insertion of a few inverted common earthenware jars. In China, "stews" or ponds for the artificial rearing of fish, "usually communal property," are common, for Chinese consume fish to an enormous extent. Professor Douglas says that during high tides spawn is deposited among grass and rushes by the river-side, and as soon as the young fish are hatched they are caught in nets, and put into tanks in boats, where they are fed and tended till sufficiently grown to be transferred to the ponds.

Coming to a pagoda, the people motioned to us to ascend, which we did, finding nothing but a large gilt idol on each floor, but there was a family on the ground floor "chin-chining joss," before which, neatly arranged on an altar in saucers, were many little votive offerings, cups of tea, fish, cakes, and vegetables, and the like.

A woman on a mat was performing much bowing,

ground kissing, and muttering, her children following her example, when suddenly there was a startling discharge of *powchong*, or crackers, the inevitable, which concluded the ceremony.

There are three religions in China, or rather sects—that of Confucius, Tau, and Buddha, which appear to blend into one another, but the religious beliefs of Chinamen are mysterious and difficult to comprehend. As far as I have observed and can understand, the great distinction between the worship of idolaters and that of Christians is, that in practice, at all events among the masses, notwithstanding the high doctrinal ideas of any system, the former has almost exclusive reference to the present life, and consists in propitiation for the benign influences of some Being or beings who have power to and otherwise might bring evil.

Mr. Selby, before quoted, whose opinions are deserving of the highest consideration from his ability and recent intimate experience, points hopefully to a diminishing faith in the efficacy of idols, to the fact that reversions to idolatry are rare, and declares that the hope of China, as of every other Empire where missionaries are labouring, is in the splendid native workers. To my mind, one of the great obstacles to the spread of Christianity in China (or anywhere) is the inconsistent conduct of the representative race, as regards which, were it politic or judicious, "I could many a tale unfold," which would kindle surprise, shame, and indignation in the minds of my readers.

I yearned to instil some elementary notions of the object of true worship in the mind of the woman in the pagoda, but being unprovided with S.P.G., C.M.S.,

or Bible Society publications, indeed at that time knowing nothing of those great societies which have such a claim for our support, I distributed a few coins to the children, and left, probably, in benediction among them all.

From the top we got an excellent view of the rice flats and surrounding villages, which, as elsewhere in the delta, we observed to be all connected with each other by narrow, slightly-raised granite causeways, a solid pathway being absolutely necessary when the fields are flooded at high tides.

The people were friendly enough, and entering the house of a comparatively well-to-do family I had an opportunity of observing them at dinner. They were sitting on stools round a low table upon which was a mountain of dry steaming rice and two dishes, one containing pork or fish cut up into little squares, and the other some sort of pickle, probably cucumber.

Each person had in his left hand a bowl, and in his right a pair of chop-sticks, which were held between the first and second, and the second and third fingers. The bowl, having been filled with rice from the heap, was held with the left hand close up to the mouth (into which a piece of meat and pickle had been already put), and then with astonishing dexterity and rapidity, working both chop-sticks together, the man shovelled into his mouth as much rice as it could possibly, at any rate more than it could conveniently hold, for the cheeks bulged out like fat dumplings, which gradually diminished in size as mastication proceeded. Tea materials were there, as well as a stack of very minute cups for samshu or rice spirit, but I understand that Chinamen never drink cold water. What struck me

most in the matter of Chinese rice at table was the remarkable softness of the individual grain and dryness of the collective heap, characteristics which, however much desired, are not generally present in the case of rice boiled in England.

After boiling they allow a long time for the moisture to evaporate, shovelling and lifting the mass about from time to time during the process.

One drawback to rice as a chief article of diet is that so much of it has to be eaten in order to secure the necessary amount of gluten, and that is why children of rice-consuming countries are pot-bellied.

My awkward attempts to use chop-sticks were greeted with merry laughter—indeed, I believe that no European can, except, possibly, some missionaries ; so at the better sort of tables, when Europeans are expected, spoons and forks are provided.

I had an opportunity during the day of observing the manufacture of those strange looking yellow cakes, like cakes of honey-soap, which seemed to be in universal request at all shops and stalls, and which hitherto I had supposed to be of rice, but now discovered to be of haricot-bean flour, the sort known in the navy as "calavances." Through the hole in the upper stone of a handmill or quern, of the ancient ordinary type, beans and water are dropped, the result being a milky pasty stream, which runs into a tub, and is then boiled, strained, sweetened, and moulded, and painted with turmeric.

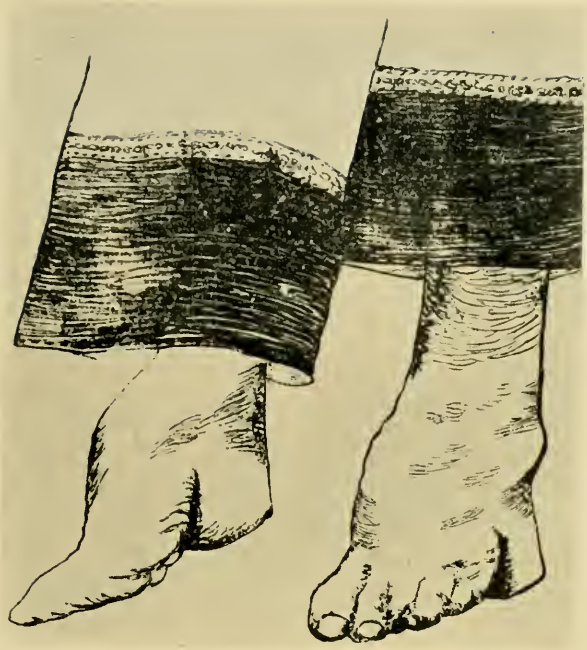
Interesting as were our peregrinations among all these villages, where, may be, few if any of our countrymen had ever preceded us, by far the most interesting feature of the day's excursion was the

sudden and altogether unexpected opportunity that we enjoyed of seeing a number of small-footed women, which never occurred a second time, and which (I am under an impression) seldom occurs to any naval man.

Turning the street corner of a village, we suddenly found ourselves close to a number of gaily-attired ladies, sunning themselves in their narrow little strips of garden, whom we thus caught, if not exactly napping, certainly on the hop; for as soon as they realised the situation, with engaging little screams, either of real or "with all the prettiness of feigned alarm," and with the assistance of their indispensable sticks, they hobbled off to their respective doors, inside which they hastily retreated, slamming them in our faces, and then, no doubt, eagerly scrutinising us through peep-holes.

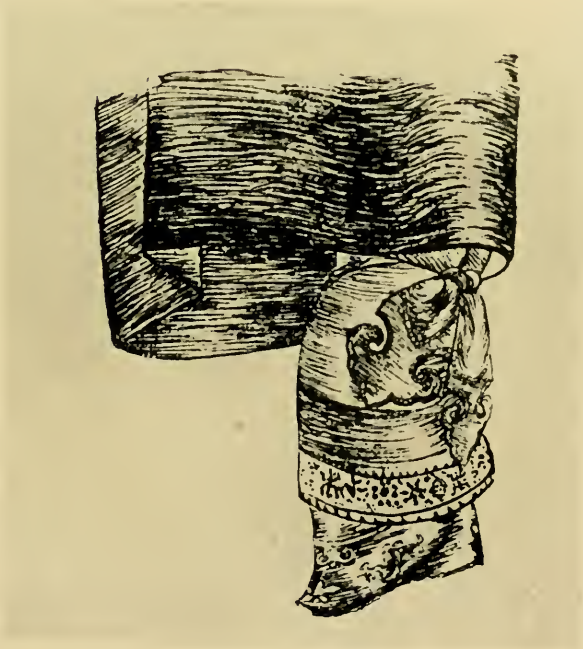
We saw no more of them, but that brief glimpse was sufficient to impress my memory with an interesting picture which is still as vivid as ever.

Chinese females are divided into two sections—the working classes who do not deform their feet, and the upper classes who do. Various explanations are current as to the extraordinary custom of foot-binding, though it is a very ancient one, vastly more so than head-shaving and the pigtail, having probably prevailed since 600 B.C.; but however it originated, it is due, no doubt, to the cruel exactions of the ogress Fashion, which are not altogether unknown elsewhere; yet the tightest lacing, the highest heel, the amplest crinoline, the most exaggerated "flower-garden" on a female head, or the blackest "pot hat" in the hottest sun on the male, are but insignificant trifles compared with the odious practice which causes torture for long, and half cripples a large proportion, that is, many



CHINESE FEMALE FEET

From Life



THE SAME, IN SHOE

From Life

millions, of the female population of China during the whole of their lives.

When between six and eight years of age all well-born Chinese girls have their feet bound, for if they should not, they would not be recognised as ladies when they grow up, would be unable to get husbands, and would be a disgrace to their families; yet at home (says Mr. Gowans) after the cruel foot-binding begins, there can be no gladness in the life of a girl.

Who can wonder at that when one reads the dismal and affecting accounts of the tortures that are undergone during the years that elapse before the process is complete, a process which distorts and prevents the natural growth of the feet.

Nevertheless, remarks Professor Douglas, no mother, however keen may be her recollection of her sufferings as a child, however conscious of the ills and inconveniences arising from her own deformed feet, would ever dream of interfering to save her child. Fashion thus, as too often, has obtained a complete ascendency over common sense, and there is less excuse, because Chinese women by nature possess small and pretty feet.

By the way, according to Darwinism, surely by this time Chinese infants should have been coming into the world with reduced feet? This seems to call for explanation.

On the authority of "When I was a Boy in China," one lamentable, though not perhaps wonderful result of foot-compression, is that the feet become so much smaller and more deformed under the process, that a girl's shoes have to be made smaller as she grows up, instead of larger as nature intended.

When at Canton I availed myself of the opportunity, on the spot, of buying a pair of full-sized female shoes, because at Hong Kong they were not then to be had, the soles of which are three and a half inches. The longer flat-heeled female ones, which one sees occasionally, are overshoes.

It is encouraging to learn that a Natural Foot Society exists for the suppression of this hideous custom, which meets with much support, and is spreading, or was before the present troubles set in; but as an amusing illustration that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones, I lately read an account of a debate in a missionary school at Hankow upon "Is tight-lacing worse than foot-binding?" the verdict being an unanimous affirmative!

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Not long after our return from our successful bill-sticking pidgin, I took part in another of a different nature, which had a less happy termination.

A cargo boat with five hundred chests of China cinnamon (*Cassia lignea*), was passing the mouth of a creek only four miles from Whampoa, which led to a large town called Shap-pee, when she was suddenly pounced upon by river-thieves and hurried away out of sight up the creek.

Such a proceeding under our very eyes being a particularly impudent one, we lost no time in despatching a boat expedition, which included seventy Marines, to recover the property and, if possible, capture the thieves.

Having reached Shap-pee, the Marines were landed and soon found the cinnamon, which we put into junks and sent back to Whampoa, at the same time making

prisoners of and despatching to Canton sixteen elders of the town, for there seemed to be little doubt about their connivance at the outrage, which was more likely to have been perpetrated by amateur than by professional pirates.

Then ensued an unpleasant incident of a sort which I had very rarely experienced, but it is notorious that where loot comes in men sometimes lose their heads and kick over the traces of discipline.

The fragrant bark was being brought down the creek in small boats, each guarded by a Royal Marine, one of whom, as he passed the *Tribune's* pinnace, under my command anchored as a guard boat, threw us two or three little bundles, which were quickly eaten up.

That taste of blood must have whet the appetite of my pinnacemen, for when another boat with a similar cargo glided by almost touching us they made a rush, laid hold of her, seized and tore open a chest and grabbed its contents.

Indignant at so sudden an outbreak of outrageous conduct, I told my men that they had turned pirates themselves, and must instantly restore the stolen goods, but none being forthcoming, I weighed anchor, moved the boat to the side, and ordered the crew to toe-a-line on the bank, while the midshipman and coxswain searched.

While the search was in progress some of the men became obstreperous, mimicking and mocking my orders.

I ordered complete silence, but without avail, so, aware that vigour and decision were necessary, I at once made prisoners of all the men who were standing in the quarter whence the disturbance proceeded, and

kept them under guard till two gave themselves up. We then collected the cinnamon from various places where it was secreted in the boat and men's frocks, and resumed our position afloat. When we got back to the ship I was very tired and harassed by the long day's work, 6 A.M. to 7 P.M., and by the conduct of the misguided men.

A thorough investigation by the captain, who came from Canton on purpose, ensued, the result being the punishment of the two men with 36 lashes each, and of two more with 28 days' imprisonment.

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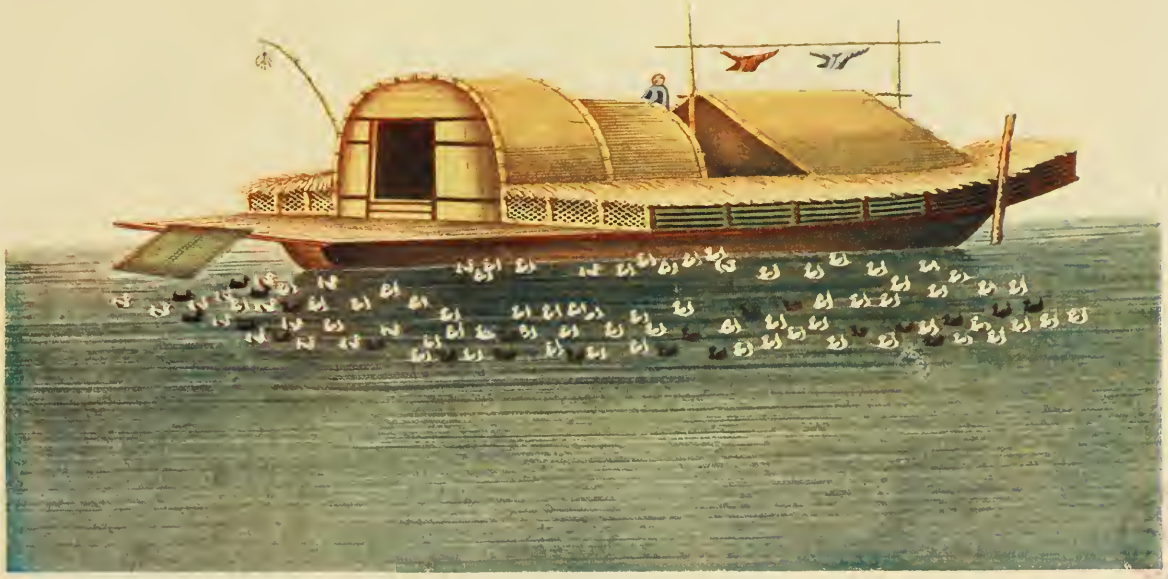
Among the features of life at Whampoa, duck-boats were to me one of the most interesting, and I took an early opportunity of visiting one of these curious institutions, which came to an anchor, or rather made fast to a pole stuck in the mud in the neighbourhood. It was forty-five feet long by ten or twelve broad. On each side were low galleries uncovered but protected by netting,[1] and amidships a high roofed house communicating with the galleries and divided longitudinally, so that the port birds were kept separate from the starboard. There they went to lay, for the 500 ducks in this boat were kept almost entirely for eggs.

In duck-boats the afterpart is fitted for the keepers, who leisurely pole their boat along the creeks and river-sides, until the tide has sufficiently subsided, when they come to, and slide a broad sloping ladder or gangboard over the bow, down which the birds waddle and grub about in the shallows and mud, or feed on unhusked rice which is placed on the banks in tubs.

To get them back the duck-herd calls out repeatedly

[1] These are often thatched, as in the picture.



DUCK BOAT OF CANTON RIVER

with a peculiar plaintive cry, or sometimes whistles; and when, in about a quarter of an hour, his charges are all collected in a dense crowd, the ladder is let down again, and they waddle up in most orderly fashion. If the birds are dilatory in responding to the summons, the last duck to come up the ladder gets a smart whack with a stick, which inculcates habits of celerity.

In 1862, Archdeacon Gray tells us, a typhoon upset so many duck-boats, that for upwards of a mile the surface of the river between Canton and Whampoa was crowded with birds thus released from captivity.

Sometimes planks are placed between the boat and bank along which they soon learn to pass.

Water snakes were numerous. I watched one upwards of fifteen feet long, with a head like a sea-serpent's, swimming past the ship; and one Sunday during church service on the *Volcano's* upper deck (she was a Factory ship, with a Nasmyth hammer) a snake crawled unperceived up the ladder, and bit a man's foot, but fortunately Sunday being "shoe day" no harm ensued.

Ships' accommodation ladders were always on the starboard side: ordinary traffic steps on the port; and I remember being much amused at the answer of a young Irish midshipman whom Boyle sent to find out whether the tide was coming in—

"No, sir, the tide is not flowing."

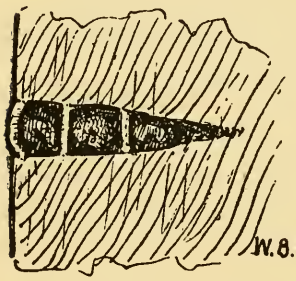
"How do you know?"

"Please, sir, I looked over the side and I couldn't see it coming up the accommodation ladder."

At one time I took considerable interest in watching the operations of a mason bee which selected an old nail in a chock of wood in a port of the captain's cabin

to build its curious three-celled nest in. The little fellow's visits, each time carrying a pellet of wet earth, lasted only for a minute, and then he flew to shore, 400 yards away, returning in ten or twelve minutes. What a number of journeys he must have made before the chambers were complete, a grub deposited in each, and the outside one hermetically sealed with what appeared when finished to be smooth hard red putty!

Though there were thirteen similar ports on the same side, he never missed the right one; and it was a remarkable fact, as showing powers of reasoning beyond mere instinct, that he was not baulked by the swinging of the ship at change of tide, because that process, as I need scarcely explain, completely reversed the position of the port as regards the river-side from which he was bringing his material.



It is quite clear that in the animal world there is no well-defined line of demarcation between reason and instinct, the two domains overlapping and grading into each other.

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Whether we take High views or Low views, or regard it with those of an ecclesiastical Gallio, it is certain that confirmation is an ordinance of the Church of England on which she lays great stress; indeed enjoins upon and requires from her members.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the Bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong, in fulfilment of his episcopal

duties, came up to Canton in the autumn of 1858 to confirm young people of both services. His name, scarcely unfamiliar to Englishmen, was Smith. Not having had a previous opportunity, I "gave in my name," and with a number of other candidates from the ships at Whampoa was conveyed to Canton in a gunboat, whose name, the *Clown*, struck me as being singularly infelicitous for the occasion.

The service was held in a large and well-arranged building, which had been transformed from a disused Joss House into a temporary church by "chucking out" the idols and appurtenances, fitting it up decorously and dedicating it in proper form.

The policy of doing all that under the very eyes of a population whom we wished to conciliate was certainly questionable, yet we had recognition of it, at least in principle, in the direction of Pope Gregory to St. Augustine: "If the temples of the idols are well built, it is requisite that they be converted from the worship of devils to the service of the true God."

On the other hand Dr. R. N. Cust, a really great authority on missionary work, assures us that to convert a heathen into a Christian place of worship, is one of those acts which may be resented for centuries.

Solvetur confirmendo!

Before the confirmation service began there was an adult baptism impressively conducted by the Rev. Mr. Huleatt, chaplain to the forces, who wore a Crimean medal on his stole, and then the bishop gave his address and laid hands on two hundred of us, officers, men, and boys.

CHAPTER VIII

A SHORT BUT EVENTFUL CHAPTER—CHANGE OF CAPTAINS—FAREWELL TO CHINA

October 1858 brought important changes for the *Tribune*, as she, being no longer required in Chinese waters, was ordered to return to the Pacific, and Captain Edgell, whose services had been recognised by the bestowal of a second-class commodore's broad pendant, left for the East Indies to join his new command, the *Chesapeake*. He had been an admirable naval commandant and commissioner at Canton for nearly a year, a special post of the sort for which he was well fitted.

We moved once more down to Hong Kong, and the officers rowed him to the mail steamer amid parting cheers from the crew and the regrets of us all, his last official act being to read the commission of his successor, Captain Geoffrey Phipps Hornby, who had just arrived from England. There was a third Christian name which its owner sensibly ignored as being redundant; besides, he was not quite the sort of man who cared about being known as a Thomas.

As schoolboys quickly take stock of a new master, and quickly gauge his capabilities, so do a ship's company a new captain; and in this case the verdict was not long in forthcoming, that this tallish, slightly-built young man of thirty-three, with chestnut hair, knowing hazel eye, and quiet, firm, composed high-toned

manner, *knew his work*. He did exceptionally well, but *how*, has always puzzled me and excited my wonder, for, apart from his midshipman's, he had had next to no experience. Entering the navy in 1837, he got his acting-lieutenant's commission in 1844 just after "passing," by a death vacancy, and had a couple of years' service in a frigate, which must have been about the sum total of his lieutenant's experience as a "watch-keeper;" for the rest of his time at sea in that rank, two years and three months, was passed in the capacity of flag-lieutenant to his father in the *Asia* two-decker, of which ship, again by death vacancy, he became commander on February 18, 1850. For the next sixteen months, until the ship was paid off, he held the appointment, but served no more as a commander, as he was "posted" from half-pay by interest in December 1852. So, prior to his appearance on the *Tribune's* quarter-deck, he had never held independent command of any sort, and, moreover, had passed the previous seven and a half consecutive years on half-pay. Bitterly did he feel and complain of such a long period of forced inaction, he told me. Yet he had every detail, low and aloft, at his finger-ends, and not only revealed himself as an organiser, a disciplinarian, a leader of men, but curiously enough as a "sailor-man." The truth is, he was a sailor by intuition, it having been born in him; moreover he had profited by whatever experience he might have passed through fivefold more than the average man would have done. He was certainly one of the many prizes amid many blanks which the lottery of promotion by interest secured for the navy.

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We had not quite seen the last of Whampoa, for before setting out on our long and stormy voyage across the North Pacific, it was thought prudent to avail ourselves of Cowper's Dock at Whampoa for the execution of various repairs. We had great difficulty in getting into it, and were obliged to land all the guns and shot, cables and provisions, to get out the mizzen-mast, to fill up the screw-well with bamboos, and to sling tanks under each quarter and pump them out, but, even so, her heel would only just scrape over the sill.

Trade, suspended for so long, had begun to revive, and we found four tea-ships, *Cairngorm*, *Morning Star*, *Chieftain*, and *Lammermuir*, laden with the first Congou of the season, and ready to start for the race homeward. Of course one might look in vain now for the old familiar sight of tea-ships "backing and filling" up and down the Canton River.

The competition between rival firms, and rival ships of the same firm, to land the first cargo of tea of the season in London or Liverpool was tremendous, but no ship was allowed to leave Whampoa till she had received "the grand chop," or Chinese Customs Clearance, which had to come through the hands of Consul Allcock at Canton. On the present occasion Jardine's people (I suppose by a *cumshaw*, a species of palm-oil to which Chinese officials were particularly amenable) had managed to get the *Cairngorm's* chop without troubling the consul at all, to the envy and consternation of the other ships, over which she would thus gain an important advantage.

To give an idea of the magnitude of Jardine and Co.'s operations, I may say that they sent in a claim of

two million dollars to our Government for destruction of their property at Canton during the bombardment and disturbances of 1856.

Allcock, however, was one too many for these adroit gentlemen, for as soon as he got wind of the little manœuvre, he sent an express to Hornby to beg him to detain the *Cairngorm*.

I was accordingly despatched to the *Cairngorm*—a magnificent clipper of 936 tons—and found her "sheeting home" preparatory to weighing; but when I informed her "old man" of the nature of my mission he was much disconcerted, and declared that the delay would make a difference of thousands of pounds to the owners. However, he made the best of the situation, clewed up, and hospitably entertained myself and my boat's crew, after which I went aloft and examined his "Cunningham's self-reefing topsail apparatus," a new invention which was much in use at that time.

Next day all the ships got away.

I took a corresponding opportunity of inspecting a splendid new American clipper, 217 feet over all, one of a sort called "pickpocket ships," that is, so fine both forward and aft that they would hardly carry their register, whereas the old style of tea-ship sometimes carried 300 tons in excess of it.

While we were in dock there was a naval execution, a Marine being hung at the fore-yard arm of the *Hesper* for the murder of her engineer. She went to sea for the purpose with detachments of several ships' companies, Captain M'Cleverty of the *Cambrian* being in special command.

The Canton River is a river of currents, cross currents, and eddies, which are very puzzling. On

many occasions I observed that ships swung to the flood while the surface current was plainly still ebbing, for the first of the flood being denser, would be lower. Our decked bumboats, when waiting for their time to come alongside, had a simple but ingenious device for keeping their position without anchoring by towing a basket astern while under easy sail. If the boat forged ahead, they checked its way by allowing the basket to fill ; if it lagged astern, they neutralised the action by means of a jerk-line.

From the first I was impressed with the celerity with which Chinese vessels of all sorts answer their helms. That is accounted for by the fact that their rudders are proportionately much longer than those of European construction. A long rudder, however, though it provides rudder power or leverage at a distance from the boat, which is what is aimed at, has its disadvantages. It is more difficult to work, and tends to check the boat's way — objections which are in great degree obviated by holes as shown in the illustration.

We again returned to Hong Kong, completed our refit, shipped 164 Marines, including seven officers, for British Columbia, and bade farewell to China, where my last undertaking was to arrange for the erection in the Happy Valley Cemetery of a granite monument in memory of the many lamented shipmates whom we left under its soil, a picture of which appears at the end of this volume.

. . . . . .

I am not surprised to find from Captain Hornby's "Biography," pp. 54–56 (Blackwood, 1896), that he was disappointed with his new ship when he had got her to sea and began that thirty-three days' battling

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with adverse gales and currents which terminated at Nagasaki. He says she is a "queer craft" with "helpless men," who are "singularly adrift"; that the first lieutenant is "very young," and "has merely thought of keeping the ship nice," and that he "despairs of ever getting things done man-o'-war fashion."

That the first lieutenant was very young cannot be denied, but that he had merely thought of keeping the ship nice was a hasty and misleading reflection on an able and hardworking officer.

The truth is that the state of the *Tribune* at that time was neither the fault of the first lieutenant nor that of the men, but was the inevitable result of the special and peculiar circumstances under which the previous eighteen months had been passed; during which time the crew had been broken up into detachments, and had no opportunity for the ordinary routine and exercises of a man-of-war. They were, moreover, enfeebled by heat, malaria, and mosquitoes, the sick-list for a long time having ranged between forty and sixty.

Throughout the long spell at Whampoa, Captain Edgell was absent, and had left injunctions that there was to be no drill or evolutions of any sort aloft, and that the men were to be kept out of the sun as much as possible, with the view of keeping them as fit as possible for boat service and landing parties. In short, the ship was disorganised, and very naturally so, but our new, zealous young captain in his anxiety to have a smart ship, did not realise or make sufficient allowance for the conditions under which he assumed command. He expected too much at first, and although his high character and exceptional professional ability were fully apparent and freely admitted all along, there was

undoubtedly a strong feeling of discontent and resentment among the ship's company at the "rosining up" that they got after he joined, especially during the voyage across the Northern Pacific, which found expression shortly after we reached Vancouver by a very large number (about forty) of desertions. Meantime Boyle's position was not a very enviable, nor his lot a very happy one, for on his head was continually visited the brunt of many shortcomings, of which, however well aware, he was powerless under the circumstances to remedy as quickly as was expected of him. However, he did all that he possibly could by unremitting hard work in loyally and zealously seconding his captain. His duty was ever uppermost in his thoughts, and for months he scarcely ever left the ship for relaxation.

The captain, on his part, never spared himself, and as proof of his indomitable energy I may say that in the middle of the night he himself during my watch went up on the mizzen-topsail yard during a gale to help the "lambies" to get their reef in, for the sail had "taken charge"—the first and only time I ever saw a captain go "above a dead-eye."

As we neared the coast of Luzon, at about six miles distance, a dove, a wasp, and some butterflies settled on the rigging and remained for several hours.

I never made so disastrous a passage. After seventeen days' struggle with adverse gales and currents we actually found ourselves nearer to our point of departure than we had been on the tenth day. The ship laboured heavily and leaked in every seam, and we were continually employed in repairing damages to sails, ropes, and rigging; and the mainmast was so defective that we had to fish it by cutting up and hollowing the

spare maintopmast into "fishes." Then we always had between sixty and seventy men on the sick-list, and seven died.

One morning, in a heavy sea, a man fell overboard from the lee fore chains in Hamilton Dunlop, the fourth lieutenant's watch, a good sailor and a capital fellow, who instantly ordered "helm hard-a-lee, let go life-buoy, up mainsail, down lifeboat." The cutter reached the buoy in seven minutes, just in the nick of time to save the man from falling off it from exhaustion.

For the eye of old sailing men I must here say a word about Hornby's great feat of setting up the lower rigging twice during this part of our stormy passage, when it stretched so dangerously that we were obliged to try first swifting in and then setting up.

In time we managed to get out into the Pacific, passing just south of the Bashee Isles, beating up northwards by the Loochos, and at last, to our great joy, sighted the southern coast of Japan. Thankful indeed we were on December 30, 1858, the thirty-third day of a difficult and stormy voyage under sail with a sprung mainmast, leaky ship, lumbered decks, and sickly crew, to cast anchor in the quiet, safe, and beautiful harbour of Nagasaki.

PART III

HOMEWARDS BY JAPAN AND VANCOUVER ISLAND

CHAPTER I

NAGASAKI—"ADVANCE JAPAN A NATION THOROUGHLY IN EARNEST"

"ALL men do not the looking in here"—such was the *verbatim* and amusing notice which on the occasion of the send-off of a new Japanese battleship from Newcastle-on-Tyne I saw posted over the door of her galley. There were hundreds of visitors, prying into every corner, but the official in charge of the culinary department had evidently determined that *he* would not be incommoded.

Such, too, was the national policy of isolation which before we touched on its shores had been rigorously carried out in the country of the Rising Sun, "no looking in here" having been allowed for more than two centuries.

As a rule all Orientals hate progress, but Japan furnishes the proverbial exception; for surely, in the whole history of nations there is no more remarkable phenomenon than Japan's sudden bound from the *nadir* of exclusiveness to the *zenith* of adaptiveness.[1] I always consider myself fortunate in having enjoyed an

[1] In happy illustration of the adaptiveness of the Japanese, and as a fact for those who "do not believe in missionaries," it may be usefully noted that thirty years ago, the Japanese determined that there should be no Christianity in the land, and the penal laws making it death to be a Christian were all renewed. Now, all religions are registered and protected, and all Japanese are free by law to follow their consciences. Up to a few years ago, when Christian meetings were held, stones would be thrown and interruptions were common. Now (1902) the more full and direct the Gospel message, the better the attention paid to the preacher.

opportunity, brief and transient though it was, of visiting Japan before it was "opened to the public," and like all the world brought within range of the ticket office—that "common denominator" to the level of which everything has been reduced.

I mean that *now* if a man wants to go anywhere, distance, locality, antiquity, antecedents, sacredness need not deter him. He simply has to consider whether he can afford so many days', weeks', or months' luxury, and buy a ticket or not accordingly. "First return" Bexhill, Jerusalem, Nagasaki, Canton, Sydney, or South Pole (will be open shortly).

On that account, though it has since been so fully described by so many able pens, I think my few simple reminiscences of those earlier times may not be devoid of interest: for though it is true that the Elgin Treaty had been concluded shortly before our arrival, scarcely a symptom, so far, existed of that marvellous transformation scene which was to astonish the world.

Exclusiveness had been most carefully enforced; safeguards against intercourse posted like sentinels around the shores; improvements in shipbuilding forbidden; no foreign vessels allowed in the ports with the exception of a limited number of Chinese junks and one Dutch ship from Batavia yearly; foreigners could not land anywhere, and even native castaways on foreign shores were not permitted to return. The object of the annual Dutch visitor was to communicate with and bring merchandise to a little Dutch colony of traders on Deshima, a very small island in the harbour of Nagasaki, where, curiously enough, they had been allowed to establish themselves, but were never allowed to set foot on the mainland (except a deputation once a

year with presents), being obliged to content themselves, as the only variety in the monotony of their lives, and as the only means of external communication, with the arrival of their yearly ship.

Deshima was only half a mile from the *Tribune's* anchorage ; and by our time the Dutch prisoners were free, and English trade had set in, though so far it was chiefly monopolised by Dent, the great Hong Kong house, whose agent I saw selling *tons* of cloves from Borneo.

The thermometer at 40 F., with occasional snow and sleet, after so long a spell in the heat of the Canton River, was quite a phenomenal experience.

On landing with the captain and four others to pay our respects to the governor, I was at once impressed by the cleanliness, order, and neatness of the town, with its wide streets and airy, one-storied houses, lined inside by thick soft mats.

On nearing the governor's residence, while I was calling the captain's attention to the strange sort of shoes worn by the natives, I noticed, to my amusement, a group calling each other's attention to the strange sort of hats worn by *us*, cocked hats in fact, wonder being depicted on their countenances !

Indoors Japanese wear no shoes, and I at once observed the wide gap existing between the great and next toe, which arises from the thong which fastens the sandal to the foot.

A host of officials received us, and bowingly ushered us through long matted passages leading to a small room into the presence of a little, intelligent-looking, plainly dressed man.

"This governor," said the interpreter ; on which we bowed low, and everybody else bowed low, and in

the middle of all the bowing the governor led the way into a large room furnished with two long tables covered with white cloths, the windows being made of white oiled paper which shed a dim, if not religious light on the scene. The ceremony, which proved to be a reception followed by a banquet, was opened by the interpreter's kneeling down and kissing the floor in front of our host ; after which all sat down, we at one table by ourselves, and he, with his principal officials at the other table by themselves, the interpreter remaining on his knees and bowing low whenever he spoke to his dread superior.

The Japanese excel in formalities. Complete prostration before all officials entitled to it was the rule, rigidly carried out indoors as I often saw, but in the street the preparatory movement indicating a plunge into the sea of etiquette was gracefully checked by a gesture on the part of him to whom the mark of respect was due.

The conversation was very interesting to me, because the questions asked by the Japanese were so intelligent, and showed not only so much information, but a desire for so much more than I had expected from a people whom we had been accustomed to look upon as semi-barbaric and rigidly "self-contained."

I began to suspect from what I had seen and heard, even in such a short time, that these people were in reality highly civilised, the experience inducing the reflection that civilisation does not necessarily consist in conformation to European manners and customs—indeed I now quite grieve to learn that European is the Japanese official costume, and to see pictures of young Japan in pot-hats, trousers, and elastic-side boots.

To resume : while the conversation was in progress

an array of servants appeared, each bearing tea and pipes on a handsome tray, which turned out to be the prelude to a sumptuous entertainment, though to our tastes one which began at the wrong end.

After pipes, more trays with sponge cakes and sweetmeats, then more with puddings, cakes, &c., and then a succession of trays with soups, stews, ragouts, and made-dishes of various sorts, all nicely served in china and japan ware, each bowl being covered, and holding just enough for one person. A *petit-verre* of *sakee*, a rice liqueur, completed the feast, when we took our leave amid more bowings and backings.

I spent the rest of the day in walking and looking about me, much that I saw being most interesting and curious.

The weather was cold, and the general appearance of the people distinctly baggy, with a prevailing habit of withdrawing their arms from the short sleeves of the outer robe, and doubling them close into the side underneath it, which left the sleeves sticking out at a pronounced angle in a ridiculous fashion. The sleeve, too, formed a convenient receptacle for a store of little squares of soft paper, the equivalent of our pocket-handkerchiefs, each square being used but once and then thrown away.

Two men who were walking about with their heads completely concealed by inverted baskets attracted my attention, for they stopped in front of houses, and played soft plaintive airs on flutes which were passed up underneath the baskets, receiving a trifle in return. These men were lepers and not allowed to show their faces.

Sponge cakes appeared to be in great request, and were sold everywhere, even alongside our ship, but for our purchases anywhere we could not get Japanese

money, being obliged to provide ourselves with paper currency, issued expressly for European use, as the people would not allow their coin to be polluted by passing through foreign hands. We took our dollars to the Russian bazaar, where we exchanged them at the Government money changers for their equivalent in notes, but dollars alone were received, and by weight, by those money changers.

Some of the Chinese tendency to contrarieties evidently existed, as women of the higher classes shaved off their eyebrows and stained their teeth black, and I noticed that carpenters drew their planes *towards* them, and tailors stitched *from* them.

Rice seemed to be the staple food, and chop-sticks were universal.

When we got back to our frigate, we found awaiting us the oddest and most unexpected sequel of the governor's feast in the form of its remains, which had been sent off in little covered laquered bowls. It appeared that it was customary in Japan for guests to pocket what they could not eat, of which we were ignorant, though even had we been aware of what was expected, I do not see how, with the limited pocket accommodation of naval uniforms, we could possibly have achieved compliance.

On a subsequent occasion I was sent to Government House to obtain permission for the burial of a deceased Marine. First of all I went to the School of Interpreters, which the Japanese had lately established (a symptomatic step, a shadow of important coming events), and applied for one of its *alumni*, who, when he learned where we were going, took a long time to prepare himself, trimming his hair, donning

his smartest, and finally arming himself with a huge Anglo-Dutch dictionary.

I did not at first see how such a dictionary was to help us, but soon found out that most of the officials and merchants in Nagasaki, in consequence of the old Batavian trade, spoke more or less Dutch, and when they could not understand what we said, we pointed out the English word in the book, and they read off the corresponding Dutch.

Then we sallied forth on our mission, through the clean, wide, police-unfrequented ways, little boys and girls, from street, shop, and private house, from door and window, continually crying out after us, "Bouton Kysi," "button catchee," for there existed among the youth of Nagasaki a universal desire to possess uniform buttons, of which until the whole available stock in the ship was exhausted I used to take a few in my pocket to gratify the rosy-cheeked, black-eyed, merry, young rascals. Strange to say the rage for buttons was not confined to the town, but had spread far and wide, for on entering any village miles away among the hills, or quiet shepherd's hut in a retired valley, where perhaps no foreigner had ever preceded me, my first greeting was "Bouton Kysi," even little children in arms lisping it out almost instinctively.

My interpreter and guide walks in front of me—I say *walks*, but *shuffles* would be more descriptive, as the particularly inconvenient arrangement of his shoes admit only of that style of locomotion. He is clothed in a grey outer garment not unlike a short dressing-gown, loose, baggy trousers, which might most aptly be termed "inexpressibles" as they terminate mysteriously in stockings, being, in fact, loose trousers above

and tight stockings below. The poorer classes are not allowed to wear trousers, only loin-cloths. In his girdle are two short swords (probably dummies), the envy of all "one-swordy" men, and still more of those who are not entitled to any swords at all. Though bare-headed, his "horn is exalted" by a liberal application of an unctuous compound which moulds the hair into a compact upright mass. My friend is evidently a swell, but his shuffling gait makes him as ridiculous in my eyes as my cocked hat probably does me in his. Now and then when we meet another official I have to stop while bows, astounding to behold, are exchanged between the two, and prescribed words of salutation, both looking dreadfully in earnest.

Arrived at the governor's, I am shown into the waiting room, where I walk up and down, while subordinates and hangers-on come up, feel the quality of my coat, and pull gently at my buttons, wishing no doubt to possess one, but this cluster of satellites is soon dispersed by the appearance of a high officer, sent by the governor to find out what I want. Before this great man my interpreter instantly prostrates himself as flat as a pancake, but soon recovers himself as far as his knees, which is his posture during the whole of the forthcoming audience.

I had already had opportunities, during interviews between our captain and their officials, of being struck with the tact and well-bred consideration of the Japanese, for on such occasions they never plunge at once *in medias res,* but engage in a little preliminary conversation on other topics, so I am careful that, from myself at any rate, they shall not form an unfavourable estimate of foreign manners.

All Japanese, high and low, at all events at Nagasaki, when talking to strangers or among themselves, have a remarkable habit of drawing in their breath through the teeth while they speak, the sound marking a sort of break between the sentences, and they also keep up a rapid affirmative grunt while they are listening, to show that they understand what is being said. During my audience very small cups of delicately flavoured Pekoe are brought in, and at its conclusion the high official shuffles to the door to see me off, where we exchange the lowest possible bows.

Having thus obtained permission for the interment in the Russian cemetery, which was situated in the middle of a Japanese one, in a romantic little valley, on the west shore opposite the town, we landed the funeral party, when to our surprise we were received by three Buddhist priests in robes who preceded the Rev. J. J. Balleine on the way to the grave, intoning all the time a service of their own which they continued while ours was in progress, finally retiring with much tinkling of little bells and leaving us to finish in peace. The experience was most novel, and in spite of the occasion, ludicrous, there being something which touched one's sense of humour considerably in finding ourselves the helpless subjects of a sort of opposition burial service, conducted with such strange gestures and accompaniments.

Desirous later on of seeing something more of Buddhist worship as it is found in Japan, I shaped course for a solitary temple which I spied from the ship, a distant glistening speck in a green setting of coniferous verdure. My way after clearing the town led along a small winding path through woods and along hill-sides

where quiet people were digging their patches of terraced ground, some of the hills being terraced to the very top. Following the well-beaten path through the trees, I had no difficulty in finding the temple on a steep hill-side, whence I caught a fine view of the *Tribune* in the distance beyond the city, and fell into a reverie at all the events in my life with which she was connected, which was, not unpleasantly, disturbed by the sound of intonations from within. Entering the temple, I found a man and wife kneeling before the huge idol at their devotions, which consisted in "vain repetitions" (St. Matt. vi. 7) of its name Namona Horigneeko (or what I supposed to be its name), sometimes in unison, at others, the woman's moaning suppliant wail alone being audible, which, ceasing suddenly, gave place to the man's deep bass, but still to the same wearisome refrain, "Namona Horigneeko," "Namona Horigneeko"—that and nothing more. Thus they chanted their barren lay until I lost sense of the lapse of time; but so monotonous was the performance, that I was not at all surprised that the canon in residence thought it necessary to have recourse to an occasional violent beating of a gong, with the double object probably of rousing up the god and keeping his devotees awake.

This priest was good enough to write the name of the god for me, and as I returned I met people from time to time wending their way to the temple, and repeating in a monotonous chant their everlasting Namona Horigneeko.

Allured by the prospect of shooting pheasants in their aboriginal state, four of us landed, St. John the marine (who insisted upon being called Sinjun) and I,

under guidance of an intelligent youth, going in one direction, Lieut. Downes, R.N., and B. in another. Downes, it is true, succeeded in bagging a brace of pheasants, but having strayed outside the zone to which Europeans were restricted, he and his companion were taken prisoners and ignominiously confined in "choky" till next day.

The gallant marine and I shot no game, and saw none, but followed our guide with confidence engendered by the encouraging intelligence with which he responded to the repeated signs, gestures, and sounds intended to represent the nature of our quest; until, after many miles up hill and down dale, he came to a halt and smilingly pointed to a few crows in a tree!

Sinjun, giving vent to expressions which fall oftener on the ear than on the eye, was for *instant* execution, but I advised a brief respite as the more prudent course, and lunch in the meantime; so we sat down under the tree and punctured the tin of potted meat with which we had provided ourselves, when off it went with a pistol-like report and offensive whiff, reducing us to biscuit alone, by which I felt that our guide's prospects were not being improved.

But where is that intelligent youth? He is neither visible nor audible. With a prophetic forecast of his impending fate, or possibly scared by the mysterious pop of the meat tin, he has thought prudent to decamp, and as *he* knows the bolt-holes, and *we* don't, we decide not to attempt a fruitless chase, but to retrace our route, which we do without much difficulty.

On arrival on board we find yet a third party of sportsmen, who had failed to shoot any ducks but had lodged a considerable number of shot in the arm of one

of their boat's crew, bearing, oddly enough, the significant name of Fowls! We are thankful to this party, because they divert from our heads some portion of the current of our messmates' chaff.

On 12th January Nagasaki was *en fête* for some reason, shops shut, every one in their best, two-swordy men much in evidence, and amusements in full swing, including peripatetic theatricals, which we had an opportunity of seeing to advantage, as the governor reserved open-air seats for us.

First there was a procession of trade representatives, each man carrying a huge umbrella-shaped banner, on which was depicted the sort of goods sold by the class which he represented. Then appeared people with a small, portable stage, which was prepared, scenery and all, in five minutes.

The actors were three in number, never more and never fewer, two boys and one girl, each splendidly attired. In all performances of the sort that we saw the plot and style of acting were the same, being a variety of manœuvres to the twanging of a guitar illustrative of love-making and flirting, the finale being a grand and complicated flourish of fans. Then the shows moved on to the next street, the trio being carried on men's backs. There was, too, a large model of a Chinese junk, on wheels, and a number of very small boys cleverly dressed as Chinese mandarins in large spectacles.

Of all Japanese institutions surely the most curious was that of *espionage*, which was a recognised and highly complicated system of universal application, the office of spy being a government appointment. Our friend the governor was perfectly well aware that spies existed

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whose special business it was to dog his official steps and make reports upon his sayings and doings and the daily events of his life. Then, the whole city was divided into districts, sub-districts, and sub-sub-districts, throughout the whole of which the spy system ramified with such minuteness that half the city population may be said to have been engaged in watching the other half; and still further to complicate matters, there were spies upon spies.

On the whole it appeared to me that the governor's lot was not a very happy one, especially when one remembers that he was held personally responsible for everything that happened, and would have been obliged to terminate his official as well as his mundane tenure of life by the "Happy Despatch" (in the art of which he had been instructed as part of his education), in the event of any catastrophe within his jurisdiction which he failed to deal with satisfactorily. For instance, during our stay a bad fire occurred, supposed to be the result of a disorderly outbreak on the part of foreign sailors, which might lead, we were informed, in the event of the governor's failure to bring the offenders to justice, to his being obliged to "rip himself up," for, of course, the affair could not be kept secret as the spies were bound to report it all.

After a stay of seventeen days, all too short for me, during which we had gammoned the bowsprit, set up the rigging, and fished the dangerously defective mainmast, we set sail for a long and stormy voyage north-eastward across the North Pacific for Vancouver Island.

CHAPTER II

VANCOUVER ISLAND

THE transition navy (1854–64) had great advantages and attractions, and retrospectively is of considerable interest, inasmuch as upon the decks of its ships, of which the *Tribune* was a typical representative, the Old and the New were united for a time in friendly embrace, before bidding each other farewell for ever.

As a sailing-frigate we had crossed the Northern Pacific, and now transformed into a steam-frigate, with funnel up, propeller down, and engines at work, in good spirits at the termination of our stormy voyage and at the prospect of new experiences in lands wherein not one of us had ever set foot, we were stemming the bright waters of Juan de Fuca Straits. On our starboard hand the lofty snow-capped mountains of Washington territory tower in massive grandeur; on our port, the boldly picturesque outlines of Vancouver Island, whose shores appear densely wooded with coniferous growth almost to the beach. Antipodes, this, to the ancient, densely populated civilisations whence we had come; for here, unfettered and unrestrained, wild Nature has had her own way, and except to a few dusky, half-naked, and decidedly dirty bipeds of unknown origin, who prowl about the shores and silent forest recesses, has kept her solemn secrets for ages to herself. But now she must give them up,

for sights are to be seen and sounds heard of ominous import. The white man is coming, has come indeed, with all the evil and all the good that he brings with him wherever he goes, and soon, with his axe, low will he lay many a native giant of the forest, and with his rum and his diseases, even lower than it already is, many a native soul.

But he will bring, too, a great Antidote for the healing of the nations, and after a time the last state of that soul shall be better than the first.

Senhor Juan de Fuca, whose real name was Valerianos, a Greek pilot, who held office in the Spanish-American colonies, was sent in 1592 by the Viceroy of Mexico to the west coast of North America to search for water communication with the Atlantic, when he discovered the straits which bear his name, as well as the magnificent island, 278 miles long by 40 to 50 miles broad, and 9000 feet high at the loftiest peaks, now called after Captain John Vancouver, R.N., who visited it in 1792 and explored the straits.

Captain Cook, however, certainly coasted along the west coast of Vancouver Island and touched at Nootka Sound in 1778, when voyaging northward from the Sandwich Islands, and actually sighted the cape marking the entrance to the straits, which he called Cape Flattery, a name which has never been altered, but he failed to detect the real character of the opening itself.

"It is," he says in his "Voyages," vol. ii. p. 260, "in this very latitude that geographers have placed the pretended strait of Juan de Fuca, but we saw nothing of it, nor is there the least probability that ever such a thing existed."

The great navigator's confident tone on that occasion, as being an example of the exception which proves the rule of his general accuracy, is noteworthy.

In 1789 Captain Kendrick, an American, sailed into Juan de Fuca Straits and up through what we now call the Gulf of Georgia and Queen Charlotte's Sound into the Pacific, thus being the first to make known the real character of those waters, and to establish the entity of the superb island which they separate from the continent. The first settlement on Vancouver Island was by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1843, but with very few exceptions, from that date till up to within three or four years before our arrival, the only intercourse with a land of such potential resources seems to have been through a small number of skin and fur trading vessels.

We had no charts, or at any rate none that were of much use, those that we had having probably been made by Captain Kellet, R.N., in 1847; but in 1858 a complete and thorough survey had been started by Captain G. H. Richards, R.N., of the *Plumper* (the future Hydrographer), which lasted for six years, and shadows of the future importance of Vancouver Island and its value to the Empire were being already projected across its splendid mountains, forests, harbours, lakes, fisheries, and coal riches.

Rounding the Race Rocks in smooth water, after a month's solitary buffeting, during which we were once for seven consecutive days without sights, and found the ship at last no less than 120 miles ahead of her dead reckoning, our sense of the pleasant prospect of a little companionship was gratified by the sight of two of her Majesty's ships at anchor in Ĕsquĭmălt, the

snug little harbour used even then exclusively for the navy, though yet displaying none of the accessories, buildings, institutions, fortifications, and docks which now make it so valuable a *rendezvous* and base for our Pacific Squadron.

The ships were the *Satellite* (Captain Prevost), a lovely large screw-corvette, and the *Plumper* aforesaid.

Esquimalt, which has no connection whatever with Esquimaux (as some erroneously suppose), requires accent on the second syllable, and the last one to be pronounced in the same way as the product which—not always—forms the principal ingredient in British beer.

When ships from different parts of the world meet each other there is always an interesting time in looking up old shipmates, and re-uniting ties and friendships long suspended, ages and ranks having meantime greatly changed. Beardless and distinctly larky middies of ten years ago now come across each other as staid first lieutenants; the young officer of your watch in your first ship is now captain of that fine frigate; the small second-class boy, who acted as your servant years ago, makes himself known to you as the bearded bo'sun's mate or stalwart coxswain of the barge; and with all, you have a crack about old times and that "last ship," which was always the smartest that ever floated. Among old men-o'-war's men the last ship *was* the ship, where if you had only been you could have seen things done in the smartest possible way in the shortest possible time; much in the same way as, in the angling districts of Scotland, on arrival at a fishing inn, "last Tuesday" was always the day when the "gentleman from Edinburgh" made that

famous creel which you fail ignominiously to approach. I never succeeded in overtaking that phantom angler, by-the-bye, who on the west coast became "the gentleman from Glasgow."

To resume: landing at Esquimalt I found a small jetty, twelve little houses, or shanties, four being liquor shops, where all drinks were retailed at one price—a bit, sixpence each; and a humble place of entertainment kept by "Rough and Ready" (his real name being unknown), where you could get shelter, hot cocoa, and a "shoreboat." A road (unmetalled) led through the forest to the town two miles distant.

The scant history of Vancouver Island during the first half of the nineteenth century was intimately connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, those famous monopolists who "were first organised in 1670 by Prince Rupert and seventeen noblemen and gentlemen for importing into Great Britain furs and skins obtained by barter from the Indians of North America," whose reign (with a variation) lasted till 1869, when they ceded their territorial possessions to the British Government for £300,000 and permission to retain their forts and other privileges.

Those forts were—more or less—fortified posts, and since 1843 one had marked the site of the present (1901) flourishing city of Victoria, with its 24,000 inhabitants, cathedral, public and private buildings, factories, opera-house, and railway stations; which at the time of our visit was only an embryo town of less than 2000: so much, indeed, was the fort identified with the town that we were accustomed to hear the latter called "the Fort" by all except newcomers.

In 1849 Vancouver Island was made a Crown Colony and was leased to the Company, its old masters, for ten years, then remained isolated till 1866, when it was united with British Columbia, Victoria being fixed as the capital of that province, which joined the Canadian Confederation in 1871. In 1859, therefore, when we appeared on the scene, the mighty status of the Company as lords of the land, though their interest was still paramount throughout the trading regions of British North America, had sunk to the level of that of a mere private firm. The first Governor of Vancouver was Douglas, who had been a chief factor of the Company, and although he had ceased connection with it, some of the stigma and unpopularity inseparable from the Company in the eyes of the colonists still clung to its former official. Undeserved or not, the Hudson's Bay Company certainly had a bad reputation. Douglas was a brave, honest old gentleman, who had married a native woman, and lived at Government House. Five-sixths of the white population of the island were American ; the currency entirely so ; indeed, except for officials, laws, and a few settlers, Victoria and district had all the aspect of an American colony, and I remember how "riled" the inhabitants were at the governor's refusal to allow them to fire a salute with public celebration "at meridian" on Washington's birthday.

The farms were chiefly British, and such names as Langford, Skinner, M'Kenzie, John Coles, and Judge Cameron will recall those early days to some of my readers, maybe.

Victoria is beautifully situated on a bay near the south-east extremity of the island. Passing the old

white Fort, where much commerce still goes on, I find myself in the main street chiefly formed by wooden houses. The American flavour of the place is at once apparent[1] by titles of staring restaurants; by shop announcements, such as "Gents' Furnishing Goods," "Shoe Findings" &c.; by posters whereon I read "Startling from Europe, Stocks Tumbling, War Imminent;" by a pervading "twang"; and by dollars, bits, and cents everywhere. Up and down the plank sidewalks stalk uncouth, unkempt figures in slouch hats and strange attire whom I instinctively know to be gold-miners, all looking much bored and out of their element. Hands in pockets, they lounge and vacantly stare about, a slight diversion being afforded by our appearance in uniform, for they successively stop short as we pass, and deliberately scrutinise us from cap to boots, and from boots to cap.

They seldom speak, these gold seekers on holiday, and when they do, in short and jerky remark. They appear to be waiting for something. They are.

Suddenly I observe men of fierce exterior, all beard and moustache, helps or waiters, rush out of the doors of the restaurants—chiefly branch houses from 'Frisco—and wildly clang huge bells, on which a sudden change of mien comes over those expectant miners who rush away with long hurried strides, and crowding to their places snap up huge quantities of food—the scene forcibly reminding me of Martin Chuzzlewit's experiences in a New York boarding-house.

The gold diggings of 1859 were situated some distance up the Fraser River in British Columbia, in rather

[1] *Nous avons changé tout cela;* for I read in the Canadian Pacific Railway Guide for 1896: "Victoria is peculiarly English in all its characteristics."

an inaccessible region, and like all other diggings, furnished their tales of varying fortunes and of no fortunes at all.

The marines whom we brought across with us from China were ostensibly for the purpose of keeping order there, but later developments in San Juan Island made us think it likely that the Government may have had an inkling of what was about to happen, and determined to be ready.

Among these miners I find a chatty intelligent man or two, one of whom assured me that after many weeks' fearful toil and hardship, living on horse-flesh at a dollar a pound, he amassed a great deal of gold, all of which as well as everything else he possessed, was stolen by natives on his way to the coast, and when at last he reached Victoria, barefoot and bleeding, had no clothes on or off, except a pair of trousers and an old blanket.

There is one Yankee photographer in the place, Leonidas M. Snott, who, after four trials, failing to produce a presentable likeness of me, angrily dashes the plates to fragments on the hearth.

"You see, sir," explains the assistant in apologetic undertone, "he feels for the subject." Perhaps I may be partly responsible for one of the failures, for in the middle of the last long *pose*, during which I am propped erect in an unnatural position against a severely rigid head-rest, Snott remarks considerately, "You may wink, sir, if you feel like it"—which is really too much to bear unmoved in risible feature.

In Victoria I met American children for the first time, and was anything but favourably impressed. They wore an expression beyond their years and

seemed to me unnaturally self-possessed and precocious. Thirty years afterwards I met others in Edinburgh where the same characteristics were apparent. It was at a *table d'hôte* breakfast at which the company were all American except myself, and I sat next to a little girl of ten or so and her mother. When the waiter handed a dish of cut-up chickens the child turned up her nose and declined, on which the mother said, "Will you not have some chicken?"

"There's nothing but brown meat."

"Well, somebody must eat the brown meat."

"Well, somebody may, I guess I won't," remarked the child in a clear, decided tone and with the utmost self possession, and to nobody's astonishment except my own!

. . . . . .

Almost the whole of Vancouver Island is densely wooded, chiefly with conifers, but there are many open grassy park-like reaches more or less studded with oak. The forests are principally composed of the Douglas Fir, whose botanical generic name, I am happy to learn from the second (1900) edition of that valuable standard work, "Veitch's Manual of Coniferæ," after many years' variation between *Pinus*, *Abies*, and *Pseudo-tsuga*, has at length been sensibly fixed as *Abietia*. In the realm of scientific nomenclature there has always been a special disposition to indulge in novelty and variation, some trees and plants, to the mystification of students, having been "run under" at least half-a-dozen names; but surely the man who attached to one of the noblest and best known trees in the world such an awful tongue-entangler as *Pseudo-tsuga* deserves a special niche in the temple of botanical reprobation!

The Douglas Fir was discovered in 1795 by Menzies, but named after David Douglas, a Perthshire man and North American explorer, who introduced the seed into Britain in 1827. The tree stands somewhat by itself in the scheme of classification. As regards its relation to other conifers: "the preponderance of agree-

ment is with *Abies*, the silver-fir section, but with such a marked difference in the cones that it has been generically separated from it by most authors." There is one infallible mark by which it may be distinguished, that is the bicuspidate bracts of the scales of the cones (represented in the figure), prominent and unmistakable, consisting of a long, rigid, pointed awn springing from a

broad base which shows two short pointed angles. Though specimens—nearly always planted much too close together—are now met with all over our country, the best of them are scarcely more than infant representatives and give but a faint idea of the Douglas "at home"—"the grandest of the group of giants which combine to form the forests of the West," the most widely distributed, not only of the American firs, but of all American trees ; and one of the most remarkable and valuable trees in existence.

The largest specimens in Britain scarcely exceed 100 feet, but there is in the Royal Gardens at Kew a flagstaff from a Vancouver Island tree consisting of a single piece 159 feet in length, 22 inches diameter at base, and 8 at apex, weighing 3 tons.

Deeply interesting and impressive was it to wander leisurely about the old fir-forests in the neighbourhood of Esquimalt where veterans of centuries, varying from 150 to 250 feet or more, rose tall, straight, and without branches for the first 50, 80, or 100 feet. The trees, too, were, for their enormous size, so close together and so numerous that one failed to realise that enormous size, the general perspective effect being more of a plantation of Brobdignagian canes or bamboos ; but gazing upwards, the blue sky could only be distinguished in patches between lofty, distant, and tuft-like foliage which waved slowly and majestically in response to the breeze that affected the summits only, and did not reach the silent columnar depths where I stood. The deep silence and seclusion were broken only by the occasional loud resonant hammering of a splendid black, crimson-headed woodpecker (perhaps *Picus martius*, but I am not sure), the sound, which might

sometimes be heard for nearly a mile, being the more striking, and producing greater effect, because no other living creature was either visible or audible.

The New Mainmast.

Visits to the forest were before long directed to a more practical end than mere admiration of scenery, our special interest being to find out whether it would serve our needs in a forthcoming imminent and imperative great event; in short, could it supply us with a new mainmast? for the old one, temporarily repaired at Nagasaki, it will be remembered, was so defective that it could not be safely trusted for the long homeward voyage to which we were looking forward.

By agreement with the proprietor, we had a free hand, and proceeded to fell four noble firs, one of which was 185 feet high, 4 feet 3 inches in diameter at the base, 80 feet from the ground to the first branch, straight as an arrow, and judging from the rings which I counted, at least 200 years old; but to our mortification, useless for the purpose, as examination revealed many unsound places which marked the junction point of old branches. Our labour was not in vain, however, for though we could not make a mast out of any of these trees, we did shape two splendid balks of timber 80 feet long each which served as sheers.

Abandoning, therefore, the attempt to cut one for ourselves on British, we contracted for an American mast from Washington Territory, which was towed across the Strait from Port Gamble in Puget Sound by a "plunger," or half-decked boat with a centre-board, and delivered alongside at the rate of ten shillings a

running foot, including towage, rolled upon the beach, and made into a mainmast by our own carpenters in three weeks. This magnificent spar of 106 feet length (the finished mast 101) and 32 inches diameter, faultless, and virtually knotless, was the longest mast of a single spar ever seen in the British Navy; so exceptionally beautiful indeed was it, that on our arrival at Portsmouth even the dockyard people acknowledged its merits, although it was not of their workmanship, and kept it as a "show mast" in the sheds, where it lay for years, visited and admired by thousands. It was not a "made mast," be it understood, but a round single spar like a topmast, kept bright, and rubbed with Chinese oil. Eventually, with the passing away of the old navy, it lost its value and interest, and was ruthlessly cut to pieces, a fact which I eventually with sorrow ascertained during one of my visits in after years, when I was in the habit of lingering affectionately over the lovely mast—a link to many memories. At each succeeding visit to the Yard I found less of the sailor, more of the mechanic; and finally met nobody but a few men carrying tubes and wire-rope or wheeling about metal plates. At my last visit, accosting a man in the shed who looked like a foreman, I asked: "What has become of the *Tribune's* old mast that lay here for so many years, do you know?"

"Yes, I know very well; she's made away with."

"What a shame! are you sure, how do you know?"

"*How* do I know?—well, I think I orter, as I had a hand in chopping of her up!"

Sic transit gloria mali.

I learned that planks 100 feet long and 6 feet wide,

without a knot in them, were frequently cut from the gigantic Douglases of the Puget Sound forests.

"To shift mainmast with one's own resources," even in the primest of old seafaring days, was a very rare and very heavy "order," though on the present occasion we could scarcely claim to have done so, inasmuch as we had sheers from the forest, as before mentioned, though even thus, away from a dockyard or sheer-hulk, ours was a ponderous and difficult operasion, but quite successfully carried out under the immediate supervision of Captain Hornby, who planned and directed everything from first to last with the ability which characterised all that he did. He was ably seconded by the first lieutenant and boatswain, and we all experienced a feeling of intense satisfaction when the new mast was at last safely landed in its step and the purchases untoggled.

While all those long spars were lying flat, I ascertained a curious fact, hitherto unknown to me, that a slight tap, or even a loud-ticking watch, applied to one end was audible to an ear held against the other. Locally they used to test newly felled timber in that way, as, if its sound-conducting powers were perfect, the wood was known to be in good condition throughout.

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Captain Hornby was a man of moral courage and initiative, not afraid of personal responsibility, not afraid for the good of the service and benefit of those under his command to sheer out of beaten tracks, and ignore time-honoured customs and traditions. Yet it was sometimes risky for a captain to take too much upon himself, as Captain Edgell discovered to his cost

when he served out an extra allowance of grog to the crew without consulting the surgeon as to the necessity, and found later on the whole price "charged to his wages" by an unsympathetic Admiralty.

No greater boon to lieutenants was ever introduced than Hornby's institution of "officer of the day," thus liberating watch-keepers in harbour for two days out of three, a boon for which we were truly grateful and much envied by our less fortunate brethren in adjacent ships, whose captains continued to insist on "strict service" and no innovation.

After morning quarters the First was left to "carry on," the watches being taken charge of by their senior midshipman, the officer of the day being generally responsible that all went well, and being always available when a lieutenant was required.

Thus I was able thoroughly to enjoy life at Esquimalt, spending my "off" time in exploration, playing cricket at Colwood, and rambling about with my gun both for sport and specimens, as I had learned how to skin and preserve birds—in fact, no part of my naval career is so pleasant in the retrospect than the year at Vancouver.

We had uninterrupted range over a splendid, varied, and interesting country, and might shoot what we liked or could, which I cannot say was very much, in part for want of dogs and in part—well, we had not a Sir William Kennedy among us, or the result would doubtless have been different.

Fresh from the experience of such uninterrupted freedom, the difference between an old and a new country was vividly brought home to me, when, after our return home, I innocently supposed that I could

carry my gun about over certain wild links on the Scottish coast without special permission ; but even the sight of me with only an innocent vasculum on the same links drew two *lynx*-eyed watchers from their lair to find out what I was about.

During autumn wood-pigeons abounded, which frequented the oaks to feed on acorns. At first, I used fruitlessly to stalk the birds from tree to tree, but soon found that the right plan was to stand quietly upright against a stem, and pot them as they settled on the branches above.

Once, St. John and I, in expectation of getting a shot next morning at wild geese, passed the night in a shepherd's wooded shanty near the edge of a pool frequented by these birds. The ground was covered with snow and "the wind cut like swords through the cracks in the boards," much sleep, though we huddled around a blazing log, being out of the question.

At earliest dawn we stole down to the water-side, and peering over the scrub, there, sure enough in the middle of the pool, just out of shot, we spied a flock of geese dimly looming, and moving gradually in our direction, so we counted upon one to each barrel at least. Now they are well within shot, why do we hesitate ? Because it becomes evident, with the increasing light, that these are not wild geese at all, but tame ones from Langford's farm. What a sell !

Feeling very small, we retraced our steps to the shanty for our rugs, where we found by footsteps in the snow that a puma (*Felis concolor*, a large species of panther) had sniffed us out during night and had been perambulating the shanty. Yet pumas do not attack man unless provoked. Their favourite prey is sheep.

One puma has been known to kill fifty sheep in a night, sucking a little blood from each.

On the way back I dropped a couple of mallard "right and left" in the middle of another pool, out of which, having no dog, they could only be retrieved by myself ; so I stripped, dashed in and got them, but the water was literally ice-cold, and I should not have cared to repeat the experiment.

At certain seasons the harbour literally swarmed with herrings, and the natives' mode of fishing for them was wonderfully simple and attractive.

A man wielding a pole armed at its end with a number of sharp nails sat in the bow of a canoe. While the canoe was being slowly propelled he used the pole as if it were a paddle, on alternate sides, the fish being impaled, and quietly shaken off into the boat after each dip.

Or sometimes in smaller canoes the solitary paddler effected the same result by merely using paddles with points at the extremity of its axis, thus killing, if not two birds with one stone, often two fish at one stroke.

Salmon was abundant during part of the year, speared in the harbour or caught by hook and line, and sold to us at 3d. a pound. I saw a 22-lb. fish speared. It is well known that on the approach of the spawning season salmon crowd up the rivers of British Columbia in such astonishing numbers, that, without figure of speech, the water in places is literally "thick wid 'em."

During my rambles in May I was surprised to see so many humming-birds, which I had supposed to inhabit only tropical regions ; but the Vancouver species, *Trochilus colubris*, the ruby-throated humming-bird, is

PARHELIA

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found over the whole of North America up to 57° north. They are beautiful little creatures, like large moths, poising themselves in the air while they hum loudly, and pouncing like hawks.

In May, too, I had an opportunity of witnessing for the first and only time in my life the rare and remarkable phenomenon known as Parhelia or Mock Suns. There had been an unusually large halo round the sun during the whole of the day, and about an hour and a half before sunset, when the lower limb of the circle had disappeared behind the hills, a mock sun appeared on the circle on either side of the real one. Halos and parhelia are caused by ice-crystals in the air, and do not necessarily, as some suppose, foretell bad weather.

We were surprised one morning by the arrival of a canoe from the continent containing John Palliser, "the solitary hunter," and Dr. Hector, M.D., who had just returned from an expedition to the Rocky Mountains, to find a Lower Pass, which they did find, it being called Kicking Horse Pass to this day from the following adventure, which we heard from the latter.

The Doctor and a detachment of three Indian scouts off-saddled for dinner near a likely locality. Leaving his companions, he went off by himself to explore, and on his return, coming suddenly to his horse, the animal was frightened and kicked him so violently in the stomach that he lost his senses.

On recovery he found himself wrapped up in his buffalo robe on the edge of a grave, into which, under the impression that he was dead, the Indians were preparing to lower him, but he struggled up, saddled his horse, and rode off.

Though ill for several days he completely recovered, and is now Sir James Hector, K.C.M.G., F.R.S., Director of the Geological Survey of New Zealand.

The Pacific Railway runs through Kicking Horse Pass.

CHAPTER III

SAN JUAN

HAD I foreseen, towards evening on July 29, 1859, what a startling surprise was in store, I should probably not have lingered so long to examine some of the erratic boulders with which the country is strewed, and other evidences of glacial action which abounded, on my way down to the jetty at "Rough and Ready's," after a pleasant day's ramble with my gun.

"Moored with all boats out and swivel on"—an expression which at once conveys to the naval mind the idea of *fixture*—was the condition of my ship at 10.30 A.M., Boyle, the indefatigable, "carrying on," the "officer of the day" at his post, drills, &c., in progress, captain off to Victoria, and no suspicion of any disturbance in the serene and settled character of harbour routine.

Imagine, therefore, the shock which I sustained when, on reaching the water-side in expectation of finding the usual officers' dinner-boat, I became aware of something so strange and inexplicable that I literally gasped with astonishment.

Not only was there no officers' boat, but there was no frigate! I gazed round and round, far and near, even pinching myself to make sure that I was in the flesh and awake; but the fact could neither be eluded nor explained—her Majesty's ship *Tribune* was invisible,

nor was there any clue so far to the sudden and mysterious disappearance of my floating home, which I had left so firmly established a few hours previously. What could have happened?

The *Satellite*, however, *was* visible, and in my lone and outcast condition I gratefully accepted a passage in her boat, and hospitality from her officers, from whom I learned that my ship had been hurriedly despatched with all the marines that could be got together in consequence of a sudden accentuation of the San Juan difficulty—that thorn in the Victorian flesh which arose from an ambiguous clause in the Oregon Treaty of 1846.

Ambiguous clauses are profitable investments for lawyers, the complications arising out of that one having been prolonged for upwards of a quarter of a century; but the omission of even a comma, or a misplaced one, may fructify into gratifying results. Thus, in the United States Tariff Bill, which took effect in 1872 (as I learn from the *Brooklyn Argus*), in the enumeration of articles to be placed on the free list, viz., "fruit plants tropical and semi-tropical," a comma was inserted after *fruit*, thereby freeing all fruit from duty. The customs officers, not noticing this, continued to collect duties on fruit till the error was discovered, when a Bill was passed for the express purpose of removing the comma!—the amount of duty illegally collected in the meantime being estimated at two million dollars. In the San Juan instance it had been enacted that "the boundary-line dividing the territories of Great Britain and the United States runs along the 49th parallel of latitude to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's

Island, and thence southerly through the middle of the said channel and of Juan de Fuca Straits to the Pacific Ocean." Clearly, therefore, the straits and its islands on the west or island side of the line were British ; on the east or continent side American. The difficulty, however, arose from the mystifying fact that the word "channel" in the text of the treaty was contended not to be sufficiently specific, inasmuch as to the south of the 49th parallel are two or three channels, the Americans contending that the line must be drawn along the middle of the main and generally used one between Vancouver and the Aroo or Haro Group, of which San Juan is the chief island, which would make that island their property ; while we, I think naturally, maintained that "channel" signified the whole breadth of the Strait of Georgia, which would make it ours.

As a matter of fact, in San Juan a peaceable sort of neutral joint occupation on the live-and-let-live principle had been going on for a long time previous to 1859 ; the Hudson's Bay Company, on the one hand, claiming the island, and farming part of it through Mr. Griffen, their agent ; while, on the other, the Americans had magistrates, and settlers on whom taxes were levied ; collisions between rival occupiers, which would otherwise have arisen, being happily averted by an undisputed treaty clause which secured entire freedom to Hudson's Bay property wherever situated.

In July 1859, however, one Hearney, a hot-headed general of fillibuster type, undoubtedly with the view of precipitating a conflict for political ends, landed Captain Pickett and a detachment of troops at Bellevue Harbour, San Juan, "to protect American interests."

On receipt of the news at Victoria, Governor Douglas despatched the *Tribune* in hot haste "to prevent any more troops being landed"; and sent, too, a magistrate to take legal steps to eject "intruders," Captain Hornby being instructed to support the civil authority.

Of course I was considerably excited at all that, and eagerly looked forward to developments, especially as on my arrival at San Juan next morning, after a nocturnal voyage of thirty miles in the *Satellite's* pinnace, I found Captain Pickett established in his camp on an eminence surmounted by the Stars and Stripes, whence, with characteristic *braggadocio*, his guns were kept menacingly pointed towards us; whence, too, as soon as the ship arrived, he had the cool effrontery to send a letter directed "Captain Hornby, H.M.S. *Tribune*, San Juan, Washington Territory."

Negotiations passed, and I had no doubt whatever at the time that it was mainly owing to the tactful conduct of our able captain throughout those very difficult first days that a collision was averted without loss of honour on our part. I am therefore gratified at finding the following extract of a letter from Colonel Moody, R.E., Head of the Boundary Commission and Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia, quoted in Admiral Hornby's Biography, p. 66—"It is fortunate for Great Britain that Hornby of the *Tribune* is at San Juan. His sound sense may avert evil. He will avert war to the last moment without in any degree perilling the proper dignity of England."

On landing at San Juan, I found that Paul K. Hubbs, American Consular Agent and Col-lector of Customs, had erected a tall flagstaff, at the foot of which was

displayed a notice that "this island being American Territory two constables are appointed," &c.

I also encountered two long unkempt men who were employed in coolly measuring off with compass, map, and tape, on the very land in actual possession of the Hudson's Bay Company's tenant (such was their impudence) a "pre-emption claim," one of whom, "member of the legislative body of Washington Territory," explained that every citizen of the U-nited States could claim 150 to 200 acres at 10s. per acre on new lands, adding, "The Court of Saint James will sign, sir, I guess, so I con-clude to fix my lo-cation right away."

Under such circumstances will the reader be surprised to learn that our relations with all the Americans were of the most genial and amicable nature; that I paid a visit to the fell Pickett, and had a long and pleasant "crack" with him over Oregon whisky and cigars, and that Captain Hornby and his officers were invited to a grand picnic on the opposite side, which they attended? At the same time, had they been cognisant of what was impending they certainly would *not* have done so; for, notwithstanding my experience of the good feeling and hospitality of Americans, and especially their naval officials, in all parts of the world, I have but little doubt that this picnic was just a 'cutely preconcerted device for denuding the British frigate of her captain and most of her officers in anticipation of what had been planned to come off.

On going over the side on his way to the picnic, Captain Hornby's parting reminder to his First Lieutenant was that *no more American troops were to be allowed to land*, one that might have seemed superfluous at the

time, as there were none visible, nor signs of any. The captain, however, had scarcely been absent more than an hour, when, to Boyle's consternation, the *Massachusetts* United States troopship, with about two hundred and fifty soldiers, suddenly steamed into harbour, and cast anchor near the *Tribune*.

Our dismayed commanding officer immediately sent Lieutenant Downes with his compliments to explain that his orders were to permit no more American troops to land. "Well, sir," replied the captain, nothing disconcerted, "I guess I'll have to land these troops."

The Lieutenant returned, but was sent back to say that they would not be allowed to land, to which the skipper merely remarked that he guessed he'd have to do his duty—meantime boats were being lowered and other preparations made for doing it.

I doubt whether any officer of any age or rank was ever so suddenly and unexpectedly brought face to face with such a difficult and critical situation as David Boyle on this occasion, who, it must be remembered was only six-and-twenty ; for, on the one hand, if he permitted troops to land, he would be acting in the teeth of his captain's instructions ; while on the other, the employment of force to prevent them would probably have led to war between two great nations, and the event would have "earmarked" him for the rest of his professional life, for good or otherwise, according to the view taken by the Admiralty and the Government.

Boyle was not the man to hesitate long in such an emergency. "Whatever betide," his course clearly was to carry out his captain's orders ; so, after a turn or two up and down the deck, was on the point of making immediate preparations to do so, when providentially,

with the timeliness of the appearance of a reprieve in a melodrama, H.M.S. *Plumper* was seen steaming towards the port and signalling vigorously. What signal? Painful suspense, but nothing to be done till it is made out. Five minutes more—ten. "Well, signalman, make it out yet?" "Yes, sir. *Annul Governor's orders about landing American troops.*" Hurrah!

The troops were landed. Those of my readers who have undergone the strain of responsibility will realise the intensity of the relief which that signal brought to our commanding officer's mind, indeed to all of us.

The fact was that old Douglas's nerve failed when he heard that that troopship was actually *en voyage*, and more prudent counsel, to which he had refused to listen at first, prevailed at last. So there was no conflict.

Governor Douglas undoubtedly possessed an enormous influence over the Indians everywhere, to such an extent that if he had "passed the word" they would have massacred every American on the coasts, but having lived most of his life in the wilds, much diplomatic 'cuteness or administrative capacity was not to be expected from him.

Diplomacy took the matter in hand, and kept it cheerfully in hand for the next thirteen years, as a "good ganging law-plea," than which, according to the Scotch, nothing is more remunerative.

Meanwhile a joint occupation was agreed upon, and carried out till 1872, when the Court of Saint James *did* "sign," in obedience to the German Emperor's arbitration, by which the line of demarcation was carried through the west or main channel, and San

Juan given up to the Americans. My pre-emption friend must have become rather tired of waiting for his claim during all those years.

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Our return to Esquimalt was saddened by a dreadful accident, the more painful inasmuch as it need not have happened. While "in stays" under sail and steam, the mizen topmast-stay snapped under the strain of undue headway, and the mizen-topmast, sails, and rigging fell down abaft in a confused heap, out of which were extricated two mizen-topmen, Robert Bryson and L. Hackworthy, the former being dead, the latter badly injured.

It is a strange but well-established fact that accidents and epidemics always carry off the best men. Poor Bryson was a particularly smart and promising lad, and a great favourite with both officers and men, many of whom shed tears at his funeral, and especially with his topmates, who subscribed to cover his coffin with blue cloth. Gibson, a second class boy, not being a topman, was not asked to subscribe, but wishing to show his respect for the deceased, with whom he had been on terms of close friendship and affection, begged to be allowed to line the cloth with flannel at his own expense. Though there was something ridiculous in the idea, yet the honest good feeling of the boy was touching.

Bryson left a young brother behind him, to whom life must for some time have appeared a hideous blank, as the two were united in the closest ties of affection, and were always together.

. . . . . .

Captain Hornby governed his crew on the sound principle of privileges being dependent upon conduct, especially in the matter of "leef." On every available occasion leave for a run on shore was given, and it was a man's own fault if he found himself debarred from being able to respond to the ever-welcome pipe—"Liberty men to muster!" In such a case he was either in the black list, had before "broken his leave," or come off the worse for liquor from his last leave; yet there were continuous desertions—no fewer than forty—shortly after our arrival at Esquimalt. The reasons were twofold. First, the attractions, or supposed attractions, offered by the diggings and local demand for labour. Secondly, for reasons connected with the captain which I have already explained (p. 228).

Among the first batch of deserters was Macfarlane, a "blue marine," a most respectable, well-educated man of exemplary character, who had latterly been singled out for special employment as "writer." Nevertheless he determined "to stash it" (give up, cut connection with), and got safely over to the American side, where he hired a small farm and was joined by two of our first-class boys, who stole a boat from the beach at Victoria wherein to cross the straits. That was in February 1859.

Early in the same month of the following year, just before we sailed homeward, Boyle noticed alongside a boat full of potatoes which were being offered for sale to the ship's company, and being struck by the excellence of their appearance, called out to the man in charge—"Those are very fine potatoes you have got there; where are they from?"

"From the American side," he replied, continuing after a pause, with a twinkle in his eye, during which something seemed to occur to him — "They were grown by Mr. Macfarlane, who formerly belonged to your ship, I believe."

The marine had evidently prospered; but really it was a piece of cool cheek to send off his produce to be sold alongside his old ship, where he was "wanted," though no doubt he had motives, partly to take advantage of a convenient market, partly perhaps *pour encourager les autres*, and partly to indulge—and very naturally so—in an exhibition of his success, independence, and security.

It was not necessary for a deserter always to take refuge on American soil, that is, if he were only a deserter *malgré lui* and *not* "wanted," as in the case of Boy Jones, who being incurably lazy, dirty, and useless, was sent on shore "to wash his clothes," a tacitly understood naval synonym for permission, even invitation, "to run," of which he discreetly availed himself, and was afterwards constantly visible in the capacity of potboy at a public-house in Victoria.

In addition to the large batch at the outset, we had numerous subsequent desertions.

During our stay at San Juan, I got into conversation with a "loafer," who asked, "Will you tell me your name, sir?"

"Tower. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, then you are the man I was telling Colonel Moody about the other day."

I was astonished, and then he proceeded to remind me of an incident, which, it appeared, not only secured me the good-will of a mob of about eighty loafers

(including my friend), whom I had seen, but also a complimentary paragraph in the *Victoria Gazette*, which I had not seen. It was thus :—

A sergeant with eight marines had been sent from the *Tribune* to "The Fort" to bring back a number of runaway blue-jackets who had been captured, but upon reaching a public-house on the outskirts of the town the prisoners refused to go any further unless they were allowed "to liquor up."

Now the sergeant's position became very difficult, because he dared not allow the prisoners to have drink on his own responsibility, yet all his efforts to get them to proceed without it were fruitless ; meantime a lawless mob was fast gathering, who would have enjoyed nothing so much as a rescue.

At this critical moment, I, *en route* to post my monthly budget of meteorological notes for Lieutenant Maury at the Bureau, Washington City, fortunately walked by, and was immediately appealed to by the perplexed sergeant for advice.

Grasping the situation and the necessity for immediate action, I sung out cheerily, "Now, men, you can each have a drink if you'll promise to move on at once," to which they responded by a hearty, "All right, sir," in a tone which I interpreted as being their acceptance of a contract.

In five minutes after "drinks round" the whole party were in rapid march, and had hardly disappeared when six policemen (for whom the sergeant had at the outset despatched one of his men) rushed breathlessly on the vacant scene, the effect being distinctly amusing.

As the men had already managed to get grog

before leaving the town, the experiment of allowing them more was a little risky, but it succeeded, and as "nothing succeeds like success," I established a reputation by this little incident, not only among our own people, but even all over Victoria, it appeared, of ability in managing Jack.

CHAPTER IV

NANAIMO AND THE EAST COAST

FIVE years or so before our arrival, part of an Indian tribe, "the Hyders," came to Victoria on a visit, and finding their services to be in requisition in a variety of ways, more or less reputable, encamped and settled down near the town. Latterly, however, they had become so completely demoralised by the effects of drink and profligacy as to be a serious nuisance to the community ; so the governor wisely determined to send them all away, Captain Hornby being entrusted with the duty of convoying them to a distant part of the island.

These people aped European fashions in a ridiculous way : indeed, the first time that I ever saw a crinoline was on the dirty person of a Hyder woman, and very little else had she on besides.

The causes that led to their forcible expulsion furnish a painful study of the effects of first contact of savage and heathen with civilised and Christian races. The facts cannot be denied or ignored : they are terribly significant.

Here we have a tribe of aborigines who settle down among British and Americans, and for a time behave decently enough. After a few years they return to their own country with a host of half-caste children, with a taste and craving for strong drink

which nothing but strong drink will satisfy, full of disease, socially unhinged, and unfitted for the more honest employments of their native life.

The old story, drink and the bad example of higher civilisation, the combined effects of which paralyse missionary effort to such an extent in all parts of the world.

What then? Ought missionary effort to be abandoned?

By no means. Great Britain, at any rate, *dare not* abandon a duty which has obviously been entrusted to her from on High, lest she should be hurled from her lofty pedestal of wealth, power, and opportunity; but if she is to wait till she can present good alone unmixed with evil, she may as well relinquish all idea of Christianising the world. The great desideratum at present is a strong and resolute grappling with the drink traffic among native races question, not only by her, but by all other Christian nations; and as we believe, too, that moral tone is on the rise, bad example will become less, though to look for its total disappearance would be but a Utopian dream. Civilisation must be based on Christianity if it is to succeed.

I feel strongly the importance of having the way of civilisation paved by missionaries, as has been done in Polynesia and Central Africa, whereby an institution is planted which acts as a standard in the cause of decency and morality and revolts at outrages on incumbent obligations; but where the missionary has to step in rear of the rum bottle and the libertine, he is at a great disadvantage.

On steaming out of harbour with twenty large single log canoes (some 40 feet long) in tow, full of noisy, dirty, unruly Hyders, we encountered a fresh north-

west breeze, which, loth as they were under any circumstances to depart, so frightened them that they cut their tow-ropes and paddled on shore, where they formed a temporary encampment, presenting a curious and ludicrous appearance, being dressed in every form of native, gaudy hybrid, and even *de rigueur* European costume, the chief figuring in the costume of an American naval lieutenant with cap, gold lace, and umbrella.

Two days afterwards, the wind having moderated, we induced them to re-embark, but took the precaution of shipping all the women and baggage, partly as hostages, partly to lighten the canoes, though to no purpose ; for no sooner had we got outside than they all cast off and returned to land.

This time, however, we let them alone, and continued our course up Haro Sound, past Cowichan, and towards Nanaimo, where the coal workings had been recently established which have since been developed into the well-known great coal-producing centre which is connected with Victoria by rail—70 miles. The discovery of coal was made by some of the Hudson's Bay people, who often noticed pieces in the hands of Indians.

Up to our time there was no reliable chart of Nanaimo harbour, and we grounded on the edge of a shoal, though luckily with a rising tide, so we soon floated off and got safe anchorage.

Landing on Protection Island to take an observation, I saw two black wolves, which did not molest us. Wolves were formerly numerous on the coasts of Vancouver, and John Coles, a settler, formerly a mate R.N., told us some stirring stories about his adventures with them.

He was walking one day with the Miss Langfords on their father's lands at Esquimalt, when they were surrounded by a pack, an old leader taking a firm position on the trail, while the heads of many others were seen peeping over logs, and their forms flitting from tree to tree as they greedily eyed their intended prey.

Fortunately it was daylight, and Coles determined to keep on his course ; so with much presence of mind he boldly advanced with an open umbrella, which seemed to puzzle the wolf, then, suddenly closing it, belaboured him so hard over the head with it that the animal slunk off and nothing more was seen of him or his companions.

At that time Mr. Langford was in the habit of sounding a bugle to assemble his pigs at feeding-time. Mr. N. also carried a bugle for his dogs, which, one day being in the neighbourhood, he blew, when about fifty pigs instantly came rushing around the astonished man.

The Nanaimo coal seams cropped out at an angle on the surface. There were no shafts, but the coal was worked by "levels" and tunnelling. We found a little colony of Scotch, Staffordshire, and Cornish miners, a resident Wesleyan minister, and a school. I made friends with a young Cornishman called Sam, who on this and a subsequent visit often accompanied me as guide and companion in my rambles for exploration, game, and specimens. There was a stream, and a very ancient one, to judge from the deep channel which it had cut for itself through the hard conglomerate, along the course of which the process of rock disintegration by the growing roots of trees acting as wedges was illustrated in many striking instances.

The silence of the forest was pleasantly broken by the merry gurgle of this stream, by the shrill rattling cry of the belted kingfisher (*Alcedo alcyon*), and the hammering of the common golden-winged woodpecker (*Colaptes auratus*), while the eye, wandering aloft, caught occasional glimpses of a splendid eagle, poised mid-air, high above the tallest tree. But the most interesting object that I encountered was a beaver dam, a marvellous structure for the purpose of widening the area and increasing the depth of the water round about those creatures' homes, which, in this case, were the simplest form of domicile, just burrows in the banks opening outwards under water.

When any projecting branch is in their way, they bite it through, and I was shown one $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, which had been as cleanly and smoothly cut as if by a chisel, the marks of the teeth being distinctly visible.

The life-history and habits of beavers are so curious and wonderful, and the sagacity they display in the construction of their dams and dwellings so astounding, that I find it impossible, as in many other instances, to believe that such can be the result of mere undesigned mechanical evolution, as the evolutionist invites us to believe.

The evolutionist, it is true, declares that he "must have a Creator to start with," which is really very kind of him ; but unless he will also admit One to go on with, his system or hypothesis, especially in the face of the Unity of Nature, is quite insufficient to account for the wonders and secrets of organic life, and seems to leave no standing ground for "looking up through Nature's works to Nature's GOD" — an apparently

almost extinct aspiration. The old idea of "special creations" presents, of course, great difficulties, but to my judgment the doctrine of evolution *far greater;* the conviction appearing to force itself upon one's intelligence that both methods must have been employed, evolution having been a secondary one, and *confined within limits.*

There is something really painful, ludicrous, and unsatisfying to the reflective and observant mind in the notion that is being "run" in the scientific world, that the Creator, long ages ago, deposited a little daub of protoplasm on this globe of ours and then retired from the scene!

Our ship could not be placed alongside the wharf for the purpose of replenishing the bunkers, but lay a hundred yards off, a detachment of Indians being employed to coal us, a flat or "scow" being moored alongside, which was kept supplied by about fifty little canoes, each of which brought off a few lumps at a time, the natives being paid by tin tallies or tokens, which they exchanged for goods, but not spirits, at the Hudson's Bay store.

On leaving for more northerly explorations, we espied a fleet of large canoes, which proved to be, not our Hyders, as we hoped, but another tribe on their way to Victoria to seek their fortunes, disreputable or otherwise. "Captain George," a grotesque figure in blanket-frock, somebody's red nightcap, and nobody's trousers, came on board, made himself quite at home, and clamorously demanded rum and nether garments.

"Captain," began he, to our amusement, familiarly tapping the great "Geoff" on the shoulder, and slapping his own naked legs, "me very good man, me

want trouser," and, with an open mouth, "me like grog."

At first we took this worthy for the chief, but he turned out to be only the "comic man" of the party, a well-known character, and he was speedily "shut up" by Macauly, our interpreter, twenty-seven years from his native Scotland, whose knowledge of the natives and their language was more extensive than that of any other white man.

The real chief was soon produced, and informed that he could not be allowed to proceed (in the waters of his own country!), so he and his people stuck by and encamped near us when we anchored, bringing off bear, deer, seal, ermine, and marten skins to barter. I don't remember what we gave in exchange for the latter, but I know that the current price at the Hudson's Bay store was half-a-pound of tobacco a skin, say sixpence, the corresponding cost in London being sixteen shillings. They brought fish, too, including a halibut of 57 lbs. They were stout warlike fellows, painted black and red like stage-demons, and thirsting for rum, which they didn't get. Like the Esquimaux, their women wore the labret, or mussel-shell, inserted into the lower lip, causing that feature to project, and imparting a hideous appearance.

We steamed up-channel towards the Narrows, endeavouring to find good anchorage, I and others being away in boats for hours sounding and exploring, during which time I passed a river's mouth where geese, ducks, and other wildfowl were feeding by thousands with great clattering. At this time we discovered and anchored in the bay subsequently known as Tribune Harbour, on what we believed to be the

mainland, but afterwards found that it was an island, and it now figures on Admiralty charts as Hornby Island. Ultimately we found a very snug berth in a cove in the Narrows formed by Valdez Island and smaller ones, whose shores were densely wooded to the water line. Snowy mountain ridges rose in the background, and dead silence reigned, it being broken only by the occasional hollow, resonant clangour of the wings of scoters and other ducks, as they were disturbed by our boats.

The luxuriance of the moss which covered all the rocky places in these islands, forming a soft, dry carpet, was a feature. Rambling with the captain, I noticed a large blue grouse perched statue-like on a rocky moss-covered promontory about twenty yards distant, around whose base wild arbutus clustered. Happening to have my Colt with me, I nudged Geoff, jocularly whispering—"To-morrow's dinner, sir," to which he replied—"No, you can't."

This accommodating *Tetrao*, heedless of approaching doom, made no movement, giving me time for deliberate aim. I fired, and no bird flew away, but we found a dead one with a hole through his head lying on the rock.

Thus I established a reputation as a crack pistol-shot, though a very short-lived one, as on being invited next day to take part in a competition with Colts at marks (when I would fain have rested on my laurels), I ignominiously failed to hit anything, and was unanimously pronounced to be a rank impostor.

After bagging the bird, which scaled three pounds, we reclined on the moss, while the future Admiral of the Fleet told me a laughable reminiscence of his

midshipman's days. Geoff loved good stories, and though ever the "strict service captain" on board, was the pleasantest companion on shore, chatting, laughing, joking, and even carrying your parcel for you if you were overladen, and always without the least sacrifice of position or self-respect.

The time was 1841, the scene his father Captain Superintendent Hornby's pew in Woolwich Dockyard Church, which was situated immediately under the clerk's desk—that was the lowest tier of the "three-decker" of the period. That functionary fell asleep in the course of the tedious sermon, but awoke during a long pause in its course, in fact, like Mr. Justice Stareleigh in the Pickwick Trial, he was awoke by the silence. The situation did not escape the eye of a young naval officer, Windham Hornby, Geoff's cousin, who took prompt advantage of it by nodding significantly at the clerk, as much as to say—"We are all waiting for you."

The unfortunate official at once fell into the trap, and, to the astonishment of the clergyman and congregation, and to his own swift discomfiture, ejaculated a loud Amen! while the author of the joke was obliged to sink down on the floor in a paroxysm of suppressed laughter.

In illustration of Captain Hornby's impartiality, I may mention that before leaving China I bought a model of a "fast boat," as there were scientific features in the lines of those vessels which struck me as being worthy of study, and, with more care than foresight—as the event proved—had it packed in a box for which, by no possible artifice, could I manage to find room in my already crammed little cabin, 6 feet

6 inches by 9 feet. Under such circumstances I gratefully accepted the offer of the carpenter's mate, an old shipmate, and therefore much more inclined to go out of his way to show me a kindness than if he had been merely a "shipmate," to stow it in the carpenter's storeroom, where it was put up neatly overhead between the beams, and cunningly whitewashed to resemble them in colour (on the same principle as a fish's adapting its tints to those of the bed of the stream), and then I flattered myself that all was well. Not so, however, for not long afterwards, when the captain was going his weekly rounds something in the aforesaid storeroom caught his eagle eye.

"What box is that?"

"If you please, sir, it b'longs to Lef-tenant Tower."

"Out with it! and tell Mr. Tower it is my direction that he has no private goods in the ship's storerooms."

So my persecuted model came back on my hands like a bad shilling, and I was obliged to dispose of it to the chaplain at his own terms.

But I had yet another box, a parting *cumshaw* from our *comprador* at Whampoa, about which I felt at ease, because the gunner had obligingly secreted it for me in the nethermost recesses of the after-magazine, where surely, I thought, it *must* escape detection. It did, but not self-conviction; because on arrival at Portsmouth it was found that the box had been placed upside down, so that every drop of what I called "syrup," but the gunner "gravy," had drained away a year ago out of the six cases of choice preserved ginger and cumquats which it contained. If I had

met Geoff on shore that evening I should have told him the story, much, I'm sure, to his amusement.

Our Hyder Indians not yet having made their appearance, we became anxious (we had left their women to be picked up at Nanaimo), because we had been specially entrusted with the duty of seeing them safely to the north of Cape Mudge, at the entrance to the Narrows, and I was sent away in the pinnace with two days' provisions to look after them.

We encamped for the night on the beach at the entrance to the Narrows, about ten miles from the ship. Between the beach and the forest lay a rising grassy belt, and along high-water mark for miles was stretched a line of bleached driftwood. The first thing was to build a jetty of logs and stones, and then, having lit a stupendous fire, to gather round it and sup, after which we yarned and smoked and enjoyed the heat of such a blaze as I never saw before or since, the sparks flying upwards in a million corruscations, affording a beautiful display of natural fireworks.

The falling tide left the boat rather unexpectedly high and dry, so I walked into her with four men, leaving the others to sleep by the fire, but by 2 A.M. the water rose so rapidly that our jetty was washed away before we realised the situation, and the men had to wade in over the roughest stones through the coldest water.

The currents are very rapid, and the rise and fall very deep, sudden, and treacherous on the Vancouver coast, as Lieutenants David Boyle, Hamilton Dunlop, and Tommy Gooch of the *Satellite* found to their cost when they took our pinnace for a pleasure trip from

Esquimalt to Stoke Inlet. Not being able to reach their destination on the same evening, they took Tommy Gooch's advice, who professed to know the coast, made the boat fast between two big rocks in a snug little creek, and stretched themselves out on the thwarts for a good sleep. The awakening was rude, inasmuch as it arose from every one's being rolled off the thwarts into the bottom of the boat, which the tide had left high and dry in the queer position depicted in the illustration.

When they got to Stoke, they found a family called Muir, who, to Boyle's surprise and delight had recently come from the village of Dreghorn in Ayrshire, within two miles of his own home.

To return to my own boat. We weighed at daylight and cruised about under sail, and soon the expected canoes began to glide by. During the day local natives appeared, with whom we trafficked, tobacco being the favourite currency, a pipeful being enough to buy a large fish, but an old coat was taken in exchange for a deer of 150 lbs. These natives were all armed with antiquated flint muskets. When we reached the ship in the evening, we found all our Hyders present, but on their way having had a fight with Captain George's party, which must have been sharp, as there was loss of life on both sides.

Next day we left them to their own devices, and returned to Esquimalt. Shortly after that, complaints came that other Indians had been destroying John Cole's property at Saanich, and it being considered necessary to capture the leader, we were ordered to take the Sheriff for the purpose, though it seemed slightly ridiculous to send a frigate for so small

TOMMY GOOCH CHOOSES SNUG BERTH FOR NIGHT

RESULT, NEXT MORNING

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an affair, but the "moral effect" was what was aimed at.

Now Sheriff Heaton, a smooth-faced young man, recently appointed from England, was a very important official in his own estimation, if not in that of Mr. Butt, Town-Crier of Victoria and citizen of the United States, who on more than one occasion had openly indulged in laughter at the Sheriff's self-important air in court.

The Sheriff noticed this, and determined to bring that subordinate to account for ridiculing the official in charge of Her Majesty's peace.

"Mr. Butt," he began, pompously accosting him, "I believe you laughed at me in court yesterday."

"Guess I did," coolly replied Mr. Butt, "'nuff to make any feller laugh to see you making such a darned fool of yourself lashed to that big sword."

During our short absence on the present mission, I had an opportunity of observing the native mode of sepulture, which somewhat reminded me of the Chinese mode, except that the latter do eventually inter the body, though the coffin may have lain for weeks, months, or even a year under a tree ; whereas in Vancouver the rude coffin is placed above ground on a low scaffolding and left there entirely.

As an illustration of the extraordinary recklessness of sailors, I may mention that about this time the *Forwood* mail-steamer arrived from San Francisco. As she neared there was an explosion, caused, as we learned, by the third officer and steward having entered the magazine with a lighted candle, which fell into and blew up twenty pounds of powder, killing the steward and dangerously wounding the officer.

There was about the same time an accident in *H.M.S. Ganges*, which supplies a characteristic story of the British tar.

During an evolution a bight of a rope caught round the foot of one Dobbs, captain of the maintop, and took it clean off, but he went on giving orders as if nothing had happened.

"Why, Jack, your foot's off," said one of the men.

"I know it is, you ——— ; pull up."

However, on being carried to the sick bay, sensation returned, when the pain became so intense that he besought the doctor, with oaths, to cut off his leg, which was accordingly done above the ankle.

After the operation, an officer, with the doctor's consent, gave him a glass of brandy. "Thank you, Mr. Lamb ; it's almost worth while to have another leg off for that. My respex, sir."

CHAPTER V

THE LAST VOYAGE

YESTERDAY we left Esquimalt amid general cheering from the *Ganges* flag and other ships, for much interest always attaches to a homeward-bounder from a foreign station, and I may say, notwithstanding our destination, with regret, for we had greatly enjoyed our time at Vancouver, for which, not without good reason, we all predicted a great future.

And now, on the 1st February 1860, we are once more at sea, and the duties of sea routine, connecting themselves, as it were, with those that ceased a year ago, seem like the edges of a divided wave over a sinking ship, to engulf the year which has been passed, with all its adventures, associations, and interests, all such fading away like a dissolving view ; a little image of our life on earth. By help of the new mainmast, at which every one many times a day glances with pride and admiration, we now seek to drive the willing prow through the water as fast as possible, till our own native land once more shall greet the eye.

We have a number of "supernumeraries" for passage home, among them being a marine prisoner under a sentence of court-martial, who was formerly in the 97th Foot, and helped to carry Captain Hedley Vicars out of the trenches at Sebastopol.

At one time Evangelical religious biographies were much in vogue, and good Miss Marsh's memoir of Vicars attained to a very large circulation.

Captain Hornby's head, according to Jack's verdict, was distinctly "screwed on the right way." He understood what he was about, and in his government of the peopled deck acted upon fixed principles, one of which was the primary importance of impressing subordinates with confidence in the abilities of their superiors. Nothing, he thought, could shake confidence more than for the men to see their officer hesitating and undecided, and he even went so far as to say that it was better to persevere in than acknowledge a mistaken order after it had once been given. For instance, I had laid the maintopsail yard for reefing, but badly, as it turned out, for when the men came to lie out, it was found that the yard was not sufficiently clear of the lee topmast rigging, and the captain of the top hailed to ask me to ease it, which I was about to do when stopped by Geoff, who pertinently inquired—

"Did you lay that yard for reefing?"

"Yes, sir, but——"

"Quite enough; don't touch it; tell the captain of the top to bear a hand and get his reef in."

Excellent in principle, inconvenient, often dangerous, as uniform practice.

Suppose the officer to be such an ignorant duffer as a certain Lieutenant who gave the order, "Cut the foretopsail tie," when it was reported "jammed aloft," while the sail was being hoisted.

I wonder whether Geoff would have sanctioned the recall of *that* order.

We were ordered to break our voyage under sail by touching at Valparaiso; but having been obliged to make a long stretch to the westward, found, on nearing land on the starboard tack, that we could easily "fetch" Concepçion, at that time a city of 15,000

inhabitants, situated nine miles from the anchorage in its bay, and 300 miles south of Valparaiso.

We soon learned that our unexpected arrival had spread quite an alarm, even Vice-Consul Cunningham, who had held office for twenty years, being puzzled by our red ensign, previous British naval visitors having flown white or blue.

For more than two hundred years previous to 1864 the British fleet, as personified in its flag-officers, consisted of three divisions, Red, White, and Blue, a classification which was necessary, especially during the great French wars, for ensuring system and order among fleets and squadrons consisting of very numerous vessels, which sailed in two or three lines or divisions.

Each of the three grades of flag-officer was subdivided into the three colours, so a captain who, on reaching flag-rank, became rear-admiral of the blue, if fortunate enough to get command at once or very soon, would hoist a square blue flag at the mizzen, all the ships under his immediate command, whether on his station or in his division, flying blue colours.

Before rising to the rank of vice-admiral of the blue, with his flag at the fore, he would therefore receive two minor or intermediate promotions, namely, rear of the white and rear of the red.

At Trafalgar Lord Nelson was Vice-Admiral of the white.

As our fleets grew numerically smaller this rather complicated system became unnecessary, greater simplicity being aimed at and attained by its abolition in the afore-named year, since which the white ensign has been used exclusively for the royal navy, coastguard, and royal yacht squadron, the blue for the colonies,

*

naval reserve, and certain yacht clubs, and the red for merchant and all other vessels.

Full admirals, therefore, bore their flag at the main, vice- at the fore, and rear- at the mizzen.

I may add that ships' flags are composed of a light woollen material called bunting, and a practised eye can at once tell whether a piece of bunting is naval or not, as naval threads are closely grouped at long intervals, whereas the threads of other buntings are equidistant throughout.

So also with ropes ; those belonging to the royal navy, and those only, showing a coloured thread interwoven in the rope, and it was not lawful for marine dealers or private individuals to buy, sell, or even possess a piece of such rope ; neither is it now.

It appeared that not very long before our arrival (the case appeared in the English press) three Chilian gentlemen had been exiled, but the captain of the ship which was conveying them to the place of punishment was bribed or prevailed upon to land them in England instead—the happy hunting-ground of political fugitives. When the inhabitants saw a large armed ship sailing into their harbour under colours which they did not associate with ships of war, a report was spread that the three gentlemen had fitted her out in England and were come to avenge themselves.

. . . . . .

Shortly before we reached the western entrance of Magellan's Straits—once again—while running before the tail end of a westerly gale, we observed a ship under reduced canvas flying a British ensign "Union down," which wore round, stood towards us, and, on passing within hail, revealed herself as a large black clipper-looking craft, very deep, and labouring with the

lazy roll which betokens water in the hold ; the appearance and occupation of whose crew, as with exhausted-looking, anxious, up-turned faces they worked hard at the pumps, being in themselves a sufficient answer to our question, "What's the matter?" without the captain's stentorian shout, which he emphasised by pointing to that signal of distress aloft which never appeals in vain to the mariner, "We are sinking!"

We hove-to. There was a high sea, and under the circumstances it was rather dangerous to lower and difficult to manage a boat; but I was sent away at once with certain definite conditions of assistance.

It was a magnificent sight and impressive experience.

My ten-oared cutter (how insignificant did she appear amid such surroundings!) sank into deep abysses, isolating us completely, all being lost to sight save blue slopes of huge waves whose milk-white topples, as we rose, refracted by the morning sun into glorious iridescence, curled, sparkled, and hissed around us without hurting us. The ships, too, one so smart, powerful, handy, and capable-looking, the other so water-logged, distressed, and helpless, were now lifted high above us and then concealed from view.

Then the birds, the train of feathered companions which had followed us during the gale, but now, suddenly arrested and discomposed, concentrated themselves inquiringly around my boat, as if in search of some explanation of such unusual proceedings.

Magnificent albatrosses were there, with plumage smooth and shining like polished ivory, statuesquely poised for half a minute at a time quite close above my head, no movements being visible save that of the eyes as they rolled them about to survey us closely,

or the head which would slightly incline from side to side to extend the field of vision, after which the smallest and most beautifully managed alteration in the plane of one of those long wings would waft them a quarter of a mile away without another effort, to return by a similar process.

Shearwaters, petrels, and scores of indefatigable little Cape pigeons in their black and white dress bustled about, as if to fill up the tableau.

As I neared the ship, a stream of yellowish fluid issuing from the side, together with a well-remembered ammoniacal odour, relieved me from the necessity of asking questions when I got on board, for she was evidently a guano-laden ship from the Chinchas homeward-bound, leaky, with pumps half choked by guano-paste.

I said to the captain at once, "Tell me in a few words what you want us to do for you."

He began a long story about his disasters, but I was obliged to cut him short and beg him to state whether he wished to abandon the ship or to keep near us till we got inside the straits, when we would try and patch up his leak. Still he hesitated. "Perhaps you would like to ask the crew, sir?"

"No," said I, "you are the responsible man, and you alone must decide, and immediately."

"Abandon her!—certainly."

"Very well, then," said I, "give me your chronometer, papers, and valuables, and set the crew about hoisting out your boats, and when they are out come on board all of you with your clothes; but there is no time to save anything else."

All that being safely accomplished, we "up helm," made sail, and with twenty-seven additional mouths

to victual, left the derelict *Sarah and Emma* of Liverpool to her fate in that waste of waters, with the howl of the wind through her rigging and the wild wondering wail of sea-birds for her funeral dirge.

There were three remarkable and romantic circumstances connected with the event.

First, the captain, Walker, had been saved from a watery grave three times before in the same way. Moreover, on this last occasion, on the day before our ship so fortunately came to the rescue, when the position seemed almost hopeless (for the guano in bulk being saturated on each side, but dry in the middle, caused her to roll fearfully, so that "green seas swept over her decks sometimes breast high"), the chief mate, who had not closed an eye from Saturday morning till Tuesday night, suddenly said, "Cheer up, captain; to-morrow we shall see a man-of-war."

Secondly, one of the seamen had belonged to the *Europa* when that ship was lost, and was picked up by the *Tribune's* jollyboat in her former commission—the identical boat which was now hanging at our davits.

Thirdly, another seaman recognised a long-lost brother in the person of a marine, Fisher, whom he had not heard of for thirteen years.

Captain Walker had little money and few clothes, but fortunately he was a Freemason, and on our arrival at Rio went ashore, attended Lodge, and came off with £10 in his pocket and a fit-out—a proof, among many, of the substantial benefit that may result in any part of the world from being a "Free and Accepted Mason."

. . . . . .

These pages must not be prolonged, yet my pen lingers over the last lines as if unwilling again to bid my readers farewell.

The *Tribune* arrived at Portsmouth in August 1860, was inspected and paid off, and, thanks to the continuous tonic influence of Captain Hornby and the indefatigable exertions of his First Lieutenant, in excellent order, a really efficient man-of-war; and to show how highly her crew was thought of, I may mention that within a short time no less than fifteen of her petty officers received warrants.

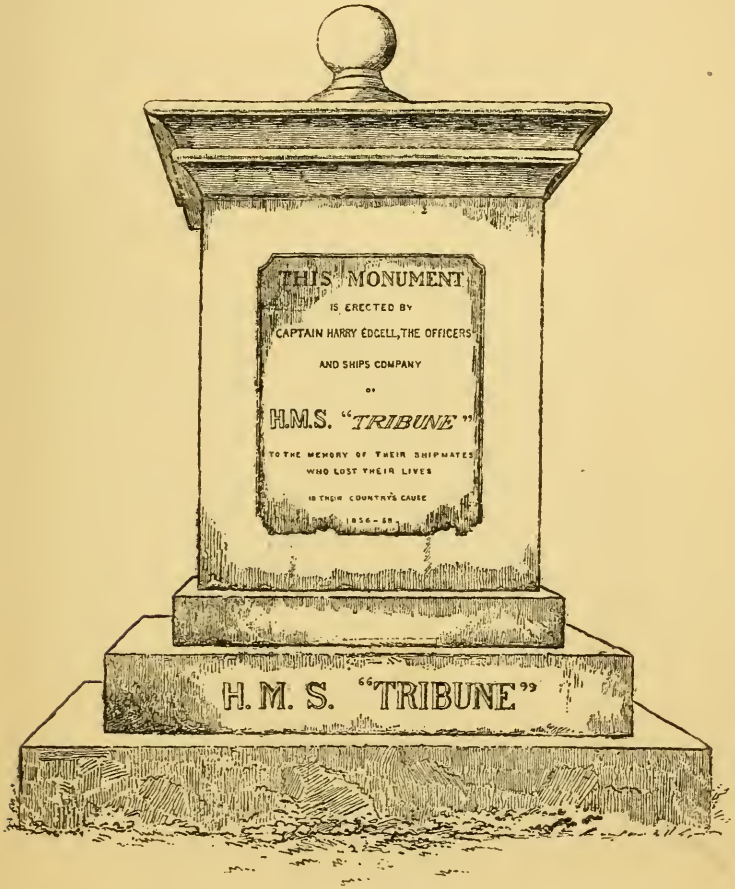
As an almost unique illustration of the "fortune of war," whose full significance can only be appreciated by naval men, I may record that one of our junior midshipmen, Rising, who joined us as a naval cadet, actually became a commander before his First Lieutenant became one, having been specially promoted when only two years and eight months' standing for gallantry in boarding an armed slaver.

We had an interesting and eventful commission of four years and three months, and I parted with my old ship with feelings of pain—never more to see her.

In after years Captain Hornby's long and distinguished career, and the high estimation in which he was held throughout the navy and by the country never surprised me. I always predicted it. He was a man who stamped his individuality at once upon every one with whom he came into contact, and who impressed me from the very first by his capacity, and by his possession in an eminent degree of the qualities which make a great naval commander.

His First Lieutenant's subsequent professional experiences were not of long duration, much, I have always averred, to the loss of the navy; as by David Boyle's comparatively early retirement it was deprived of a genial presence, and of an able, zealous, and experienced officer.

Since his retirement, his career, which his old associates have watched with pride and interest, has been amid surroundings of a different nature, and is well known; but his heart, like mine, is with the associations of the noble Service of our younger days; and I am happy to say that we are still able occasionally to renew them in a chat over old times.



MEMENTO

Photographed in the Cemetery, Happy Valley, Hong Kong, 1901

Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
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